

High Times

August '77

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The Pause
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THE LOLITA COMPLEX

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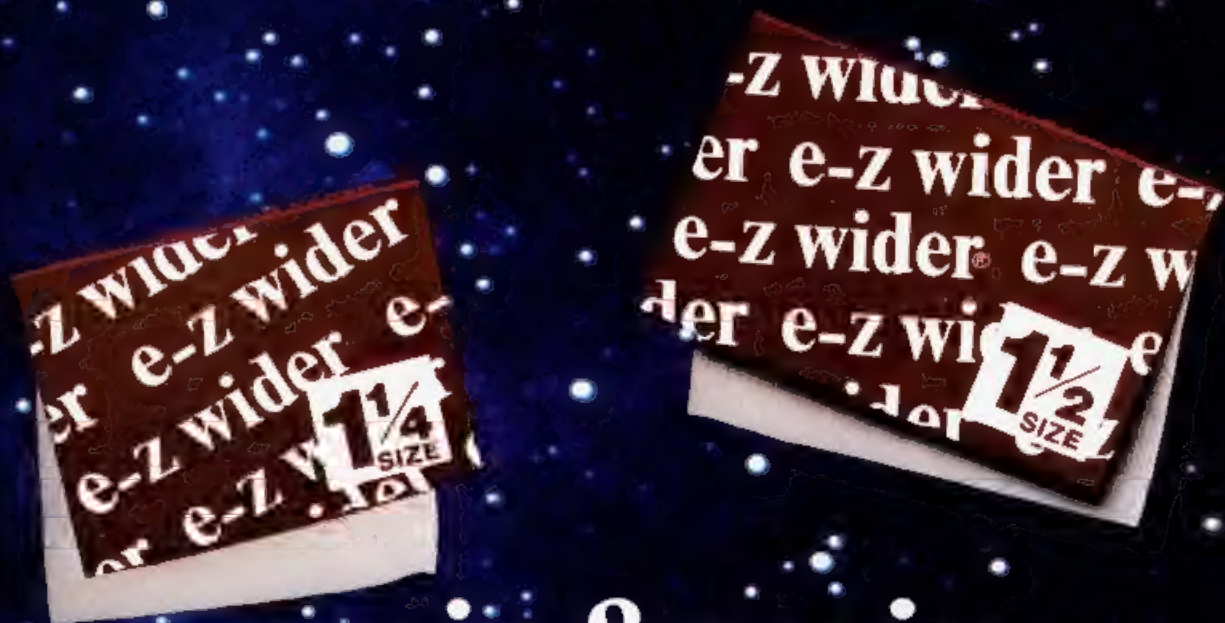
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INTERVIEW WITH

ANDY WARHOL:
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PAPER DOLLS
AND THE DEATH
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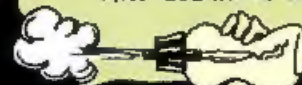
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High Times

August 1977 No. 24

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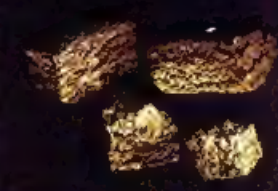
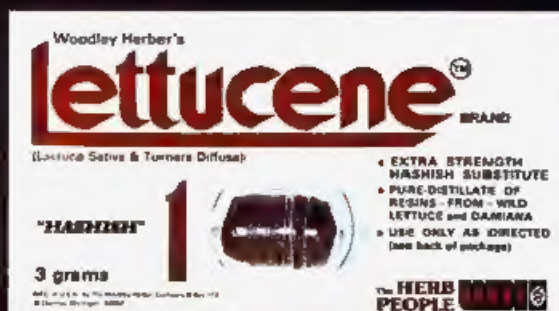
From Woodley Herber:

"HASHISH" & "OPIUM"

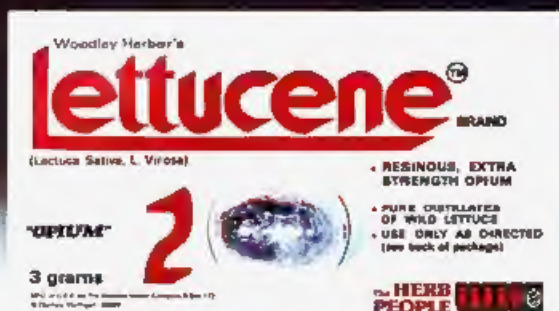
"To the surprise of the people who've tried them, both the Opium substitute and the Hashish substitute, not only look, smell, and taste similar to the illegal items, but they really do get you stoned as well."

— The Village Voice January 3, 1977

Reviewed by Howard Smith & Brian Vander Horst



"HASHISH" is similar to fine Afghani; smokes Smooth. Contains: Extract of Wild Lettuce, concentrates of Damiana; natural flavorings used as binders in small quantities.



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Skydiver!

The Ultimate Expression of the Bong Culture

Skydiver was released to the public in April—and the response was tremendous. At last—a smoking bong designed by a graduate physicist—not a marketing manager. Skydiver is unique among all other bongs—unique in design, unique in action, unique in construction. Most of all, Skydiver is unique in performance. It is the current undisputed champion of stone-ing machines, the fore runner of a second generation of smoking paraphernalia.

ADVANCED DESIGN

Skydiver's design is light years ahead of anything else currently built. Tube length, tube diameter, bend angles, and burn elevation are all critically calculated. Total air capacity is carefully matched to that of the adult human lungs. Air rush is instantaneous through a giant 1½ inch diameter carb tube with its own air tight plug. The result is a product that is inherently superior to all others, thanks to the creative application of proven laws of physics.

UNIQUE ACTION

Skydiver is operated in a unique manner, due to its exclusive RIP-CORD ACTION. While other bongs require you to hold your finger over a tiny hole cut into the main tube, Skydiver has a separate 1½ inch diameter carb tube complete with its own sealing plug. With Skydiver there is no more groping for that tiny hole; you merely inhale in the usual manner and then pop the carb plug by jerking on the rip cord. And when you do "pull the rip cord," be ready for . . .

THE MOST POTENT HIT

Skydiver's oversized carb tube and exclusive "rip cord action" combine to give you ACCELERATED AIR FLOW, and that's what cool, powerful hits are all about. Skydiver's 1½ inch diameter carb tube provides 48 TIMES the draw capacity of the ½ inch carb hole used by everyone else. This means that Skydiver's air rush is instantaneous when you pull the rip cord. With Skydiver you will take stronger hits than you ever imagined possible. Its air rush is so fast that your lungs will be filled to capacity before you have even felt anything. Skydiver is quite simply the most awesome stone-ing machine ever released to the public.

AND THE COOLEST HIT

The same scientific principles that enable Skydiver to deliver the most potent hits also provide the coolest hits. The degree to which a hit is considered cool is determined by the speed of the air flow. All smoke is harsh, even drawn through water, so—the faster the smoke travels down your throat, the less time it has to irritate the tender throat lining. Skydiver's ACCELERATED AIR FLOW provides the solution to this age-old problem. Recycling bongs, double-chamber bongs, etc. are the Edsels of the paraphernalia industry. Their dime-store gimmicks actually impede air flow, causing the smoke to become even harsher! Only Skydiver, with its instantaneous air rush, can give a truly cool hit.

BUILT TO LAST

Skydiver is built like no other bong. In a sea of mass-produced mediocrity, Skydiver stands apart. Each Skydiver is built by hand to the most exacting standards ever set forth in the paraphernalia industry. Skydiver is a full 30 inches tall, constructed of heavy-gauge ABS tubing, the

same space-age material used to build your telephone (when was the last time you broke a telephone?). Skydiver bowls are individually machined from solid brass, and then hand-polished. The rip cord is genuine leather. All tubing is painstakingly assembled and then sprayed with 5 coats of enamel—2 primer coats, 2 high-gloss color coats, and a transparent, ultra-gloss top coat for that mile-deep, wet look. The finished bong is available in 3 colors: Jet Black, Wild Cherry, or Midnight Blue; all with contrasting solid brass bowls, plungers, and bases. Skydiver is hands-down the most stunning bong ever built.

EXCLUSIVE DOUBLE GUARANTEE

Skydiver has it all: advanced design, impeccable construction, superior performance, hand-crafted beauty. And if all that weren't enough, ACH, makers of Skydiver, offer the strongest warranty in the business—the ACH Double Guarantee. If you buy one of our bongs and are dissatisfied for any reason, return it within 30 days for a full refund. That's our first guarantee—you simply cannot be unhappy with Skydiver, or we buy it back. Our second guarantee is this—if Skydiver EVER breaks, cracks, or leaks—we will replace it absolutely free! There you have it. Like Skydiver itself, our guarantee is the simplest, the strongest, the best.

A WORD ABOUT PRICE

Skydiver represents the current state-of-the-art in smoking paraphernalia. It is the ultimate product that present technology can produce. As such, it is not cheap—but neither is your stash. Stash is expensive; stash is precious—and it is becoming more so every day. For less money than one ounce of primo stash, you may own the only product available that extracts the full benefit of that stash—the ACH Skydiver bong. You have not experienced the full measure of pleasure that smoking can give until you smoke through Skydiver. Skydiver is still available direct from ACH, but not for long. It is soon to be available retail only, and the price will definitely be higher. So buy Skydiver direct and save. Use the order form below and begin smoking the right way. Do it now—YOU OWE YOURSELF THIS EXPERIENCE!



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High Times

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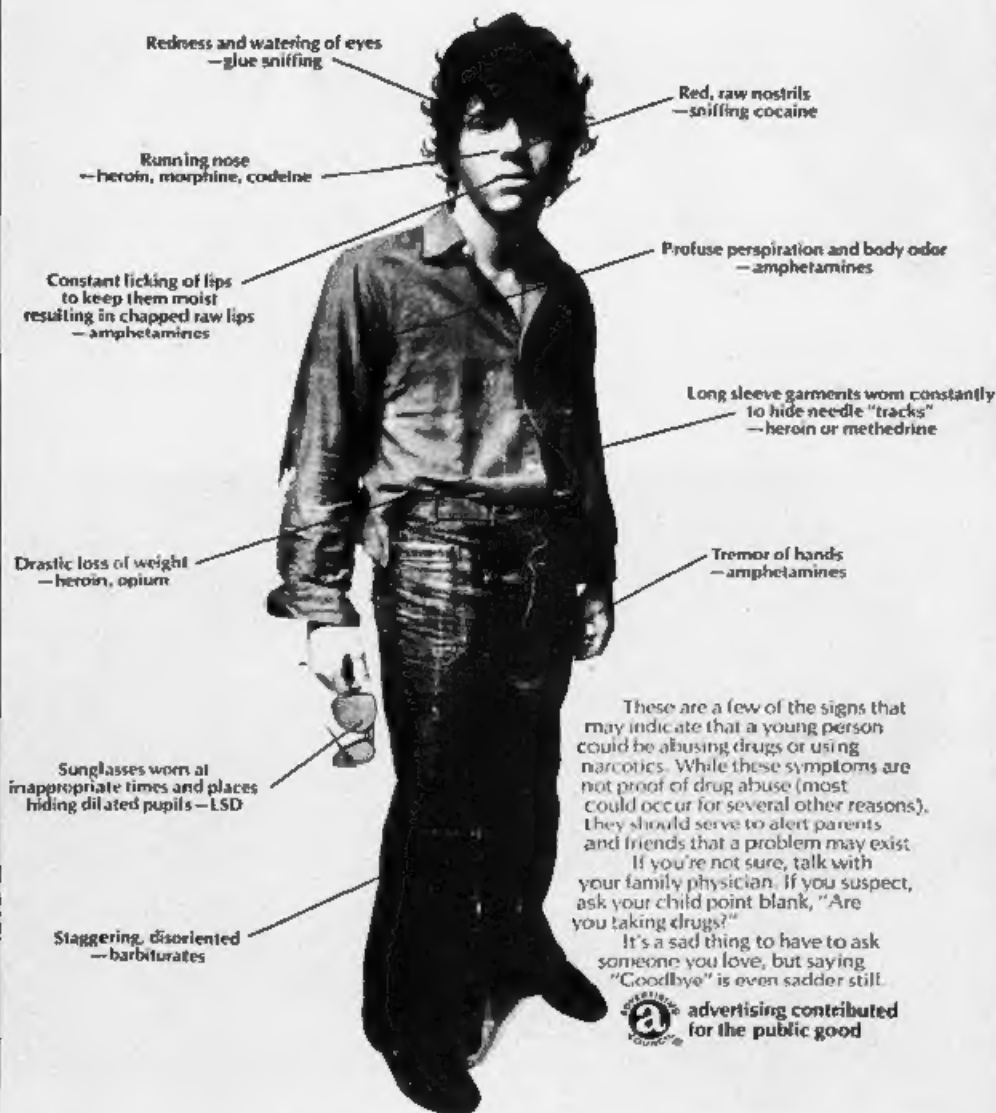
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Vexed at Mex Item

This is to express my concern about your April article "Mexico Dumps Prisoner Swap." I am personally distressed to see myself taken as a source for views that are inaccurate, and more distressed that such strikingly misleading information has gone to prisoners and their relatives.

The fact is that Mexico completed all steps necessary to make the treaty valid before the Mexican Congress adjourned in late 1976. The ball is clearly in our court now, and it may be some time before our legislative process is completed.

Thus I have no immediate good news for the Americans in jail in Mexico, but it is not as bad as your item made it appear. From the point of view of simple humanity toward the people who may be more discouraged as a result of your item, I would ask you to make a suitable correction. —Detlev F. Vagts, Dept. of State,

Washington, D.C.

What chutzpah! The Mexicans extended the offer last August. Shortly afterward Henry Kissinger met with Mexican Foreign Minister Alfonso Garcia amidst noisy pronouncements of a Mexican-U.S. prisoner detente. This was patent bullshit from the U.S. side, designed to rally the huge Mexican-American vote for Ford.

After the elections, the U.S. lost interest while the Mexicans drew up a version of the treaty and passed it. The U.S. Senate could have voted on the treaty immediately, but decided to push it to the Foreign Relations Committee where it faces certain death or dismemberment. The last time we checked on its progress, it took the State Department two days to find out where the treaty was. When it was found, the lawyer who had it in his files didn't know where it was going next. —Ed.

Raw Beal

I really got off on Dana Beal prating about the guaranteed annual stash in last June's interview. His fantasies make good diversionary theater while Mr. Profit Potential is raping oceans, bartering foreign wars and stuffing your food so full of poison you can't function. As though grass were our top priority. As though Nixon/Ford/Carter and the CIA were more than corporate employees.

Beal's best show will never be more

than small change in Rockefeller's amusement budget, so let's get a few things straight. IBM will have no one to push around only when everybody lives by enlightened self-interest. Ignore the ads, see through the news, learn to think and live as self-sufficiently as possible. Every generation fights the same battle.

Tyranny has been around for 6,000 years, and we learned in the Sixties that TV demonstration coverage affects the actors but not the set. Fight for sanity where you can, but don't waste your life thinking that pranks will change the board of directors.

—Garson Lee, Jackson Heights, N.Y.
Dana Beal replies: This guy obviously doesn't think it's possible to do anything about anything.

Leaf Whopper

Our neighborhood is very status-conscious, so when everybody else on the block started putting in hedges, we just



had to follow suit. Our nurseryman must be deaf, though. We asked for yew, but damned if he didn't give us a whole bunch of giant mary-golds.

—Name and address withheld

Magic Juan

In 1969 I was in Boulder, Colo., when two good friends visited don Juan. They brought him a beautiful music box and some wine for his nephew the lush. They found him very enthusiastic over a new refrigerator he'd bought with the unexpected proceeds Carlos had given him from sale of the first book.

No, I won't give you his address for obvious reasons. De Mille's hoax claim is as silly as Wasson's theory that soma is *Amanita muscaria*, when the very word for cannabis in Tibetan is *soma rtsa*. As for don Juan's "nonexistence," I have more reason to believe that Richard de Mille doesn't exist.

—Erin Matson, Margaretville, N.Y.
Author Richard de Mille replies: Come on, Erin, You saw my photo in High Times. Have you ever seen don Juan's photo? If so, can you send me a print?

Tanks, I Needed That

Giggle gas kept us laughing through the great blizzards of '77. The 187-pound tank



lasted us three months. It kept us grinning and numb, but not from the cold.

—Nitrous Froaks of Toledo, Ohio

Deep Choate Swallows All

I was somewhat appalled to see your media critic Mr. Choate touting magazines like *Soldier of Fortune*, *Vigilante* and *Search and Destroy* in his column in June. These trade journals for America's gun and violence freaks have nothing in common with the ideals of *High Times* readers. What about the thousands of worthy poetry magazines which emerge from America's unsung small presses every year? —Shelly Bienstock, Troy, N.Y.
Gilbert Choate replies: The price of freedom is eternal vigilance, and the right to bear arms, smoke dope and have a free press are all basic constitutional guarantees. The fact that the government wastes tax dollars financing thousands of poetry magazines that nobody buys or reads is a constant source of amusement to this correspondent. However, all men have their price and mine is lower than most, so please keep those samples of all magazines coming in for appraisal and, possibly, a free plug.

Down by the Old de Mille Stream

To criticize Carlos Castaneda [*High Times*, April '77] for erasing his personal history is senseless. Richard de Mille's statement that "beyond Castaneda's solitary word there has been no evidence whatsoever that don Juan existed," is indefensible. Those who take the time to put the teachings to work in their own lives soon find there is more to Castane-

da's writings than any collarbone smasher from Peru (or Brazil) could have learned in 52 (or whatever) years. Pointing out the discrepancies in Castaneda's chronology was the article's only contribution. Yet we must assume, as de Mille suggests, that they were made deliberately.

—R. Pittman, Palo Alto, Ca
Author Richard de Mille replies: If scientific-mystic R. Pittman ate a mushroom that made him feel tall one minute, short the next, he would no doubt believe Lewis Carroll got the praxis from a hookah smoking caterpillar

Misstep in the Dope Waltz

Under the federal narcotics laws, Congress must republish the list of controlled substances every six months. They forgot in June 1975 and "remembered" in January 1976. Ergo, anyone busted by the feds during that time is incarcerated illegally. I have access to an appeal brief that could help anyone in that situation.

I dug the hell out of your March "Tramp Freighters" feature, and I'd sure like to have a B-25 with machine guns and bomb-bay door, even though I'm not a dope smuggler. (I'm in for interstate transportation of dynamite.)

—Mike Brown, Terre Haute, Ind.

Load Star Crate

Dave Noland's spread on "Tramp Freighters of the Sky" last March was fine, but he left out one of the best—the Lockheed P-2 Neptune. It was the Navy's main antisub craft for 20 years, and continual updating gave it more options than a jumbo Porsche. It's powered by twin



Wright engines that produce 300-plus mph, with a range of 2,500 miles. It can haul 12.5 tons, no sweat.

It isn't easy to fuck with the P-2. It comes in basic black for night work and flies with maneuverability matched only by the Lockheed P-38 Lightning. If the border patrol or pirates mess with you, you can deal hot lead from the .50 caliber dorsal turret or zap 'em with 16 five-inch rockets mounted on wing pylons.

To get one, you'll need an arms merchant as a friend. Several hundred of these mothers are mothballed in government desert land. Most are in excellent

shape, equipped with better-than-commercial radar/sonar—for \$80,000 to \$160,000. —Eric the Hun, Flushing, N.Y.

Kraut's Honor

Here's proof that you can buy pot seeds over the counter for a mere pittance. The seeds were about 85 percent fertile, and



the results are pretty good. Our finch Twilight loves 'em. This West German mixture is about one-sixth hemp seed, which is listed as "niggerseed" among the ingredients on the package.

—Captain Space, Albuquerque, N.M.

Button Your Lib

Bravo for Eric Kibble's review on The Children's Rights Movement! At last someone on the left is speaking out against the rising tide of illiteracy, stupidity and hysterical deviationist right-brain thinking among the children of the Woodstock generation. Let's have more of Kibble's stuff soon!

—Emily Watson, Tucson, Ariz.

Ad-Endum

When the hell are you going to wise up and drop those tacky tits 'n' ass photos your advertisers seem to love? High Times' general quality doesn't match with those bringdowns, and we, for two, won't keep shelling out for that kind of hype. Get back to where you once belonged.

—Jim and Tina, Osborne, Mo.

When you're right, you're right. Volumes of mail from irate readers like you have forced us to realize our mistake in accepting this type of advertising. The skin game is out. Look at future issues for proof we are not just talking. —Ed. ☐

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Chewable Vitamins

Q: I feel that most natural products are better for the body than the purified chemicals extracted from them. I'll bet coca leaves do a lot to keep all those impoverished Peruvians healthy, but I can't find any specifics on their nutritional content. Can you?

—Cindy Cowell, Tuskagoula, Mont.

A: Researchers at Harvard's Botanical Museum have proven the heroic leaf really is a healthy chew. A day's supply, about 100 grams, contains large amounts of calcium, phosphorus, iron, magnesium and zinc, as well as vitamins A, E, B₂ (riboflavin) and folic acid. Coca is one of the few plants in the world that contains vitamin B₁₂, and its cud also provides small amounts of B₁ (thiamine), B₃ (niacin), B₆ (pyridoxine) and copper. It's interesting that most of coca's nutrients are especially important for lucid mental function.

Diaper Rush

Q: Me and some of my good buddies had just done puttin' in a new trans on my '57 Chevy and were gettin' down on some bourbon and Colombo. Sarah Jane had left a whole box of Pampers in the livin' room and...well, we was all pretty wasted and we ate a few. Now, don't laugh—we got off like on some mellow acid. What's in them diapers, anyways?

—Sheldon LaMarr, Ketchum, Ala.

A: Didn't you know cotton is psychedelic? Drug rehab centers have recently been talking down a lot of people who freaked out after smoking their socks. Actually, Pampers are an absorbent cellulose stuffing between an inner sheet of rayon and an outer one of polyethylene. Guess it was the plastic, unless the diapers were used and the baby was eating mushrooms. Proctor and Gamble claims there are no additives, though they don't list ingredients on the box.

Communist Partying

Q: I've been reading about the terrible conditions in Russia's forced labor camps. Do they have any dope there to lighten the load, as in American jails?

—Willie Robbins, Palo Alto, N.M.

A: According to Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago*, Volume II, Book III, Chapter 16, the "socially friend-

ly" inmates (thieves and murderers but not political dissidents or counter-revolutionaries) "used to love taking drugs. The easiest drug to get was 'anasha'—marijuana—from hemp. It was also known among them as plantchik."

Natural Carbonation

Q: I'm a tyro at wine tasting, and I've been embarrassed to ask more knowledgeable friends such a simple question, so I'll ask you. How do winemakers put the bubbles in champagne and spumant?

—Beverley Hotchkiss, Abilene, Kan.

A: Sparkling wines are fermented in the normal fashion. When they mature, most wines are simply filtered to remove sediment and bottled. To produce the bubbly, a mixture of sugar, wine and yeast is added to each bottle before corking. Some extra fermentation results, giving the vintage that carbonated tang.

It Bottles the Mind

Q: Ever since reading of don Juan's "spirit catcher," I've been fascinated by nondrug methods of altering consciousness. Recently, I've heard rumors about some special kind of Andean flute used to get high.



Museum of the American Indian

Can you tell me about it?

—Wellington Jones, San Francisco, Ca.

A: You must be thinking about the Peruvian trance bottles whose real purpose was recently discovered. As old as 2,500 years, these "bottles" puzzled archaeologists for years because they're virtually useless as containers. Then UCLA anthropologist Don Stat blew one and found his head soaring from the unearthly tone produced. He and mind researchers Jeffrey Mishlove and Stanislaw Grof have tested the jars on hundreds of people and found they induce a calm, spiritual high every time.

Hookah's Ball

Q: My best friend gave me a magnificent four-hose hookah as a wedding present. Now, on my second anniversary, I'm wondering about the best way to clean

those clogged cloth hoses without damaging them. There just aren't any pipe cleaners long enough.

—Jane Goldthwaite, Paducah, N.Y.

A: You must find a solvent you can soak them in for several days without ruining the dye used for the colored threads. Rubbing alcohol should work, but try only the tip of one hose first to make sure the solvent is color-safe. If not, try other alcohols, mineral spirits or petroleum solvents. Most of these others are poisonous, so be sure the hoses are completely dry before you hook them up again. Don't use any of these solvents on plastic—unless you want your bong to disappear.

Canadian Spornography

Q: In the report of the Canadian Commission of Inquiry into the Non-Medical Use of Drugs (1973), I noted no restrictions on the import of psilocybin mushrooms or spores. Is this still true today?

—Tired of Cops 'n' Robbers, Toronto, Ont.

A: Depends on whom you ask. Vancouver drug law barrister Peter Fraser says no. The maximum for possession of plant or spores is six months and/or \$1,000. If the prosecution decides to "proceed by indictment" (equivalent to a felony rap), the stakes go up to three years and \$5,000. Fraser claims even a spore print is illegal, although at 10 microns long, a spore is easily concealed.

However, Canadian postal authorities have told *Hongero Press* that their products, including spore prints tagged "for identification only," are legal. In fact, Canada is *Hongero's* best market next to California.

Tickets to Ride

Q: Being a salesman, I travel a lot and often have to step on the gas. To avoid tickets, I've been thinking of one of these \$20 radar detectors I've seen advertised by mail. Do they really work?

—Wally Bingham, Haddock Shoals, Md.

A: Those \$20 black boxes produce a lot of false alarms and miss many police radar bands. Several companies make reliable models for \$90 to \$150—including the Fuzzbuster by Electrofert of Troy, Ohio, and the Super Snooper by Autotronics of Richardson, Texas. As highway patrols issue eight million tickets this year, one maker estimates a million beepers in use. Many of them can hide behind grille or dash, run from the cigarette lighter and warn you of traps miles before you appear on a trooper's screen.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐



I'm in you
Peter Frampton

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On A&M Records and Tapes



Prostitution today is more visible than ever before. Professional fucking is achieving its place alongside professional sports and professional writing as a legitimate arena of achievement. Next month we'll have a woman's view of the sexual scene. This month we hear from a john.

I'm headed down Fifth Avenue and digging on the city. The streets are filled with life. In front of a showcase at 46th Street—my favorite in the excitement category—the dynamic sisters of the night. I pull to the right and slow down. Two women are talking to a tall, dark, Indian-looking dude. He seems to be a diplomatic type. I circle the block. My diplomatic friend is gone. I pull in front of them and roll down the windows.

"What's happening? You going out?" I look things over. It's a beautiful juxtaposition: one short, dark, incredibly rounded and shaped with tight shirt and short shorts. Her friend is much taller, with reddish skin, high flat breasts, full hips, a poor boy hat, slacks and a sheer silk top.

Shorty talks: "What do you want?"

I reply "Half and half." In the language of the profession, that means fellatio followed by fucking.

"That'll be \$25."

"Do you have your own room?"

"Yes. At the hotel."

"What's your name?"

"Robin."

"Goddam! Robin redbreast, let's go."

The hotel is a better quality fleabag: clean and drab with large "No loitering" signs. After hostile looks from the clerk in the cage, we are quickly upstairs in bed.

Now I want her to really get into it. The best way? Keep her turned on. Out comes the electric tongue. After ten minutes of intense pussy eating, we are burning up the sheets. I roll on my back. Do me? And she does, her hot tongue rolling and twisting, her strong lips sucking with power and subtlety. Breath steaming my balls. Now belly to belly, slapping and sliding. All of the energy in my body flowing in one direction. "Now ride it home, love!" And she does. We vibrate our way to climaxville.

Panting subsides into quietude. I've dug her and the vibes are good. I'd like to see her again.

So I ask, "Do you like dancing and discos?"

"Yes."

"Are you free to go tomorrow night? For

dinner, dancing and screwing."

"Yes," she said and we decided on 8:00.

It is 7:59 P.M. in front of Robin's hotel. With me is the magnificent Marco. Marco is a Venezuelan, a dashing young caballero. Tonight he is dashing on eight Johnny Walker Blacks and no breakfast. We are psyched for a good time. Marco is planning on joining us for dinner and finding a friend if that's the way the night goes. I head past the sullen clerk to the house phone and ring up.

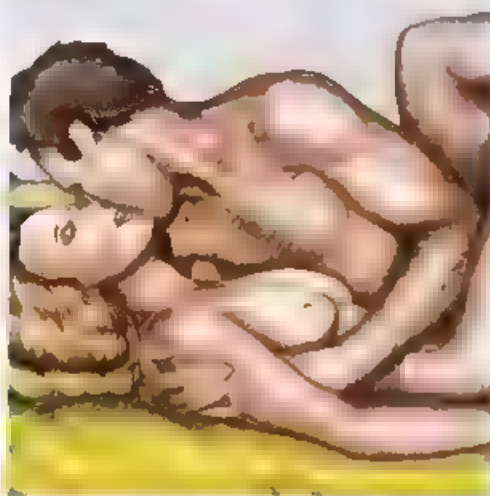
"What's happenin'? You ready?"

"Yeah. Can my friend come too?"

"Friend?"

"Yes. From last night—you know, Sherry."

"Ah, yes. The little one with the huge boobs. Perfect for Marco. If he doesn't like her he can pass. Fine."



We crowd into the car. Introductions are made and we race off, joints lit, stomachs empty. With anticipation, we speed uptown to a hip bar and restaurant with a good menu.

After a while, Marco and Sherry aren't even talking. He's at the bar while she sulks. Robin and I dance. Marco disappears. Sherry dances vacantly. An hour passes. Sherry has been nagging. "Where's Marco? I've wasted a whole night." I tell her she wanted to come and I'm sorry too, so split! Robin must go too, she says—and suddenly the cloud is turning into a storm. With Marco gone, we slide back to the hotel. Robin and I head to one room, Sherry to another. Suddenly the bell rings and Robin gets it. Sherry explodes into the room shouting, "I wasted the whole night, and a lot of blah, blah, blah." I give her a twenty and tell her to get lost (I'll add it to the bar tab Marco left me with).

"What's the bullshit, Robin? Is she the baby sitter? C'mon honey, let's go." A little foreplay and the phone rings. It's Sherry yammering away. Robin returns to bed and says we have to hurry. "What! A whole evening planned and botched and no fucking—you have to be wild. Robin, you've been bullshitting—what's going

on?" And out comes this tale: She has a pimp she's trying to get away from.

Sherry says that she's called him, and he's coming to beat her with bicycle chains. She hasn't been able to go for cigarettes without Sherry or another girl as an escort, and now Robin wanted out. My evening just wasn't working out, and all of these interruptions were pissing me off. "Get dressed," I say, "and let's split." Robin says O.K. I wait by the elevator while Robin goes to tell Sherry that she is stepping out for a minute. The elevator doors open and out pops this dude: net shirt, superfly hair, about 5'10, lean and mean. He heads right for the room.

Now there's a lot of noise coming out of there, and I'm not too sure of what's coming next. Robin comes out and says she has to stay—I punch the elevator button and let her know what she's staying for. The message gets across and we jump down, out the door and left down the street—50 feet and footsteps. Here comes Steve movin' fast. I turn with Robin behind me. We face off and he begins talking to her over me. As I listen, my jaw suddenly drops. His front four teeth are missing and his canines have golden crowns. The fucking guy actually has Golden Fangs! Now he's saying, "What are you doing bringing this trick into our business? Now come on in and let's talk about it." She says, "No Steve, leave me alone. I didn't mean nothing. Please don't hit me." Now I'm in a dilemma. I'm out of the discussion and in the middle of the situation—but what's this—a prowler car pulls up. Now I'm all set for these cops to save the situation by pushing this evil-looking dracula pimp up against the wall, giving us time to split, when the driver replies, "What do I give a fuck about you people. I don't care what the fuck you want to do."

Steve's grinning his golden grin. He's taking Robin by the hand and starts dragging her back to the hotel. "No Stevie, please Stevie, please don't hit me Stevie," she wails. I decide that if she fights, I'll break his head; if she goes, I leave.

Well, she's going and I'm standing with hands on hips. They're almost to the door when here comes that cop car backward and fast. Out jumps the law and pushes the pimp against the wall. I tell Robin "now or never," and we are sprinting for my car. We didn't catch our breath until we checked into a fleabag in Brooklyn Heights where I was sure that things were cool. It was 5:00 in the morning when we got to the balling, and neither one of us was much into it.

The next day Robin called some relatives in Jersey and made arrangements to go home. I drove her to the bus terminal in Newark and gave her 30 bucks traveling money. "Take care," I said. "Thanks," she said. I gave her my phone number and said, "Call when you get it together." She never did. ■

WARM SUMMER SNOWS

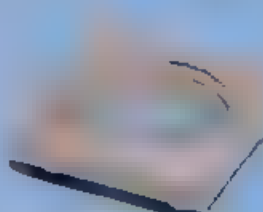
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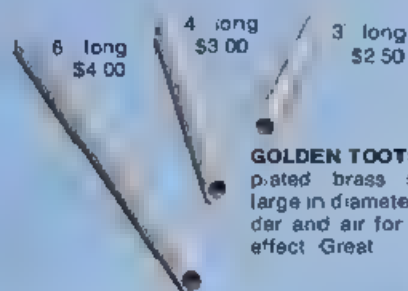
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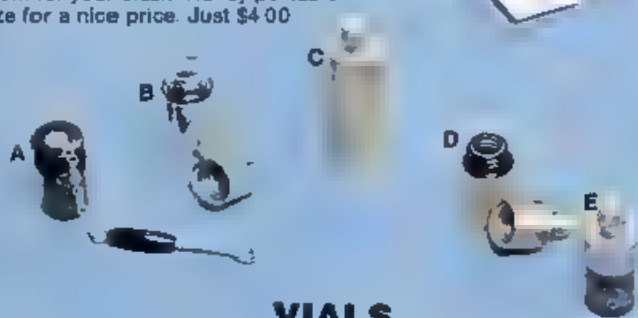
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Media

by Gilbert Choate

WET calls itself the magazine of gourmet bathing. It could only come from California, where shacks have saunas, plumbers have Ph D's and life is one endless tumble in the water bedlam of the now. And it can probably only sell in California, where people take their bathing, swimming and sweating as seriously as the rest of us go about working, sinning and dying. WET is the first "sensual" magazine I have ever read worthy of that description.

WET is about hot tubs, mud tubs, sitz baths, shvitz baths, Turkish baths, Japanese baths, vapor baths, steam rooms, saunas, whirlpools, jacuzzis, wooden tubs, hot showers, cold showers, April showers, May flowers and the infinite range of mystical womb-regressive bathtub experiences, with occasional essays on side issues like Archie comix, etc.

"Why a magazine about water and water-based activity?" we asked publisher Leonard Corrin, or rather, he asked himself in an exclusive interview. "Because these things touch us and occupy a greater and greater area of our consciousness. Water is a most important element in our life, and bathing a most intimate communion with this precious element. WET is a magazine concerned with water consciousness and gourmet bathing in an enlightened sense of bathing environment, ritual and related phenomena."

WET is also a beautifully designed bimonthly that people love to display on their coffee tables and is a guaranteed icebreaker with guests of the opposite persuasion. Like most beautifully designed magazines, WET is passed around a lot. It is the kind of magazine people invariably pick up every time they see a copy. When they put it down, they have a good feeling inside and a smile on their face. As Marshall McLuhan once said of those who get the New York Times on Sunday morning, you do not read it; you slip into it like a hot bath.

Every issue of WET carries a number of strange-angle photographs that eventually turn out to be bodies of water. Then there are the letters, which vary from the sublime to the ridiculous, or in bathing terms, hot to cold. Readers write in to describe memorable baths they have taken, are taking or plan to take, to propose crackpot solutions to imaginary world problems, or to censure the magazine's hygienic photos



of bathing uglies by claiming some weird kind of sexism (I mention this to point out that although WET has plenty of naked men and ladies that is a lousy reason to buy the magazine).

A typical issue of WET is dominated by the lavish pictorials of gourmet baths, bathtubs and bath places (getting wet in public places is one of the constant themes). There are countless plans for superbaths of the future, fantasy pools that derive special attractions from the science fictionlike benefits of geodesics and piezometry. Slightly wordy articles on hydrotherapy and other vegeto-fetal favorites of the Californians. And here is an article called "Woman," a charming gossipish rehash of everything the author half remembers from a college course on the oceanic myths of the earth mother, illustrated with pictures a lot like the ones of the girl in the gym in Helmut Newton's cryptosadistic *White Women*. Here's some pictures of a customized concrete bathtub with inset stones that looks heavenly, and here's a plain old rain barrel with a shower curtain around it. Well, I always felt the same way about rain as I do about water.

Subscribe to WET today. It's \$6 for six

issues (one year), or \$11 for 12 issues (two years), from WET, 200A Westminister, Venice, Ca. 90291.

Attention Underground Comix Fans. You all remember, as countless articles on this subject have begun, the eight-pagers—those sleazy printed-in-Mexico porno comics that depicted film stars, Sunday funnies celebrities and world figures in the act of hiding the salami. These classics have been oft reissued by porno opportunists but are now available in the classiest packaging you've ever seen, in *The Tiajuana Bible Revival*, an eight-volume anthology that costs five bucks apiece. We can't tell you where to buy them, but they ought to be in every smut shop in the country by now. You'll know them by their beautifully rendered covers, oddly reminiscent of the underground comix that have appeared in these pages and elsewhere.

Only the first two volumes are out so far, but watch for the rest; I happen to know that one volume features a story called "Mussolini in Ethiopia," which shows Il Duce hard at play with two of his Nubian concubines. Benito's punchline: "You wanta you pussy licked? Wait a minute, I gotta you Hitler." □

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Liberal literary lion **Norman Mailer's** latest cause is to further the investigations into the assassinations of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King. "It is of psychic significance for people to know who pulled the trigger," says Mailer. Thus he is now helping to finance the Assassination Information Bureau, a Boston group that says it is "skeptical of how much the congressional investigation will turn up. Mailer recently threw a fund-raising party



Wax, World

*Mailer raises bucks for assassino-*logists for the AIB in Boston, attracting such celebs as Daniel Ellsberg, Dave Dellinger, Ragtime author E. L. Doctorow and Village Voice writers Joe Flaherty, Jack Newfield and editor Marianne Partridge

Madison mayor **Paul Soglin** has swept to an unprecedented third victory, much to the chagrin of his hard-battling opponents. After taking a tumble in the primaries, Soglin came back in the general election to win 62 percent of the vote and defeat 25-year-old conservative Anthony Amato. The former "hippie mayor," who says he "has mellowed," is keeping mum about his political future, but people close to the mayor say he would fit comfortably in a congressional seat



Mayor Paul Soglin begins *The Long March*

Michael Chance



Howard Berman

Margo St. James up to her old tricks in flicks.

If anyone is an expert on prostitutes, it's **Margo St. James**, who was an honest-to-goodness call girl before starting **COYOTE** (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics), the prostitutes' rights group emanating from the West Coast. Margo will be tapped for her expertise when she becomes technical adviser to the producers of *Waiting for Cordelia*, a forthcoming film starring **Lily Tomlin** as a San Francisco prostitute. Margo and Lily are old friends who will be reunited when the film starts shooting on location in San Francisco, where Margo will be organizing the annual Hooker's Ball for this Halloween



*Lily Tomlin will star as a hooker in soon-to-be-released *Waiting for Cordelia*, an on-location film about life on the make in San Francisco.*

Actor-director **Dennis Hopper's** upcoming film version of **William Burroughs' Junkie** has run into a major snag: their financial backer has pulled out. **Jacques Stern de Rothschild**, an heir to the Rothschild fortune, has withdrawn his funds and dissolved Automatique, the company he set up for making the film. A spokesperson for Burroughs said that Hopper and screenwriter **Terry Southern** will be looking around for other backing and that Burroughs and Southern will continue work on the screenplay.



Diane Keaton: making it onscreen and off

Actress **Diane Keaton's** love life is blooming, onscreen and off. In *Annie Hall* she makes it with **Woody Allen** until she drops him for Paul Simon. In *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* Diane plays a woman-on-the-make in a singles bar. In real life she dropped Woody long ago and is currently having a hush-hush affair with hip bon vivant **Jack Nicholson**. Nicholson let the word out about his romance with Diane while in New York casting women for his upcoming film *Going South* and talking about his next feature, a sequel to Roman Polanski's *Chinatown* called *Two Jakes*.



Jerry Blitt

Aron Kay for mayor on pot pie ticket.

Another rad joining the electoral fray is yippie pieman **Aron Kay**, who announced his candidacy for mayor of New York City in Washington Square Park. Kay, who achieved notoriety via pie-hits on William Buckley, Patrick Moynihan, E. Howard Hunt and Phyllis Schlafly, would legalize marijuana, to be sold by the city to offset New York's flagging economy. Kay will run in the September election on the Pot-Pie Party ticket.



Wide World

Cross hairs on Bob Marley

Reggae star **Bob Marley** believes his near-assassination was politically motivated and ordered by people in high places who think he is reaching for political power. "Y'see, sometime in these magazines they publish some type o' political things," says Marley, "and when a politician in Jamaica see dat, him figure me trying to get power, or someone try to use me to get it y'know wh'mean?" Marley was shot at while performing at a "Smile Jamaica" concert in his native country, which coincided with Prime Minister Michael Manley's election campaign last year.

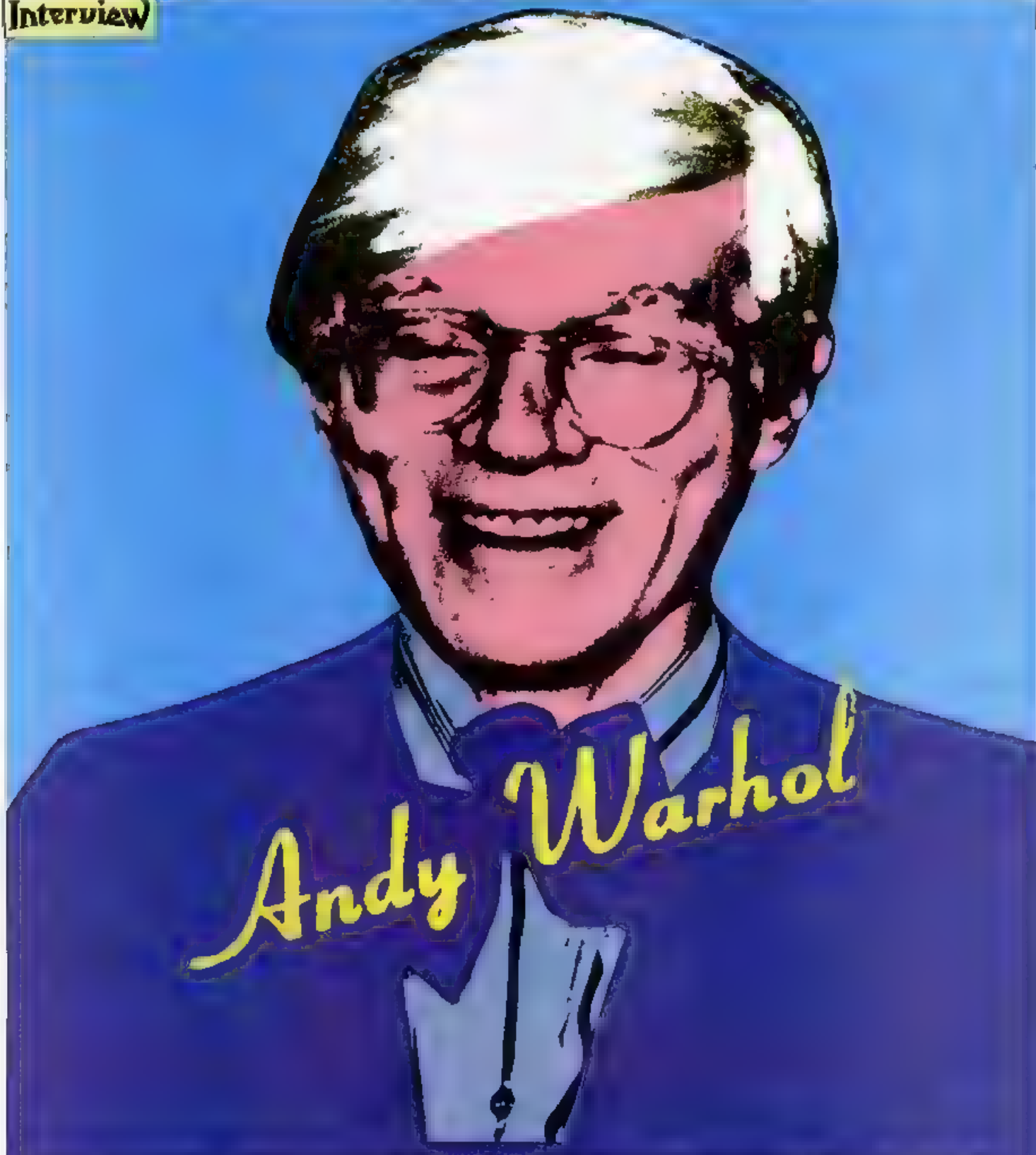
-Michael Chance

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America's greatest artist talks about cutting out paper dolls, fruit, the death of art, turkeys, his favorite color, Campbell's Soup, the Factory, the Velvet Underground, junk food, drugs, why he sleeps with dogs, psychiatry, Marshall McLuhan's daughter, rich people, poor people and happiness.

by Glenn O'Brien

ANDY WARHOL CHRONOLOGY

1928—Born August 6, Pittsburgh, Pa.
1945–49—Attends art school at Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh.
1949—Moves to New York. First commercial art job drawing a shoe for *Glamour* magazine.
1952—Illustrates collection of Truman Capote short stories and a Fanny Farmer cookbook.
1954—Shoes Book.
1956—Boy Book. First one-man show.
1957—Art Director's Club Medal for shoe ads.
1958—The Golden Slipper Show or Shoes In America.
1959—Food Show.
1960—Bonwit Teller window display with first pop paintings. Dr. Scholl's corns paintings.
1961—Comics paintings: Clark Kent, Superman, Batman, Popeye, Little King, Nancy.
1962—First pop show. Paintings: Campbell's Soup Cans, Coca-Cola Bottles, Dollar Bills, S & H Green Stamps, disasters, portraits of Marilyn Monroe, Liz Taylor, Elvis, Troy Donahue, Roger Maris.
1963—Paintings: Race Riot, Brando, Jackie Kennedy, 13 Most Wanted Men, Electric Chair. Makes first films: Tarzan and Jane Regained ... Sort Of (with Taylor

Mead). Sleep, Kiss, Haircut, Blow Job.
1964—Covers Factory walls with silver foil Flowers paintings. Sculpture. Brillo Boxes, Kellogg's Corn Flakes Boxes. Silver Coca-Cola bottles filled with perfume. Films: Empire (12 hours), Batman, Dracula, Messy Lives, Lips, Soap Opera, Couch, Harlot.
1965—Prints on plexiglass. Films: 13 Most Beautiful Women, 13 Most Beautiful Boys, Screen Test, 50 Fanatics, 50 Personalities, The Life of Juanita Castro, Drunk, Suicide, Horse, Vinyl, Bitch, Prison, Space, Outer and Inner Space, Camp.
1966—Cow wallpaper. Self-portraits. Helium-filled silver plastic pillows. Forms multimedia Exploding Plastic Inevitable with Lou Reed, John Cale, Nico and the Velvet Underground. Paints a paper dress on Nico at department store. Films: Kitchen, My Hustler, Whips, The Velvet Underground, Nico, Chelsea Girls.
1967—Produces first Velvet Underground album (peeling banana cover). Barbara Feldon cover for TV Guide. Films: I, a Man, ****, Bike Boy, Construction-Destruction, Nude Restaurant.
1968—Happy Rockefeller portrait. Sends actor Alan Midgette to impersonate him on campus speaking tour. Rent-a-superstar service. Films commercial for Schrafft's showing melting sundae.

Writes first novel, A. Tape recording of superstar Ondine. Shot by Valerie Solanas on June 3. Films: Lonesome Cowboys, Flesh, Fuck (Blue Movie).
1969—Braniff Airlines ad with Sonny Liston. Starts interview magazine. Fuck seized and declared obscene in New York. Raid the Icebox show at Rhode Island School of Design using 400 "found objects." Richard Avedon shoots Andy's gunshot scars for *Vogue*. Writes gossip column for *Kiss* magazine. Film: Surfing.
1970—Flesh seized as obscene in London. First commercial hit film, Trash. Sticky Fingers cover for Rolling Stones.
1971—Musical comedy Pork plays in London and New York. Begins video soap operas. Whitney Museum retrospective.
1972—Nixon poster for McGovern campaign. Mao portraits. Film: Women in Revolt.
1973—Film Heat.
1974—Films: Andy Warhol's Frankenstein (3-D), Andy Warhol's Dracula.
1975—The Philosophy of Andy Warhol published by Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich. Acting debut in The Driver's Seat with Elizabeth Taylor.
1976—Paintings: flowers, drag queens, hammers and sickles, skulls. Film: Bad.
1977—Ass paintings, sports paintings. Opens *Andy Warhol's* restaurant.

High Times: What was your first work of art?

Warhol: I used to cut out paper dolls.

High Times: How old were you?

Warhol: Seven.

High Times: Did you get good grades in art in school?

Warhol: Yeah, I did. The teachers liked me. In grade school they make you copy pictures from books. I think the first one was Robert Louis Stevenson.

High Times: His was your first portrait?

Warhol: Maybe.

High Times: Were you in an art club?

Warhol: No. But if you showed any talent or anything in grade school, they used to give us these things: "If you can draw this," where you'd copy the picture and send it away.

High Times: Famous Artist's School?

Warhol: Uh, yeah.

High Times: Did you send them away?

Warhol: No, the teachers used to.

High Times: Did they say you had natural talent?

Warhol: Something like that. Unnatural talent.

High Times: Were you arty in high school?

Warhol: I was always sick, so I was always going to summer school and trying to catch up. I had one art class.

High Times: What did you do for fun when you were a teenager?

Warhol: I didn't do anything for fun. Oh, I think maybe once I went down to see a Frank Sinatra personal appearance with

"I got so tired of painting, I've been trying to give it up all the time. It's so boring, painting the same picture over and over."

Tommy Dorsey. You had to take a street-car to get there.

High Times: Did you work after school?

Warhol: Yeah, I sold fruit.

High Times: At a fruit stand?

Warhol: No, on a fruit truck.

High Times: So, how did you decide to become an artist and move to New York?

Warhol: I went to Carnegie Tech. Phillip Pearlstein was going to New York during a semester break, so I took a shopping bag and we took a bus. We took our portfolios and showed them around New York to see if we could get jobs. The lady from *Glamour*, Tina Fredericks, said that when I got out of school she'd give me a job. So I got out and came back. That was my first job.

High Times: A free-lance job?

Warhol: Yes. She gave me a shoe to do.

High Times: What was your ambition in those days? To be an illustrator or to be a fine artist?

Warhol: I didn't have any ambition.

High Times: What was your first work

that really pleased you as an artist?

Warhol: I don't remember. I did get some prizes in school. It wasn't my best work. One time after summer vacation I did some fruit truck pictures. I won five dollars.

High Times: Who was the first artist to influence you?

Warhol: It must have been Walt Disney. I cut out Walt Disney Dolls. It was actually Snow White that influenced me.

High Times: Did you go to the movies a lot?

Warhol: Yeah, on Saturday morning. If I took the neighbor's baby I got to go to the movies free.

High Times: When you went to art school at Carnegie Tech, what artists influenced you?

Warhol: Carol Blanchard, she used to do ladies falling out of bed. She did Lord and Taylor ads, and she was in the Carnegie International Show.

High Times: Were you up on your art history?

Warhol: Oh, yeah. We had a wonderful teacher named Balcolm Green. He gave slide lectures.

High Times: Who were your favorite movie stars in those days?

Warhol: Ray McDonald and his sidekick. What's her name?

High Times: Who is Ray McDonald?

Warhol: A dancer. And he had a wonderful girl partner. And Abbott and Costello, the Andrews Sisters, Lucille Ball, Edward G. Robinson, Paulette Goddard, Alexis

Smith, Linda Darnell, Ann Sothern, Zachary Scott, Vida Ann Borg and Roy Rogers. Every one of them.

High Times: Is there anyone you wanted to be like when you grew up?

Warhol: Uh, who was Charlie McCarthy's father? Edgar Bergen.

High Times: Were you interested in any politics?

Warhol: I listened to the speeches on the radio—Truman's.

High Times: Were you impressed by him?

Warhol: No.

High Times: What were your favorite radio shows?

Warhol: "Let's Pretend" and "Jack Armstrong, All American Boy"; all the good ones. "Little Orphan Annie."

High Times: Did you like comic strips?

Warhol: Yeah. "The Katzenjammer Kidz."

High Times: Did you ever do cartoons?

Warhol: No. I could never think of a good person to draw.

High Times: Do you think there are any great undiscovered artists?

Warhol: Uh, yeah, there are. But it's more important to make money now.

High Times: What advice would you give to a young person who wanted to become an artist today?

Warhol: I'd just tell them not to be one. They should get into photography or television or something like that.

High Times: Do you think the art world is dead?

Warhol: Oh, yeah. Being a wallpainter or a housepainter is better. You make more money as a housepainter. Ten dollars an hour.

High Times: Who do you think is the world's greatest living artist?

Warhol: I still think Walt Disney is.

High Times: He's dead.

Warhol: I know, but they still have him in plastic don't they?

High Times: He's frozen.

Warhol: But I really like them all. Rauschenberg and Twombly and Paul Klee.

Dead ones too? And I like American primitive painters. I just like everyone, every group. Grant Wood. Ray Johnson.

High Times: Who is the richest artist in the world?

Warhol: I'll bet there are a lot of artists that nobody hears about who just make more money than anybody. The people that do all the sculptures and paintings for big building construction. We never hear about them, but they make more money than anybody.

High Times: What about Dali?

Warhol: I don't think getting your name around means that you make a lot of money.

High Times: Do you think you or Dali is more famous?

Warhol: There's Calder too. Miro is still alive.

High Times: Have you made a million on art?

Warhol: It depends on the expenses.

High Times: Has your work gone up in

price a lot compared to what you made on it originally?

Warhol: No, I try to keep it down. I turn out so much. But I stopped for a while.

High Times: To raise the prices?

Warhol: No, I just can't think of anything to do. I get so tired of painting. I've been trying to give it up all the time, if we could just make a living out of movies or the newspaper business or something. It's so boring, painting the same picture over and over.

High Times: Where do you get your ideas for paintings these days?

Warhol: I do mostly portraits. So it's just people's faces, not really any ideas.

High Times: But lately you've done flowers and skulls.

Warhol: We've been in Italy so much, and everybody's always asking me if I'm a communist because I've done Mao. So now I'm doing hammers and sickles for communism, and skulls for fascism.

High Times: Did Mao ever see your portrait of him?

Warhol: I don't know. One of the big ones was shown in Washington at the Cor-

way. It's the easiest thing. There are a lot of people working on it, and it's up for only two weeks.

High Times: Do you think Picasso was a business artist?

Warhol: Yeah, I guess so. He knew what he was doing.

High Times: But who do you think invented the idea?

Warhol: I think Americans after the war. It was the galleries. Somewhere along the line, someone did it with Picasso, where it started to be more of a product.

High Times: Do you think Picasso was conscious of his prices and his marketing?

Warhol: Oh, yeah.

High Times: Do you think artists of the future will form companies or go public and sell stock?

Warhol: No, but I'm opening a restaurant called the Andymat. We're going to sell turkeys. But I can't use that word anymore.

High Times: Why?

Warhol: Well, I like them. But whenever I call something that, people think I'm putting it down.

High Times: Do you think that there are any art movements now?

Warhol: No.

High Times: Do you think there will ever be any more art movements?

Warhol: Oh, yeah. I always thought they were going to come from California. But I just came back from Macon, Georgia, and I was surprised. They have so many performers down there. It's such a wonderful town. You can see why they have so many famous performers.

High Times: Do you think social realism is business art?

Warhol: What kind is that?

High Times: You know, Diego Rivera, post-office murals, WPA art.

Warhol: Yeah, they should really do more with it. It's amazing that they don't do enough with it. You never see anybody painting up offices. You know who has a wonderful dining room? Bill Copley got all those kids who graffiti the subway, and he hired four of them to do his dining room. It's really wonderful.

High Times: Do you think those kids should get grants to decorate subways?

Warhol: Yeah. But when you go to Tehran the graffiti is so beautiful. It's not so beautiful here. Their writing is much more beautiful than ours. All the writing is great, even the signs.

High Times: You once said that your work was decorative. Do you still think that?

Warhol: Oh, yeah. But Emile de Antonio thinks it's Marxist. It's really funny.

High Times: Did you ever read Marx?

Warhol: Marx who? The only Marx I knew was the toy company.

High Times: Do you ever think about politics?

Warhol: No.

High Times: Did you ever vote?

Warhol: I went to vote once, but I got too

(continued on page 34)

"I'm opening a restaurant called the Andymat. We're going to sell turkeys."

coran Gallery, and the director there told us that a delegation of Chinese was taking a tour of the place. They found out there was a big Mao hanging there, so they went in through the back of the museum so they wouldn't see Mao. I guess they were worried about liking it or not liking it. It's all so different for them. We invited the Chinese ambassador to the Factory, but he never came.

High Times: Who do you think is the best business artist in the world?

Warhol: Cristo. He just finished this \$2-million project, for a foundation. But I'm sure the government's going to find something wrong with the foundation. It seems so easy. That's more like a business. It's like producing something, a big \$2-million project. Someone will come along and do a movie like that, a \$4 million art movie nobody has to really like.

High Times: But Cristo makes money.

Warhol: No, he works on a foundation thing. You don't get paid, you just take out expenses and things.

High Times: Do you think that's what's going to happen to art? It's going to be all foundations and subsidies?

Warhol: Yeah, that sounds like a nice new



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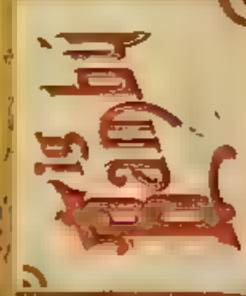
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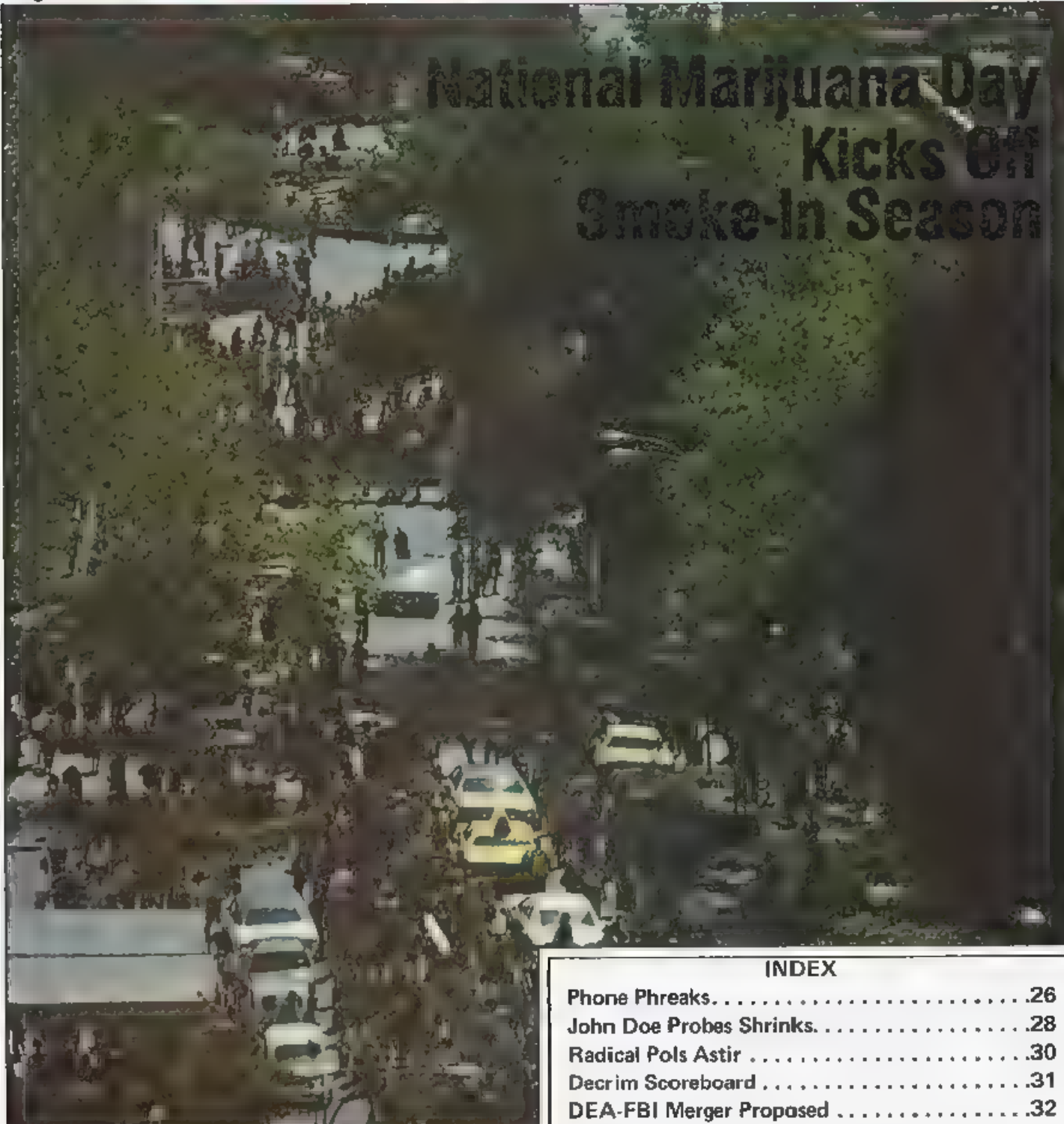
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August '77

No. 24

National Marijuana Day Kicks Off Smoke-In Season



Boat Jones

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Thousands Pack Pot Day Party

by Dana Beal

"If you say one more thing like that," bellowed the police captain, "you'll be arrested."

"Sure, do like New Hampshire," a marcher yelled back. "Arrest 500 human rights demonstrators in front of the United Nations. Show the whole world there really isn't any difference between here and Russia."

Permits were the issue. They had been denied by the New York Parks Department, unlike previous years, and when the seventh annual National Marijuana Day march up Fifth Avenue made a spontaneous turn toward the United Nations the cops got nervous and stepped in. The issue was not, as reported in several places, "a protest in front of the U.N. for decim," although the Single Convention Against Marijuana, to which the U.S. is a signatory, was denounced.

The fuzz brass summoned yippies to borough headquarters the Monday before, offering to overlook pot smoking in view of the thousands expected at Washington Square Park if YIP would "co-operate." The cops' hands were tied, they said, referring to a new park department edict limiting po-

litical rallies to seven obscure locations throughout the city. The yippies refused the deal and went ahead with their plans.

As high noon approached on Saturday, Washington Square Park was jammed. After one drunk, off-duty cop from Queens tried to disrupt things and was ejected from the park, the rabble-rousing gave way to a rock concert and the passing of free Colombian weed.

After the rally, the 4,000-strong crowd marched up Fifth Avenue. When police blocked the road at 23rd Street, a breakaway group marched on the UN to hold an impromptu human rights rally. The group stayed 25 minutes and then rejoined the main group. Speakers at Central Park outlined YIP demands: full prosecution of government agents guilty of abuses, full



Brian Jones

Over 4,000 people marched in the annual National Marijuana Day Parade from Washington Square Park to Central Park, despite denial of permit and parade route

compensation of the victims and a guaranteed weekly stash. Organizers say the smoke-in was the best in years, but only peanuts compared to the turnout expected for

the tenth annual National Smoke-In scheduled July 4 in Washington, D.C. A coalition including NORML is organizing the event. Permits already have been secured.

Backtalk to Ma Bell

The announcement by New York Telephone Company that they have devised a computer system capable of tracking and nabbing blue-boxers has been met with hoots of derision by phone phreaks.

"Once every year or two they call a press conference and announce the same thing—they've got the phreaks on the run. If they ever really make changes, we find out from people on the inside, usually, before the front office."

Ma Bell claimed that their new computer can pick out the bogus 2400 cycle tones that cut into 800 Watts lines enabling free calls.

Within days a big hoopla was

made over the arrest of a West German newspaper correspondent busted in his Park Avenue apartment for blue-boxing. A Bell spokesperson at the press conference had said up to \$5 million a year was lost to such frauds, half of it in New York alone.

"They've always had those computers," said another skeptical phone outlaw. "If they hook those computers to all the exchanges in the city, hire people to monitor them and try to chase down all the phreaks, it'll cost a hell of a lot more than \$5 million. The press conference will deter more people than the computer system."

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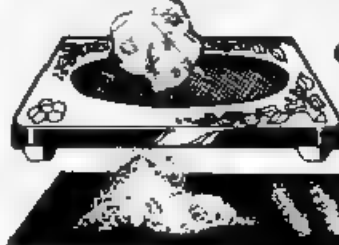
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Parents Charge Torture:**Protest for U.S. Jailed in Bolivia**

by Chip Berlet

WASHINGTON—Parents of 33 Americans held in Bolivian jails on a variety of drug offenses have charged the U.S. State Department with calculated indifference to human rights violations against their children. Parents have reported beatings, attempted rapes by guards and other physical abuses on top of the normally wretched conditions in Bolivian prisons.

Several parents also charged that Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) agents observed prisoner torture and, in at least one case, used extortion to force a U.S. citizen to travel to Bolivia as an informer—and then abandoned the person in a Bolivian jail cell.

Over 25 relatives of the prisoners came to Washington, D.C., on Mother's Day to demand government action after a series of unsuccessful meetings with State Department officials. They vowed to remain in the capital until a change in attitude by government administrators, who they termed "unresponsive to reasonable requests for information and help."

"We are convinced all ordinary channels for petitioning the United States government have been exhausted," said Dr. William Farmer, a theologian and father of one prisoner, at a prayer vigil on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. The vigil kicked off a whirlwind week of meetings, press conferences, sit-ins and confrontations, which resulted in the release of one prisoner and a State Department pledge to seek the release of others. As *High Times* went to press, an undersecretary of state was in Bolivia, and the U.S. ambassador there had been ordered to investigate allegations of reported abuse.

State Department action came only after the parents had created a furor on Capitol Hill with an emotional press conference and visits to scores of congressional offices. Ten senators sent a letter to Secretary of State Cyrus Vance urging immediate action and charging the State Department with "virtually abandoning" the Americans.

"There is no question that the 33 prisoners have been denied due process under Bolivian law," said the letter. "Most have been incarcerated for more than a year without any disposition of their cases. When finally convicted and sentenced, some had already been jailed longer than their sentences."

The letter also said some of the prisoners were "clearly innocent" and cited reports of physical abuse and lack of medical treatment.

At week's end, Dr. Farmer was

encouraged and said the relatives had finally "broken through the barrier of suspicion and mistrust which isolates anyone involved with drug arrests."

The break came as a result of a Capitol Hill press conference packed with reporters and congressional aides. In testimony that left many participants and observers in tears, the parents recounted the horrors of Bolivian jails.

Lorraine Fryer, mother of released prisoner Michelle Fryer, cited several cases of commonplace brutality. "One young lady was kept in a closet-type room with two live



Dr. William Farmer and Cathryn Duffy, parents of unprisoned Yanks, berate State Department

rats and made to sleep on mud floors without covers," said Fryer. "Another young girl was also made to sleep on the mud floor and had to beat off guards to keep from being raped." Fryer told of one man beaten with a rubber hose and "threatened by an American DEA agent that he would be shot at dawn if he did not sign a statement." She said most prisoners were forced to sign statements in Spanish, which they could not read.

One father, who asked to remain nameless, said his son had been told

by DEA agents in America that he would be harassed and busted unless he went to Bolivia as an informer.

The DEA denied the charge and said it would investigate other allegations before commenting.

When parents met with U.S. Ambassador William Steadman, he admitted never visiting the American prisoners, saying it would break his heart. Said Mrs. Roni Abrahams, mother of one of the prisoners, "What a disgrace to be represented by such men."

INC Program Under Fire

WASHINGTON—Pressure is mounting on Congress to cut off aid to the repressive government of Argentina. Several senators and representatives have introduced amendments that would terminate foreign aid to Argentina, accused of grossly violating the human rights of its citizens.

If this drive succeeds, however, Argentina could still receive thousands of U.S. tax dollars through the State Department's International Narcotics Control (INC) program. The Argentine Commission on Human Rights has charged that funds for the antinarcotics program are being used to "draw even tighter the noose of political repression around the necks" of the Argentinian people.

According to the noninterventionist group, which opposes the current repressive government activities in Argentina, antinarcotics equipment supplied by the U.S. is used in counternursing efforts



Storm of controversy rising over misappropriated dope funds in Argentina.

and in establishing a police state in the Latin American country.

They quote Argentine Minister of Welfare, José Lopez Rega, as

publicly admitting that the U.S.-financed "antidrug campaign will automatically be an antiguerrilla campaign as well."

Shrinks May Get Own Medicine

by Aureliano Segundo

In an unprecedented investigation into the life and death power wielded by mental institutions, a Wisconsin federal judge has ordered a John Doe probe into the circumstances surrounding the suicide attempt of a 17-year-old girl. According to testimony of witnesses, the suicide attempt followed repeated solitary confinement punishments imposed as part of a behavior modification program at Mendota State Hospital in Madison. The girl has been in a comatose state since she tried to hang herself March 12. Doctors say that if she lives, she will be paralyzed and unable to speak.

The probe was launched after the girl's mother sought the aid of attorney Edward Elson, a long-time foe of institutional behavior modification programs and a particular enemy of the psychiatric establishment. "When I saw how hideous this crime was, I told her a civil suit was not enough. We had to seek a criminal prosecution under the penalty codes for abuse of an inmate in a public institution."

Elson took the case to district attorney Jim Doyle, Jr., who felt an investigation was in order. He in turn presented the evidence to Federal Judge Robert Pekowski, who ordered the John Doe.

The young woman's problems began last winter when she showed up at Mendota State Hospital seeking to be rehospitalized. She had no food or money and was turned away. Returning later with a bag of

cookies the hospital authorities suspected she had stolen, she was locked up for two days in solitary. Then, because she "could not walk right and could not speak coherently," she was given another five days. After her release she was denied communications privileges with her mother, "the only real thing in her world," according to secret testimony. Finally, after being put in soli-

tary for two weeks after asking change for a quarter and only giving the person a nickel in return, she hanged herself.

If these charges are upheld, criminal indictments of Mendota officials will follow, with the possibility they could face some solitary themselves. So far, Mendota officials have refused comment, citing patient-doctor secrecy.

Bourne In as Drug Aide

WASHINGTON The Carter White House has established an Office of Drug Abuse Policy (ODAP) and named as director Dr. Peter Bourne. Bourne was assistant director of a similar advisory group when Richard Nixon reigned.

Bourne's office has policy formulation and coordination responsibilities for the principle federal drug agencies: the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) and international narcotics programs in the State Department. Bourne will advise the president with the assistance of a ten-person staff and a yearly allocation of \$1.32 million.

The main focus of the Office of Drug Abuse Policy will be short-term, issue-oriented projects such as a study of current policies toward cocaine and barbiturates. Staff members will monitor federal programs involving research, treatment, law enforcement, international affairs and intelligence. ODAP also will coordinate interagency projects and develop position papers on various subjects for consideration and review by federal drug agencies.

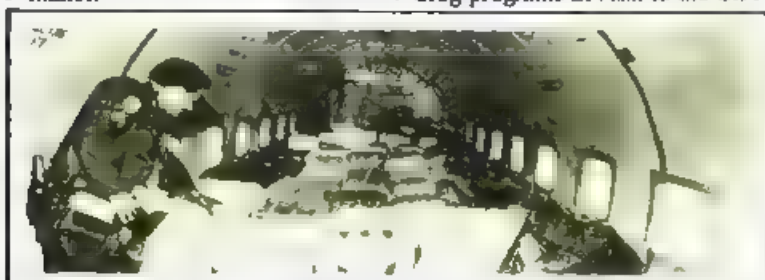
Last year *High Times* reported that while a consultant for the National Institute on Drug Abuse, Bourne forwarded his research on drug programs in Asia to the CIA.

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Pot Rustling Charge Splits Customs

by A. Craig Copetas

A major marijuana scandal has rocked the ranks of the U.S. Customs Service in Miami and has prompted the 200-year-old agency to ask for the assistance of the FBI in cleaning up the mess, *High Times* has learned.

The FBI investigation into allegations that agents were dealing confiscated marijuana began after a Miami Customs agent held members of his own internal security force at gunpoint when a set-up pot bust, intended to catch a band of rogue agents, backfired.

Customs internal security officers planted 1,500 pounds of pot at the North Perry Airport near Hollywood, Florida, and then tipped off the yet undisclosed group of suspected agent pot dealers. Instead of hauling the marijuana to Miami and perhaps stashing some aside for their own use and sale, as Customs security hoped, the dealing narcs grew suspicious and waited.

One alleged rogue agent scoured the area, found two men who refused to identify themselves, drew his cannon and forced the admission that one was a Customs security officer and the other a Broward County cop. The scam went up in smoke as a dozen additional agents and cops scurried out of the wooded area surrounding the airport.

"Washington instigated this investigation, and that's why it turned into a fiasco," said one disturbed senior Customs agent close to *High Times*. "What I'd like to know is, who investigates the investigators?"

The Miami situation has plummeted the morale of Southern Region Customs agents to such a low ebb that one source described the situation as a "witch hunt where everybody's wondering who the spies are."

"Our own internal affairs department never hesitates to get to the bottom of these matters," said a

Miami Customs investigator involved in the case. "but we do need some outside help. Nobody knows who to trust."

WASHINGTON - Vernon D. Acree, U.S. Customs Service major domo for the past five years, has retired at the age of 57. The former commissioner of Customs was known to have a low regard for the Drug



Customs chief Acree bids adieu.

Enforcement Administration but generally refused to attack the agency in public. While Acree was commissioner, however, the DEA and Customs were embroiled in a running feud over jurisdiction and methods.

Under Acree's direction, the Customs Service was modernized, and operations were consolidated

The set-up that blew up and prompted regional director Al Bazemore to call in the FBI followed numerous allegations that Customs agents throughout the Southern Region had been ripping off confiscated pot and marking it for what the street would bear.

An incident similar to the North Perry Airport scam occurred last January, according to a senior Customs agent, when Customs agents from Texas were brought in to Florida to set up a group of double dealing Miami Customs narcs

skimming pot from the top. It was a top secret project.

"It was arranged for the Miami narcs to sell 50 pounds of hot pot to the Texas narcs," said the agent. "Of course, the Miami narcs were not aware of the set-up."

"The bust went as clean as a whistle, but when the boys from Washington came in to account for the 50 bales sold to the Texas narcs, guess what? Two bales were missing, and a whole new investigation is under way to discover what Texas did with the pot. It's crazy."

Customs Chief Throws In Towel

in a new headquarters on Constitution Avenue in Washington, D.C. Customs, established in 1789, has started utilizing sophisticated technology to speed passenger screening at ports and terminals, while increasing the service's ability to spot narcotics shipments.

A spokesperson for Customs said that Acree's retirement was probably not connected to an ongoing internal investigation involving marijuana missing from a shipment seized off the Florida coast. The Dade County grand jury is currently investigating the incident.

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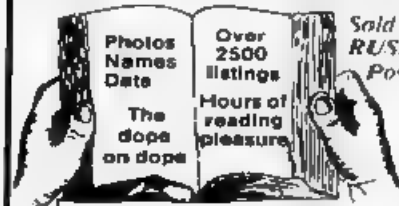
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Black Revolutionaries at Odds

What is termed a "bitter fratricidal split" has developed between black revolutionaries in San Francisco's Bay Area, according to a document written by the James McClain Judicial Cadre of the Black Guerrilla Family. The paper has been circulating among the underground for over two years and has just recently been released for publication. It charges that Huey Newton withdrew support at the last minute from the Marin County shoot-out.

in August 1970, in which Jonathan Jackson and several others died

Newton "ordered a last-minute withdrawal of the support of combat members who were to assist comrade Jonathan Jackson," in the words of the judicial cadre, "who subsequently launched the assault single-handedly." The charges have caused deep controversy within the Bay Area's radical community, with the New World Liberation Front and Black Liberation Army patting

against the Panthers and supporters. Critics note that similar infighting in the past was fomented by just

such disinformation spread by programs such as the FBI-sponsored COINTEL PRO.

Watch for Turbulent Weather Underground

Underground observers are watching carefully to see if the surrender this spring of two Weather Underground Organization fugitives may be the beginning of the "inversion" plan revealed earlier this year in position papers defining the split. The inversion plan calls for WUO fugitives to give themselves up and

work aboveground. At the moment there are, according to several informed sources, two WUO organizations. These same sources believe the surrender of Phoebe Hirsch and Robert Roth alleged Weather Underground members, in Chicago may signal the beginning of the inversion plan implementation.

Armstrong Cops Plea

In an unexpected move Dwight Armstrong, sought for seven years in the bombing of the Army Math Research Center in Madison, Wisconsin, until his capture in Toronto earlier this year, waived extradition and returned to Madison to plead no contest to the charges. He awaits

sentencing in the Dane County Jail. David Fine, captured last year, received seven years in the case. Dwight's brother Karl, called the mastermind of the operation, received 26 years. One member of the New Year's Gang, Leo Burt, is still at large.



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N.Y. Decrim Bill Sabotaged

New York State's long-awaited bill to decriminalize the possession of marijuana went up in smoke after an unexpected coalition of conservative legislators shoved the bill back to the conservative-controlled Codes Committee.

After a four-hour debate on the floor of the assembly, the bill, which would have decriminalized person-

al possession of 1 1/4 ounces of pot, came up six votes short of the 76 needed for passage.

Assemblyman Richard N. Gottfried, who sponsored the bill, argued that the current penalties are "so far out of line with reality" that they breed disrespect for law and order and lead to a misuse of police resources. Under the present law,

possession of more than one-quarter ounce carries a potential prison sentence of seven years.

Governor Hugh Carey, a long-time supporter of the decrim bill, said that if the bill passed he would have commuted the sentence of some 130 people now serving time in state prisons due to marijuana convictions.

"People got scared," said New York NORML director Frank Fioramonti after the vote was

counted. "People were absent who had promised that they were going to be there for the vote. In fact a half-dozen people who voted for decriminalization in 1971 voted against it in 1977."

Fioramonti said there was a slim chance of the assembly passing a decrim bill before the end of the 1977 session. "It looks like we're going to have to wait for next year," said the five-year veteran of marijuana politics.

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Decrim Inches Ahead

Changes in state marijuana laws continue to pick up steam, with several state legislatures considering bills that could reduce pot penalties by the end of the year. Mississippi became the ninth state so far to pass a modified decriminalization law, and a New York decrim bill came within a hair's breadth of passing.

Florida has a bill on the floor for the third year, this attempt having passed the Senate and heading now for turbulent House waters. Bills are under active consideration in Washington, Wisconsin, California, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Louisiana, New Hampshire, Texas, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Oregon and Washington, D.C. Defeats were registered in New Mexico, New Jersey, Hawaii and Kansas, where a decrim bill was narrowly defeated.

Nebraska is also considering changing its pot laws, but no one is sure how. The legislature there recently approved an amendment that would legalize the growing, but not the harvesting, of marijuana.

"This means that legally you

could grow it," Unicameral Speaker Roland Luedtke said. "You could put out a sign saying 'marijuana farm.' It would be legal to grow it. You just have to circumvent the law, meaning harvest it by night."

Fed Popped

A former FBI agent in New York, John J. Kearny, has been indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of directing an illegal wiretapping and mail-opening program aimed at radicals in 1970-72.

The FBI maintained 11 illegal wiretaps on members of the Weather Underground, and Kearny directed the squad responsible for monitoring the phone conversations and intercepting mail delivered to various addresses throughout New York City. Mail was taken to the FBI office at 201 East 69th Street where letters were opened and their contents copied. The letters were then resealed and returned to the original addresses.

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Both the FBI and DEA have come under heavy criticism for violations of constitutional rights and improper investigative techniques. One former FBI agent has been indicted on illegal surveillance charges, and more indictments are expected. The DEA has been investigated repeatedly and was blasted by one Senate committee, which found the drug agency incapable of meeting its own goals, while engaging in highly questionable investigative techniques.

High Times welcomes news clippings and information sent by readers. Please accompany your newsworthy items with the name of the newspaper, date published and any additional comments. Please be brief. All material should be sent to *HighWitness* News, *High Times*, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

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Andy Warhol

(continued from page 22)

scared. I couldn't decide who to vote for.
High Times: Are you a Republican or a Democrat?

Warhol: Neither.

High Times: You only do things for the Democrats. You did a Nixon print for the McGovern campaign. You did the Carter cover on the New York Times magazine.
Warhol: I did Rockefeller's portrait.

High Times: You gave prints to Bella Abzug?

Warhol: I just do anything anybody asks me to do.

High Times: What's your favorite painting of all your work?

Warhol: I guess the soup can.

High Times: What's your favorite color?

Warhol: Black.

High Times: What do you think of danger-oriented conceptual artists like Vito Acconci and Chris Burden?

Warhol: I think Chris Burden is terrific. I really do. I went to the gallery, and he was up in the ceiling, so I didn't meet him, but I saw him.

High Times: Where did you get the idea of using photo silkscreens?

Warhol: I started when I was printing money. I had to draw it, and it came out looking too much like a drawing, so I thought wouldn't it be a great idea to have it printed. Somebody said you could just put it on silkscreens. So when I went down to the silkscreener I just found out that you could reproduce photographs. The man that made the screens was a really nice guy named Mr. Golden. I think the first photograph I did was a ballplayer. It was a way of showing action or something.

High Times: So once you found that process, where did you get your ideas for images?

Warhol: Oh, just reading the magazines and picking up the ideas from there.

High Times: Did you really do the Campbell's soup cans because you had it for lunch every day?

Warhol: Oh yeah, I had Campbell's soup every day for lunch for about 20 years. And a sandwich.

High Times: How did you get the idea to make Brillo boxes?

Warhol: I did all the cans in a row on a canvas, and then I got a box made to do them on a box, and then it looked funny because it didn't look real. I have one of the boxes here. I did the cans on the box but it came out looking funny. I had the boxes already made up. They were brown and looked just like boxes, so I thought it would be so great to just do an ordinary box.

High Times: Did you ever hear from Campbell's or Brillo or any of the manufacturers whose products you painted?

Warhol: Brillo liked it, but Campbell's Soup, they were really upset and they

were going to do something about it, and then it went by so quickly and I guess there really wasn't anything they could do. But actually when I lived in Pittsburgh, the Heinz factory was there, and I used to go visit the Heinz factory a lot. They used to give pickle pins. I should have done Heinz soup. I did the Heinz Ketchup box instead.

High Times: What was your first big break?

Warhol: My first big break was when John Gorno pushed me down the stairs. No, actually my first big break was meeting L'mile de Antonio who now lives across the street. He laughed a lot and that encouraged me.

High Times: In your book you say "Some people have deep-rooted and long-standing art fantasies and really stick with them." Do you think that goes for you?

Warhol: I really don't have any fantasies at all. But art fantasies, that sounds really terrific. Do you spell that with a ph?

High Times: You used an f. How did the Factory get the name *Factory*?

Warhol: Billy Name named it. It was in an office building. I guess it was really a

"I had Campbell's soup every day for lunch for about 20 years. And a sandwich. Brillo liked my painting, but Campbell's Soup, they were really upset."

factory. There was a lot of machinery there and a heavy floor. They must have made shoes there or something.

High Times: Who were the first people that worked for you?

Warhol: Gerard Malanga was the first one. He was writing poetry in between helping me do things. Actually it was Billy Name that brought people to the studio. He began pulling silver all over, and he needed some people to help him.

High Times: Was he working for you?

Warhol: No, he wasn't actually working for me. He wanted a place to stay, and he stayed there. That was the start of it.

High Times: How did you start making films?

Warhol: We had gotten a video machine, and I'd gotten a sound camera, and we were just making movies through the Cinematheque. Actually, I bought the first camera because Win Chamberlain was taking Taylor Mead and me to California, and since Taylor Mead was such a great screen star, we thought it would be a great idea to do Taylor going across country. So

I bought this 16mm camera, and we just shot Taylor in California. That was the first movie. It was called *Tarzan and Jane Regained Sort Of*.

Then they had sort of newsreels at the Cinematheque and every time you'd do a three minute newsreel they'd show it at the Cinematheque. Everybody began showing their three-minute movies. We started with the person of the week or something. Then I sort of got an idea to do John Gorno sleeping, because he could fall asleep and never know that you were around. So I just turned on the camera and photographed that, and somebody really liked it. That was *Sleep*. They showed it to Jonas Mekas, director of the Cinematheque, and he really liked it, and from that we went into Robert Indiana eating and other things. The Empire State Building.

High Times: How did you introduce actors and plots?

Warhol: Through Gerard we met Ronny Tavel, and he wrote scripts. They were really good scripts, but nobody would follow them. But we'd get the gist of the thing. Then we did 30-minute reels.

High Times: Did you direct them?

Warhol: At that time anybody who turned on the camera was the director.

High Times: Who invented the word *superstar*?

Warhol: I think it was Jack Smith.

High Times: And who were the first superstars?

Warhol: They were all Jack Smith's stars, every one of them was really a great person. The first ones we used were Taylor Mead, Edie Sedgwick, Brigid Berlin, Alan Midgett.

High Times: Did you meet them through Gerard?

Warhol: No, Lester Persky, who's the big producer now. Lester had a good eye. He was doing the eight-hour commercial. Really, he used to do these one hour ads for Charles Antell. He did Melmac and some others. I guess that was where I got the idea for doing things long.

High Times: How did you meet Lou Reed?

Warhol: He was playing at the Cafe Bizarre, and Barbara Rubin a friend of Jonas Mekas, said she knew this group. Claes Oldenburg and Patti Oldenburg and Lucas Samaras and Jasper Johns and I were starting a rock and roll group with people like LaMonte Young, and the artist who digs holes in the desert now, Walter De Maria.

High Times: You started a rock band?

Warhol: Oh, yeah. We met ten times, and there were fights between Lucas and Patti over the music or something.

High Times: What did you do?

Warhol: I was singing badly. Then Barbara said something about this group and mixed media was getting to be the big thing at the Cinematheque, so we had films, and Gerard did some dancing and the Velvets played. And then Nico came

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around, and Paul started the Exploding Plastic Inevitable.

High Times: Was that a light show before the San Francisco light shows?

Warhol: Yeah, it was, sort of. Actually, the Cinematheque was really combining all the arts together. Then Olivier Cocquelin was going to start a discotheque for Edie Sedgwick and me called "Up." And somehow he forgot about us, and Murray the K was doing something out on Long Island, and somehow they didn't hire us. So Paul decided to open up a place a week before they opened up. We just rented the DOM and opened before the other places. We rented it by the week, and when it was doing so well, other people just took it away from us.

High Times: When did you get the idea that you might be able to make really commercial movies?

Warhol: We never did. We were making a movie a week, and Paul found this theater in the Forties. We made a movie, and it played for three or four weeks. When they got tired of it, we just made another one. We did about six, and they did really well. They paid for themselves. Then they played outside New York in art theaters.

High Times: Did you go on college tours yourself before you sent Alan Midgette to impersonate you?

Warhol: Oh, yeah. I went on a couple. I wasn't getting any work done, and every time I did go, I didn't do any of the things the kids had read I would do. So we thought we'd send somebody who was more what they really wanted. He was more entertaining and better looking, and he could keep up and go to 18 different parties afterward. The people were happy with him.

High Times: How did Paul Morrissey start directing your films?

Warhol: Well, it was always whoever worked the camera. Then I guess I was in the hospital, and he worked the camera—so that's how it happened.

High Times: Did you ever get any Hollywood offers before you had a commercial hit?

Warhol: We went out to Hollywood a lot of times, and everything always fell through. Most of the studios took us out, and nothing ever happened. It still doesn't happen.

High Times: Do you think Hollywood is afraid of you?

Warhol: No, it's just that I was too wishy-washy. If you have a project and you know exactly what you want to do you can get them to do it. It's all learning.

High Times: Would you like to make really expensive movies or do you want to keep it simple?

Warhol: No, I think it would be great to make a \$2- or \$3-million art movie where nobody would really have to go to it. I thought that would be a good project to work on...do something really artistic. I think video is the best market. When the cassette market comes out, if you just do

movies that nobody else can do, that'll be the new way.

High Times: Would you ever put out your old films on cassettes?

Warhol: No, I'd rather do new stuff. The old stuff is better to talk about than to see. It always sounds better than it really is. New things are always much better than old things.

High Times: How did you get the idea to start your magazine *Interview*?

Warhol: It was just to give Gerard something to do. He was supposed to work on it. Also, Brigid Berlin's father ran the Hearst Corporation, and we thought Brigid could really run the magazine. But she didn't get interested in it.

High Times: Did you ever think it would be successful?

Warhol: It still isn't successful. It would just be great if it could pay for itself. I always thought it should be for new people, but I guess there aren't enough new people to buy it. You go to these rock concerts, and they can fill up a place with 30,000 people. It's funny. They aren't the same people who look at magazines.

High Times: You've done art, movies.

"I paint every day. Now I'm painting with a mop. I have paint shoes and paint shirts and paint ties and paint smocks and paint hankies."

records, books, TV, a play, a magazine. Is there anything that you'd still like to do?

Warhol: Uh, have a baby? Oh, I had my first Coke in ten years.

High Times: Really?

Warhol: I mean Coca-Cola.

High Times: Why did you abstain for ten years?

Warhol: Well, it was always so sweet. But we went to this apartment, and they had every brand food there. It was just so great to try all the Twinkies. It was a junk-food party. It was so good. I used to drink Coke all the time. It was so good. It gives you a lot of energy. You drink Coke a lot?

High Times: I think I like Pepsi better now.

Warhol: You really do? Can you really taste the difference? I'm really going to do the test now. What does Coke taste like?

High Times: It's more carbonated and has a sharper taste. Pepsi is sweeter, easier on your stomach.

Warhol: But if you do the test, you've got to take it out of bottles or cans. If you take one out of a big bottle and the other out of

a can, or a big bottle and a small bottle, they taste really different. The little Coke bottle and the little Pepsi bottle, which is a bigger bottle, are still the best.

High Times: How did it happen that Valerie Solanas attacked you?

Warhol: I had just ridden up in the elevator with her and I turned around to make a telephone call and just heard noise, that's all.

High Times: Did you think about dying?

Warhol: No, my life didn't flash in front of me or anything. It was too painful. I put it together after a couple of weeks...what happened. I was so drugged up. I just never think about it.

High Times: How did you start taking a tape recorder around?

Warhol: I had a big Uher that could go on for four hours at a time, and that all started around '64. Then I got the idea to do *Online* talking for 24 hours. That's why I got a tape recorder.

High Times: Was that for your novel *A*, which was *Online* talking?

Warhol: Yeah, *Online* used to sit up 24 hours a day, and that gave me the idea to have somebody talking for 24 hours.

High Times: How did you write *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol*?

Warhol: I taped most of it talking to my secretary, Pat Hackett. I used to call her in the morning to tell her what I did the day before.

High Times: Have you taped every day since you got your tape recorder?

Warhol: Yeah, I try to. It gets so boring now. The only person I really tape is Brigid Berlin.

High Times: Do you keep all of your tapes?

Warhol: Yeah, I throw 'em in a box.

High Times: Brigid is one of the B's in your book, how many B's are there?

Warhol: Brigid is the only B I know.

High Times: There are other B's in the book.

Warhol: Yeah, but Brigid is the queen.

High Times: You made your dramatic film debut in *The Driver's Seat* with Elizabeth Taylor. What's Elizabeth Taylor really like?

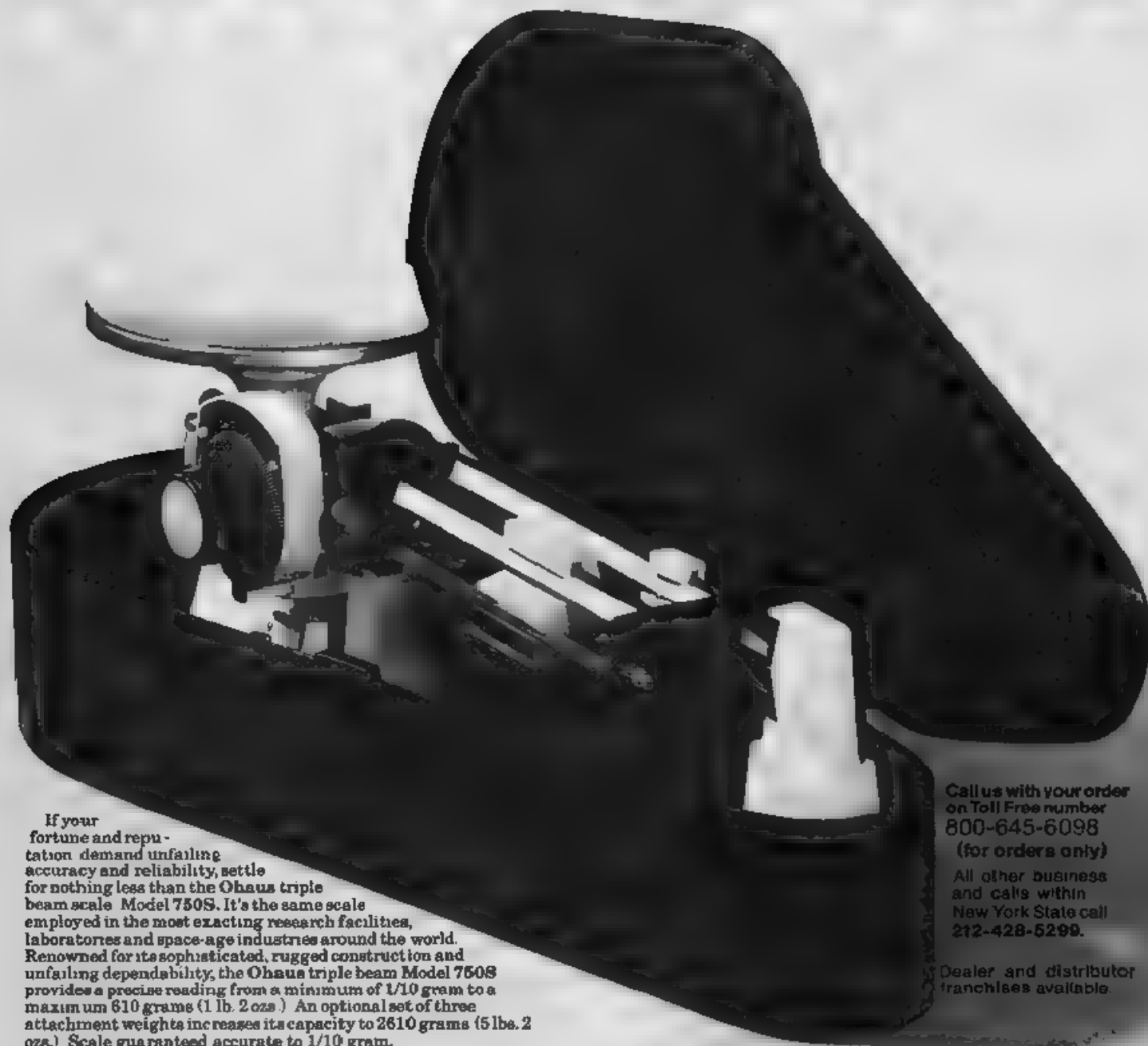
Warhol: We've seen a lot of her recently and she's just so terrific. I like her mother. Her mother's really cute. I just got another movie role. I play an art teacher in *Grease*. Eve Arden is the principal, and John Lindsay is somebody, and John Travolta, the star of *Grease*, is in it.

High Times: How was it acting in a movie?

Warhol: Oh, I was just really rotten. I couldn't remember anything. I got too nervous. I shouldn't be nervous, and I can't think of why I get so nervous. It's just stupid. I can't remember anything. I was on Merv Griffin a couple of times, and I was so nervous I couldn't even get a word in.

High Times: Since you've been making bigger movies, you haven't made as many. Do you miss doing it?

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Warhol: Yeah, we used to shoot a scene every night. They were so much fun. But the hardest thing is putting away and packing up. The movie we just made, *Bad*, was a union movie and it cost so much to do, we're just hoping we get back enough money to do the real cheap movies again.

High Times: Who do you think are the best actors you've discovered?

Warhol: Well, my favorite person is Viva. I guess—Susan Hoffman.

High Times: Why do you think Viva hasn't made it as a star?

Warhol: Well, she still might. I think she's out in Hollywood. We might use her on a TV thing. Sylvia Miles just worked with us, and she's great. And Joe Dallesandro is making a lot of movies now.

High Times: What was your favorite publicity stunt?

Warhol: This? I didn't do any publicity stunts.

High Times: What about your Rent A Superstar service for parties?

Warhol: Yeah, I guess that was the best one, but nobody ever rented us. Wait a minute—maybe someone did rent somebody. I think someone rented Eric Emerson once.

High Times: What kind of toys do you have?

Warhol: I sort of just started getting these toys—what were they called before they were plastic? Oh—celluloid. I just started getting a couple of those.

High Times: You collect a lot of things that weren't too valuable when they were new. Do you think there's a lot of junk being made today that will be valuable some day?

Warhol: Yeah. I think you should go to F.A.O. Schwarz and buy a new toy every day and just put it away.

High Times: Do you paint every day?

Warhol: Yeah, I paint every day. Now I'm painting with a mop.

High Times: Do you change your clothes?

Warhol: I have paint clothes. They're the same kind of clothes I wear every day with paint on them. I have paint shoes and paint shirts and paint jackets and paint ties and paint smocks and. Ronnie gave me a great smock from Bendel's. And carpenter aprons. And paint bankies.

High Times: Do you think the underground will ever come back?

Warhol: No. I don't think there was an underground before. It's a silly word.

High Times: What about psychedelics? Do you think that will ever come back?

Warhol: I think so, yeah. Really soon. I'll bet it really does come back.

High Times: Did you ever take acid?

Warhol: No. Someone thought they slipped it to me once, but I wasn't eating.

High Times: Did you ever smoke pot?

Warhol: No, but I like the smell of it.

High Times: Did you ever take any drugs?

Warhol: No, nothing that ever made me funny or anything. When I was in the hospital after I was shot they gave me drugs, but it was so great to get off those

High Times: Did you ever get drunk?

Warhol: Yeah.

High Times: What happens when you get drunk?

Warhol: Nothing. I tell everyone they can be on the cover of *Interview*. It's fun getting there, but when you get there, it's such an awful feeling. It's not worth it.

High Times: Do you think drugs make people more or less creative?

Warhol: I don't think they do anything.

High Times: Do you think pot should be legal?

Warhol: Yeah, I do.

High Times: Do you have any habits that you'd like to kick?

Warhol: Constipation? No. Waking up people? Gossiping? Refusing to buy luggage?

High Times: Do you like traveling?

Warhol: When I get there I really like it. Flying is really great too. People care for you on a plane. Then never care for you like that on the subway. You can get a drink whenever you want. They haven't gotten to the point where planes are really rotten yet.

High Times: What's your favorite airline?

**"I used
to drink Coke
all the time.
It was so good.
It gives you
a lot of
energy."**

Warhol: Iran Air? No. Pan Am? Pan Am was our favorite, but it's not around anymore.

High Times: It's not around?

Warhol: You can't take it to Paris any more.

High Times: What's your favorite place to travel?

Warhol: New York City.

High Times: What do you think things will be like in the year 2000?

Warhol: I think it's just going to be the same. Just like it is now.

High Times: Have you been to Russia?

Warhol: No.

High Times: Would you like to go there?

Warhol: No.

High Times: Have you ever been to Czechoslovakia?

Warhol: No.

High Times: Would you like to go to Czechoslovakia?

Warhol: No. I don't like to travel.

High Times: Do you think people will still be buying art in 2000?

Warhol: Oh, I don't know. Everybody keeps saying nobody will be buying anything, but they keep buying, so I don't

know about that.

High Times: Do you think your work will go up in value when you're gone?

Warhol: No. It'll just stay at the same level.

High Times: Do you believe in life after death?

Warhol: I believe in death after death.

High Times: Now that you've made films with Hollywood stars like Carroll Baker,

Sylvia Miles and Perry King, would you like to use big stars instead of superstars?

Warhol: I don't think a big star makes a movie. I think interesting people make movies. Anybody could be a big movie star if they're interesting. A big star won't even make anybody go to a movie now.

High Times: Who are your favorite movie stars now?

Warhol: I like them all—I mean anybody who's in a movie.

High Times: Will you do anybody's portrait who has the money?

Warhol: Yeah, and I'll do anybody's portrait who doesn't have the money.

High Times: Do you think that because of women's liberation there will be more women artists?

Warhol: I always thought that most artists were women—you know, the ones that did the Navajo Indian rugs, American quilts, all that great hand painting on Forties clothes.

High Times: Who are your favorite women artists?

Warhol: Linda Benglis, Alice Neel, Louise Nevelson.

High Times: Who has the best gossip?

Warhol: Actually, I think the newspapers have the best gossip.

High Times: What's your favorite newspaper?

Warhol: The Daily News.

High Times: Do you think that people should live in outer space?

Warhol: Oh yeah. I think that would be really great.

High Times: Would you like to take a trip to outer space?

Warhol: No, I really hate heights. I always like to live on the first floor.

High Times: Do you think the future will be futuristic?

Warhol: No. I always wished it would be, but I don't think so. I guess it could, if people didn't have to do anything they could just sit around. I don't understand it. Maybe people will just think that they're alive or something and therefore they might not be alive and just think they are, so they won't have to do anything.

High Times: Do you like to work?

Warhol: Nowadays I really like to work a lot. It makes time go by fast. Traveling makes time go by fast too. So maybe traveling in space will give people time. You know if you're traveling for five years or something like that, you're going somewhere. But five years are being used up, and you don't have to do anything. You just sit on the plane. That might make time go really fast. (continued)

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High Times: What do you like to do when you're not working?

Warhol: I like to work when I'm not working—do something that may not be considered work, but to me it's work. Getting my exercise by going to the grocery store.

High Times: Do you play any games?

Warhol: I'm learning how to play bridge. It's nice. You can play with four people instead of two.

High Times: Did you ever play any sports?

Warhol: No. I was never any good in any of them.

High Times: Do you know how to swim?

Warhol: Well, I think I *could* swim.

High Times: Do you know how to drive?

Warhol: I ran into a cab, so I stopped. On Park Avenue and Forty seventh Street.

High Times: Do you have a license?

Warhol: I had a learner's permit.

High Times: Was anybody hurt?

Warhol: The cab had a big dent in it.

High Times: What time do you get up in the morning?

Warhol: I get up early—7:30.

High Times: Do you have an alarm clock?

Warhol: No, I wake up naturally.

High Times: What do you do in the morning?

Warhol: Now Brigid Berlin calls me every morning because she's on a diet. I've taped her for ten years, and she always told me what she ate. She used to lie. Now she tells me what she ate and what she lost. Today she did the best story. She called me up to tell me she was being bad and went off her diet, and she felt so bad she took a dehydration pill and within an hour she lost 10 pounds. She'd lost 50 pounds, so this made it 60. Then she took her laundry out, and she fainted in the laundromat. She got so scared. While she was on the floor she asked the laundromat lady to give her some water; she drank two glasses of water, was able to get up again, crawl out and go to a cafeteria and drink eight more glasses of water. Then she called back the laundromat and asked the laundromat lady to do her laundry. Then she took a lot of salt, and she was back up to where she was before she took the dehydration pill. She's making a whole career out of losing weight. She's been dieting for two months. She decided to get down to 149 from 275.

High Times: Do you eat breakfast in the morning?

Warhol: Just a cup of tea.

High Times: What time do you go to bed?

Warhol: I go to bed early now, around 12:00.

High Times: Do you sleep alone?

Warhol: No, I sleep with my two dogs, Archie and Amos.

High Times: Do they behave in bed?

Warhol: No, they fool around.

High Times: Do you sleep in the nude?

Warhol: I sleep with my underwear. And my corset.

High Times: Do you wear boxer shorts or

jockey shorts?

Warhol: Jockey shorts. Small 30.

High Times: How much time do you spend on the phone every day?

Warhol: Not as much as I used to. I like to tape on the phone. I like to tape Brigid. But I go to work earlier now, so I only tape her in the morning and at night.

High Times: Does she tape you?

Warhol: No, I think she stopped. Ever since she's been on her diet, she has no ambition. Her only ambition is to lose weight, so she doesn't do anything.

High Times: Do you still watch TV?

Warhol: Oh, yeah. Now my favorite show is the "Gong Show." And they asked me to be on it. I really should go.

High Times: As a performer?

Warhol: No, as a judge. Performing on it would be funny too. But I decided that the performers are all professional people. They just dress up as an act, because they always know when they're going to get the gong. And "Hollywood Squares" with Peter Marshall is one of my favorites too.

High Times: Have you ever been asked to go on "Hollywood Squares" or any of

**"I always thought
that most artists
were women—
you know,
the ones that did the
Navajo Indian rugs,
American quilts, all the
great hand painting on
Forties clothes."**

those celebrity guest shows?

Warhol: No, but I would really like to do them.

High Times: Do you still go to church?

Warhol: Yeah. I just sneak in at funny hours.

High Times: Do you go to Catholic church?

Warhol: Yeah, they're the prettiest.

High Times: Do you believe in God?

Warhol: I guess I do. I like church. It's empty when I go. I walk around. There are so many beautiful Catholic churches in New York. I used to go to some Episcopal churches too.

High Times: Do you ever think about God?

Warhol: No.

High Times: Do you believe in the Devil?

Warhol: No.

High Times: Do you believe in the end of the world?

Warhol: No. I believe in "As the World Turns."

High Times: Do you think psychiatry

helps at all?

Warhol: Uh, yeah, if you don't know anything about anything. Yeah, it can help you.

High Times: Did you ever go to see a psychiatrist?

Warhol: I went to one once, and he never called me back. Then I got over whatever I got over. Everybody I knew was going, and they make you feel as if you've got to go. So I went once, and they never called me back, and I felt so funny. But then I guess someone came along and took me out to a movie, or I got a new hat or something.

High Times: Do you take vitamins?

Warhol: Yeah, I take a multivitamin.

High Times: What do you like to eat?

Warhol: Just plain food. Plain American food.

High Times: Do you still eat a lot of candy?

Warhol: I've changed. Now I just make jelly. I pour the sugar into the fruit. I thought it would be better than candy, but it's the same thing.

High Times: Do you think sugar's bad for you?

Warhol: Everybody says it is. I'm sure it is.

High Times: Do you think there are more gay people now, or do people just talk about it more?

Warhol: There must be more. But I think they're talking about it less now. It's probably the same percentage.

High Times: Do you think gay people are more creative than straight people?

Warhol: No.

High Times: Do you believe in marriage?

Warhol: Only to have children. But it's gone on for so long and people have thought it was right, it must still be right.

High Times: Would you ever like to get married and settle down?

Warhol: No.

High Times: Has anybody ever asked you?

Warhol: No.

High Times: Do you miss having any children?

Warhol: No.

High Times: Do you think you're a father figure to anyone?

Warhol: Just to my dogs.

High Times: Have you ever been in love?

Warhol: Let's come back to that one.

High Times: Did you ever hate anybody?

Warhol: Let's come back to that one.

High Times: What do you think of violence on TV?

Warhol: I was out with Marshall McLuhan's daughter Stephanie the other night, and she told me she'd just come from seeing *Marathon Man*, and she had to look away during some of the violence. She works on TV, and she saw the baby that was eaten by the dog, and it didn't bother her. She had the crew set up and photograph it right. She said it was work, and she really didn't have time to think about it, but in the movie it's something else. (continued)

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High Times: Do you think violence on TV and in the movies makes people violent?

Warhol: No. If you're not violent it wouldn't make any difference.

High Times: Did you ever try to grow a mustache?

Warhol: I beg your pardon. No, I never tried.

High Times: Do you wear a wig?

Warhol: It says so in my book.

High Times: How many do you have?

Warhol: Uh, three. The last maid stole one.

High Times: What's your natural color?

Warhol: Pink.

High Times: Do you believe in flying saucers?

Warhol: My mother used to like them.

High Times: Do you believe in magic?

Warhol: Black magic.

High Times: Do you think Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone?

Warhol: Perhaps.

High Times: Do you think Nixon got a raw deal?

Warhol: That's for sure.

High Times: Do you think the pope is infallible?

Warhol: How dare you ask me that!

High Times: Do you own any stock?

Warhol: I'm stocking toys these days.

High Times: Do you know how to dance?

Warhol: I don't know how to move.

High Times: What is your favorite scent?

Warhol: Halston, of course.

High Times: Do you believe in the American Dream?

Warhol: I don't, but I think we can make some money out of it.

High Times: Are rich people different from poor people?

Warhol: Yes and no.

High Times: Are they happier?

Warhol: If they have a dog.

High Times: Can you take it with you?

Warhol: Everywhere.

High Times: Do you read a lot?

Warhol: Not too much. I mostly look at the pictures.

High Times: Do you think there are any good writers anymore?

Warhol: Oh, yeah. Jacqueline Susann, Frank Rich, Victor Hugo.

High Times: What are your favorite magazines?

Warhol: Blueboy, Pussy, Penthouse. Whatever I'm in.

High Times: Do you look in the mirror when you get up?

Warhol: Well, there's always one there. I guess. I brush my teeth.

High Times: Do you take a shower or bath?

Warhol: Well, a shower's easier, but a bath is much better.

High Times: Do you have any secrets you'll tell after everyone's dead?

Warhol: If I die I'm not letting on.

High Times: Do you think the world can be saved?

Warhol: No.

High Times: Do you believe in Atlantis?

Warhol: It's very sexy to believe in it.

High Times: If you had an hour TV show every week, what would you put on it?

Warhol: Kate Smith. "The Andy Warhol Hour Starring Kate Smith."

High Times: What's your favorite news show?

Warhol: Channel Five at ten o'clock. I like it because it's fast. News is my favorite program, but the networks aren't my favorite. I hate Barbara Walters.

High Times: Do you think TV is good for kids?

Warhol: I met two kids yesterday who used to go to bed at eight. And then in the morning the kids had bags under their eyes and were very listless and grumpy, and the mother didn't understand. So months later the mother happened to go up to their room at one in the morning, and the kids were sitting glued to the TV. I think they learn everything. Everything on one plane. It's great.

High Times: Do you think there should be any censorship?

Warhol: Of course.

High Times: Where should they draw the line?

Warhol: Things should be more sexual.

High Times: Do you believe in capital punishment?

Warhol: For art's sake, of course.

High Times: Are you to the left of Dali?

Warhol: On the bias.

High Times: What do you look at first on a woman?

Warhol: Her bag.

High Times: What about a man?

Warhol: His bag. The way he wears his hat.

High Times: What's your favorite sport?

Warhol: The one with the baskets.

High Times: Did you ever see a movie that got you hot?

Warhol: Behind the Green Door, Going on Sixteen, State Fair.

High Times: Who is the sexiest woman in the world?

Warhol: Bianca Jagger, Divine, Diana Vreeland.

High Times: Who do you think is the sexiest man in the world?

Warhol: Henry Kissinger, Jack Ford, Steve Ford, O. J. Simpson, Woody Allen for sure not, but some people masturbate to his image anyway.

High Times: What do you think about masturbation?

Warhol: It helps.

High Times: What's your all-time favorite movie?

Warhol: Alice in Wonderland. Bill Osco's Alice in Wonderland.

High Times: Do you think Jimmy Carter is going to get America moving again?

Warhol: Oh, I hope so. Yeah, he will.

High Times: What would you do to reorganize America if you were Jimmy Carter?

Warhol: I don't think it's so bad the way it is. I don't think he has to do really much. It's really a great country. ☐

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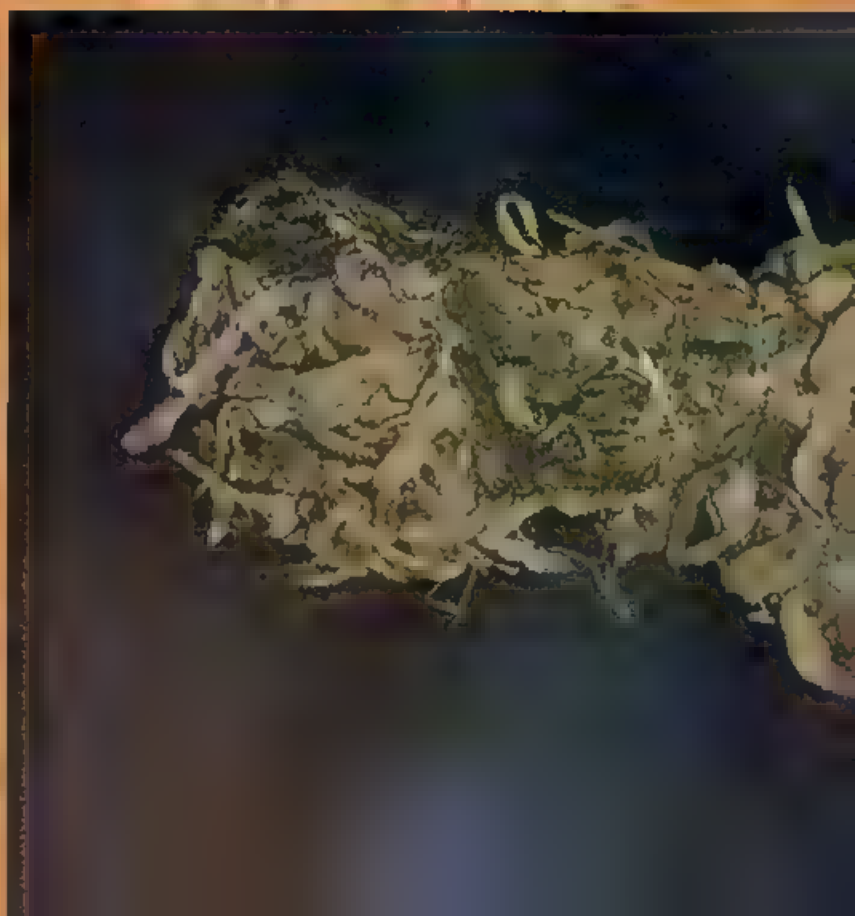
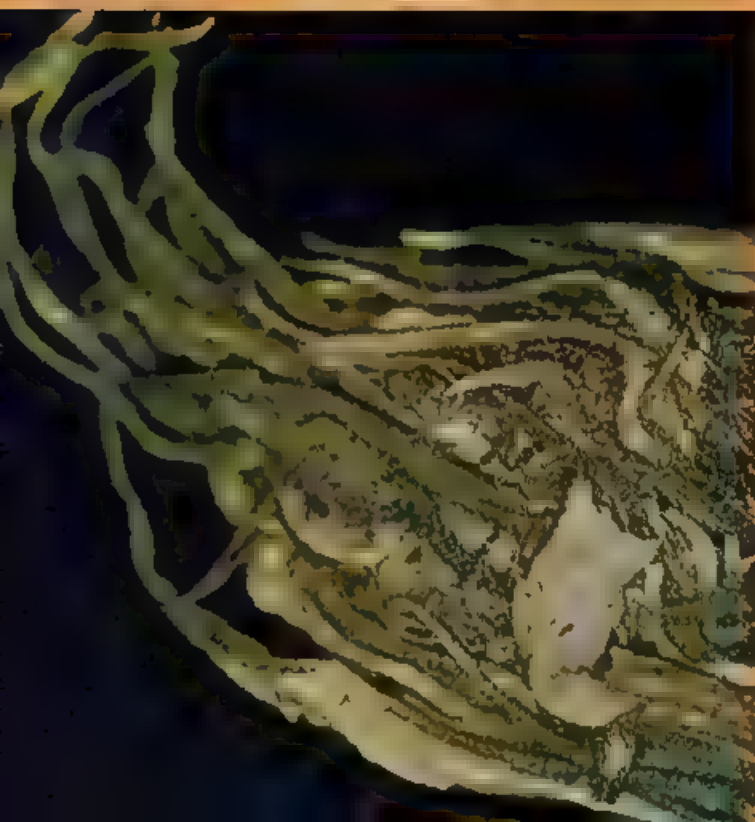
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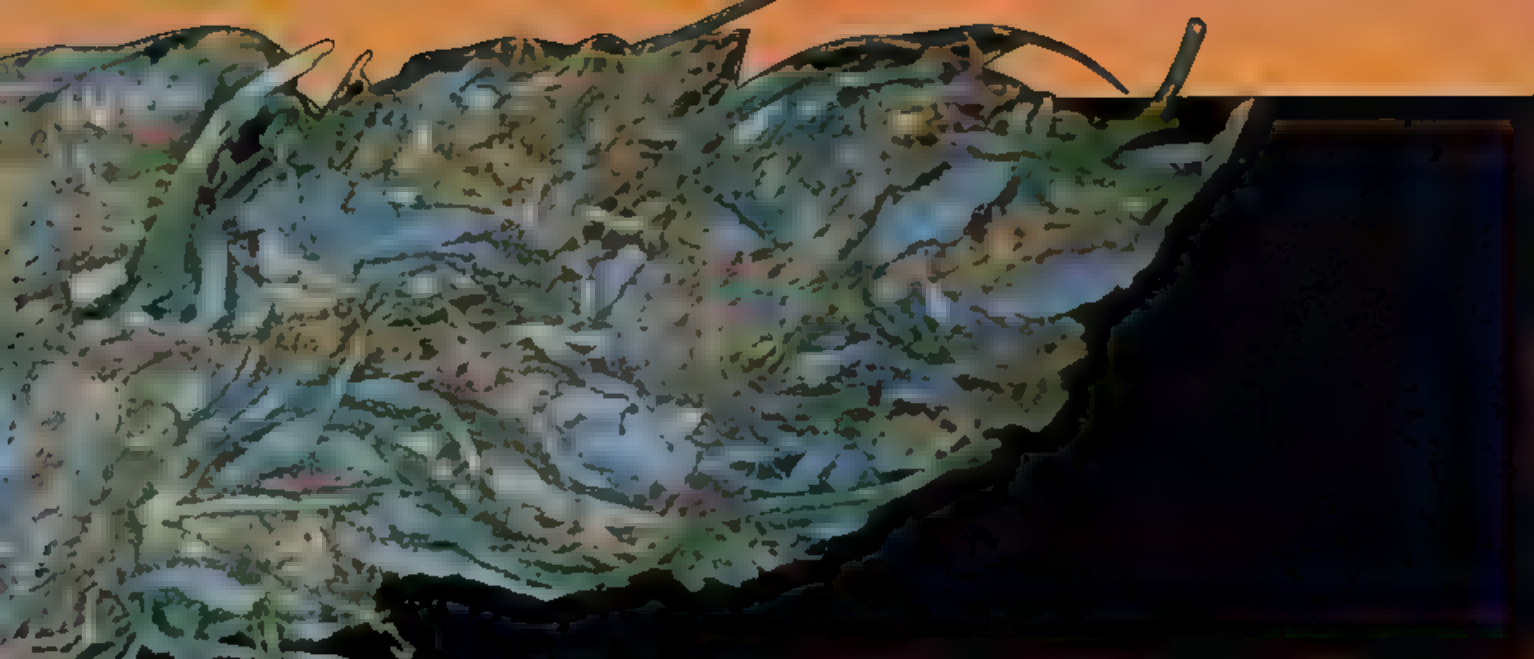
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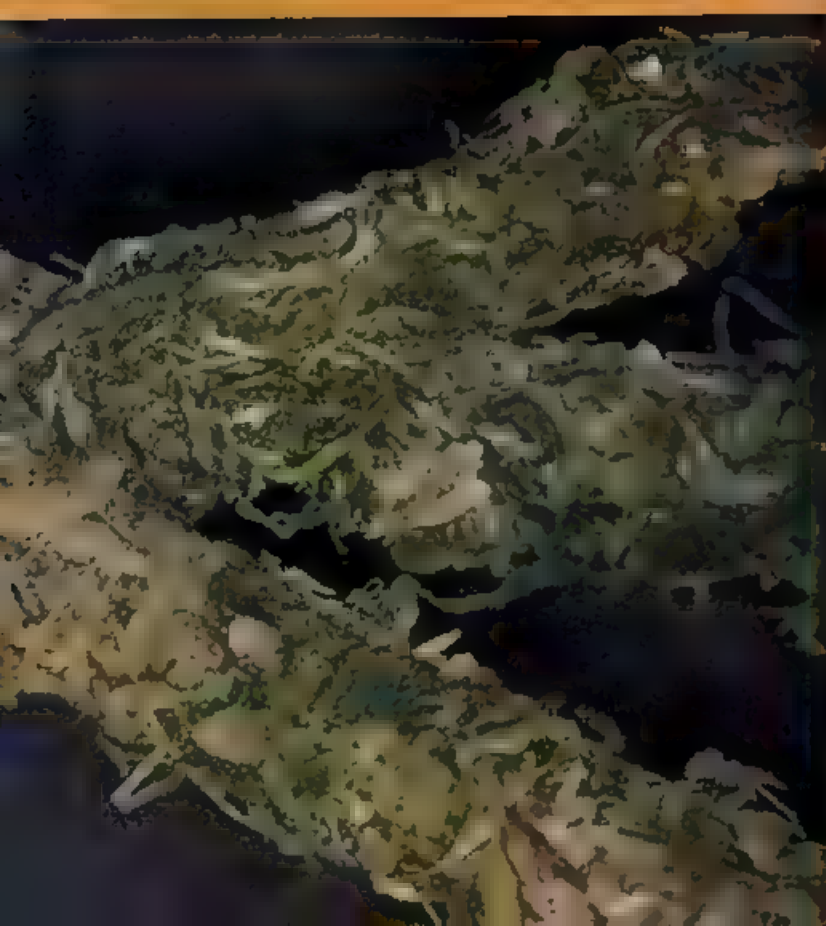
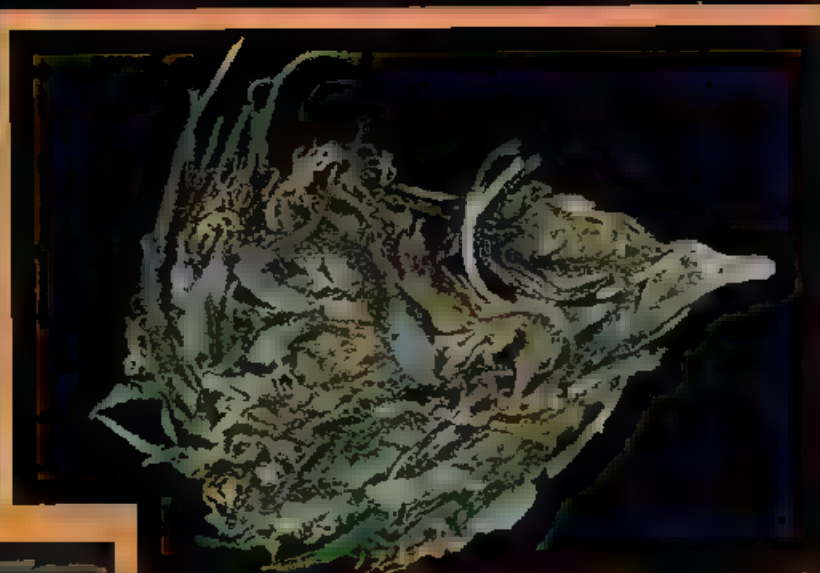


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In old Kyoto, in the days of the Golden Emperor, the wandering philosopher-samurai Ryunoke Shi'tonyu glorified the Landlord of the Rising Sun by inventing the Japanese art of flower arranging, by which fragrant blossoms were arranged in Buddhist pentacles and set afire, which was said to stimulate the growth of the hair follicles. "Above all the others," sayeth the sage, "place the Blue Kona, whereupon moving in a counterclockwise direction deposit Gold Laotian, Thai sticks, sinsemilla and Maui Zowie." Sayonara. ☐





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THE Coca-Cola CONSPIRACY

Everybody knows that once upon a time Coca-Cola really did contain cocaine, although almost nobody now alive can recall the taste and effects of "the real thing." But during its Heroic Age, which lasted from 1886 to 1903, Coke was hailed as the salvation of the world and a wonder drug for man, woman and beast; it was first sold as a brain tonic and sure cure for alcoholism, headache, neuralgia, hysteria, melancholy and a host of afflictions both nervous and mucous. With the dawn of the century, Coca-Cola became a target of prohibitionists, nutritionists and Southern Methodists convinced that the blend of cocaine and caffeine was distilled in hell and drunk at the cost of your soul, if not your stomach. The outcry against Coke rings down through the decades—along with the court-stopping stunts of corporate lawyers who downed straight snorts of caffeine as well as bottled dead rats, roaches and black widow spiders to demonstrate the purity of their stockholders' concoction. Today Coca-Cola is sipped, slurped and swallowed over 200 million times a day.

Coca-Cola paid a high price for its success in 1903, when the company bowed its head before the tidal wave of anticocaine-cola-ism and withdrew the psychoactive cocaine alkaloid from the featured coca ingredient of their fabulously popular soft drink. But today, as a result of overwhelming clinical evidence that cocaine is a "benign recreational drug" when used in moderation, and of mounting pressure on lawmakers to modify the 74-year-old ban on coke, the secret ingredient may be due for a comeback. Clearly, it's time to take a pause that

refreshes and review the strange history of social upheaval, religious hysteria and legal, political and medical log-rolling and buck-passing that drove cocaine underground while making the first company to mass-market it a highly successful, multinational corporation.

When Coca-Cola first appeared in the spring of 1886, America was at its pinnacle of enthusiasm for the leaf of the Andean coca plant and its by-products. Preparations made from whole leaf coca extracts were among the fastest-selling nostrums in the booming patent medicine industry. American physicians were in love with coca's remarkable effectiveness in a number of therapeutic applications as a general tonic and stimulant, for fatigue, headache, loss of appetite, digestive disorders, sore throat, hay fever, asthma, catarrh, high blood pressure, nervous disorders, melancholia and many more.

One of the most highly publicized uses of coca in the United States during the early 1880's was the one that attracted the attention of Sigmund Freud. The young neurologist described this uniquely American coca in *Ueber Coca* (1884):

Coca was tried in America for the treatment of chronic alcoholism at about the same time as it was introduced in connection with morphine addiction (1878), and most reports dealt with the two uses conjointly. In the treatment of alcoholism, too, there were cases of undoubted success, in which the compulsion to drink was either banished or alleviated.

Soon after Freud made this observation, coca did acquire an immense popularity in this country as a treatment for

alcoholism. By far the most widely used coca preparation at the time was an imported French product, *Vin Mariani*—a red Bordeaux liberally laced with whole leaf extract of coca. As more and more doctors began using Mariani's wine to wean their patients from the horrors of alcohol and opium, a number of American drug manufacturers came out with Mariani spin-offs and by the turn of the century there were over a hundred different brands of coca wine available.

Coca-Cola was a direct descendant of this specific form of coca wine therapy. It was intentionally formulated to provide the same coca cure as the wines did but in a nonalcoholic, nonintoxicating syrup base. It was meant to be a drink that could help free the slaves of "drink."

It was, in fact, the southern-based temperance movement that created the environment and the need for Coca-Cola. The South had a heavy booze problem during Reconstruction. The post-Civil War years were marked with widespread depression and despair. Fortunes were lost, the economy wrecked and much of the land devastated. Many a proud reb chose to drown his sorrows rather than try to get it all together again. Then too, there were plenty of wounded vets around who faithfully hung on to their "army disease" (morphine habit).

Victorian-thinking prohibitionists found a basis for their logic in Sir Francis Galton's theory that the drinking of alcohol was a barrier to the improvement of the species. Translated into the stark realities of Reconstruction, every drink was looked upon as a selfish vote against badly needed progress.

by John Graff

Darwinian master-race freaks like Galton marched arm in arm with the suffragettes (whose enfranchisement in 1920 made prohibition a sure thing) against the evils of poverty and drink. Drink ruined the drinker, tortured his wife and deprived his children. The progressive movement joined with the prohibition movement to get rid of saloons, and the fight against alcohol became a crusade to save rural America from the vice and corruption of the city. As historian Andrew Sinclair pointed out, "It is only in the context of this immense social change, the metamorphosis of Abraham Lincoln's America into the America of Franklin Roosevelt, that the phenomenon of national prohibition can best be seen and understood."

Under the burden of Reconstruction, the agrarian South was especially thirsty for this kind of moral/political reform with its emphasis on hard work, an honest dollar and the Bible. Fundamentalist preachers like Sam ("Every barroom is a recruiting office for hell") Jones and Billy ("I tell you, the curse of almighty God is on the saloon") Sunday rampaged through Dixie picking up converts by the thousands. In some communities a "dry" vote followed in the wake of revivalist hysteria. For the evangelical church militant, the struggle against drink was a last stand to save their whole way of life from the contamination of Yankee influences like the pope, the devil, jazz and, of course, all forms of intoxication. Expressed in the scientific terms of Marxism-Leninism, the temperance movement was an attempt to break the "rum slavery" by which the industrialized North held the underdeveloped South in a state of colonial dependency as a source of cheap materials and labor. Beyond it all hovered the menacing specter of the Negro.

Rather than permit the coloreds to get themselves in a lot of trouble drinking, raping and sinning, and have to go to all the trouble of lynching them afterwards, eminent Klan members reasoned, it would be kinder to confine all consumption of alcoholic beverages to the sipping of the Colonel's julep, even if the poor darkies died of thirst. While awaiting the enactment of Prohibition through due process of law, of course, a few hundred thousand blacks were lynched anyway just to be on the safe side. The rational basis of this argument was vindicated around 1900, when it became known that the boldest black bucks were also slaves to the horse powder, but we are getting ahead of our story.

Atlanta, the birthplace of Coca-Cola, was the first target of the "dry" movement. As the South's railhead connection to northern mills and manufactured goods (including drugs), Atlanta sprang up like a weed during Reconstruction and was afflicted with urban blight long before other southern cities. In 1885, Georgia passed a state-wide local option rule permitting



Wooden six-pack carrying case from the 1930s with, from left: two 1930s bottles, an Arabic Coca Cola and a Coke from an independent bottler, pre-1915.

any county to hold a "dry" referendum on petition of only one-tenth of the voters, and Atlanta soon became the first major U.S. city to go "dry."

A special provision in the Atlanta referendum allowed the city's saloon-keepers, brewers and distillers a seven-month grace period to liquidate their stocks and shut down. It was during this awkward stage of transition that the concept for Coca-Cola was born and its formula perfected. As one historian put it: "Long before the idea dawned upon the masses that there was even a remote possibility of swinging doors and brass foot-rails going out of style, certain Atlantans, perhaps gifted with a sixth sense, began to prepare for a prolonged period of drought, and when the Volstead act became a law (1920)... this city already had become distinguished as the 'soft drink center of the globe.'"

It was in the spring of 1885 that John Styth Pemberton, the Merlinesque proprietary druggist who invented Coca-Cola syrup, came out with his first coca preparation. French Wine of Coca-Ideal Tonic (trademark registered May 19, 1885). Dr. Pemberton, as he was known in the profession, failed to perceive the incongruity of marketing a wine-based medicinal at a time when consumers were enraged over alcoholic beverages. His product sat on the shelves collecting dust.

Pemberton next hit upon an ingenious idea to transform his Ideal Tonic into a virtuous temperance drink. First he added an extract of the caffeinated kola nut—another reputed hangover cure that produced a disinclination to alcohol—to his featured alcohol antagonist, extract of coca. Then he eliminated the undesirable

wine and instead blended his plant extractives into a nonalcoholic, sweet syrup base, thereby producing a potent but non-intoxicating "soft" drink alternative for the slaves of drink.

In December of '85, Pemberton found three backers and formed the Pemberton Chemical Company (with a working capital of \$160,000) to develop his new improved "Brain Tonic." According to an account written by Howard C. Candler, the Coca-Cola Company's second president: "Since this medicine might relieve the results of intemperance, the good doctor apparently believed it would promote temperance and replace alcoholic drinks. All four partners were doubtless intrigued with the prospective popular appeal for their product."

The following spring Pemberton was busy at his "laboratory" at 107 Marietta Street, the headquarters of Pemberton Chemical Company—a red brick antebellum mansion owned by Ed Holland, one of the partners. With his patriarchal beard and mild blue eyes, the 53-year-old pharmacist must have conjured the image of a renaissance alchemist at work stirring his latest concoction in a 30-gallon brass kettle hanging over the backyard kitchen fire. The object of this series of experiments was to get rid of the nasty taste of the medicine without interfering with the effects of the active ingredients.

Though he held a degree in pharmacy, Pemberton's approach to his science was unorthodox. He was an empirical experimenter whose methods were largely based on actual results rather than the dictates of scientific dogma. Finally, in May, after months of mixing and tasting, he found a combination of essential oils and volatile aromatics that could mask

the bitter taste of the coca and kola extracts without sacrificing their effects.

At the beginning of June 1886, the first batch of Coca-Cola syrup, packaged rather conspicuously in recycled pint beer bottles, went on sale at a few Atlanta drug stores for 25 cents. One month later, on July 1, 1886, the city's saloons closed their doors for the first time in history. That year the Pemberton Chemical Company spent \$73.96 on advertising, and recorded sales of 25 gallons of Coca-Cola syrup, mostly over the soda fountain counter at nearby Jacob's Drug Store.

An incident occurred at Jacob's during the course of that first "dry" summer that changed the course of civilization. According to Willis E. Venable, the soda fountain man at Jacob's, a customer came in complaining of a headache and asked for a bottle of Coca-Cola syrup. As the bottle was handed to him, the man asked Venable to open it and mix up a glass on the spot so he could get immediate relief. Venable was near the soda fountain and, rather than walk to the water tap clear at the other end of the counter, he suggested soda water be used instead of tap. The anxious customer shrugged off the minor details, took a long, historic pull of the world's first Coca-Cola, and remarked that it really tasted fine—much better than mixed with tap water as the label suggested. Venable started keeping an open bottle of Coca-Cola on his back bar shelf for people who came in complaining of headache. Word got around town and a few other soda fountains followed suit.

Pemberton and associates had never envisioned their medicinal syrup dispensed at soda fountains alongside the common fruit-flavored beverages. But even though the idea sounded a bit demeaning, they pounced on this novel marketing concept. The instructions on the labels were changed and the advertisements for spring of 1887 read

COCA-COLA SYRUP AND EXTRACT.

For Soda Water and other Carbonated Beverages.

This "INTELLECTUAL BEVERAGE" and TEMPERANCE DRINK contains the valuable TONIC and NERVE STIMULANT properties of the Coca plant and Kola (or Kola) nuts, and makes not only a delicious, exhilarating, refreshing and invigorating Beverage, (dispensed from the soda water fountain or in other carbonated beverages), but a valuable Brain Tonic, and a cure for all nervous affections — SICK HEAD-ACHES, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, MELANCHOLY, &c.

The peculiar flavor of COCA-COLA delights every palate, it is dispensed from the soda fountain in same manner as any of the fruit syrups.

J. S. Pemberton,

Chemist, &c.

Sole Proprietor, Atlanta, Ga.

1,049 gallons were sold that year Pemberton knew he had hit the jackpot. Then suddenly, at the peak of brisk summer

sales, Pemberton fell ill and couldn't carry on manufacturing the syrup. In the bud of success but still heavily in debt, he was forced to sell off two-thirds interest in the formula at \$1,200 each just to meet costs.

Later that year, as it became more and more apparent that he might not recover from his sickness, Pemberton sought out the man he thought best suited to continue the Coca-Cola crusade. His choice was Asa Griggs Candler, a prosperous pharmacist and drug manufacturer who had fronted him supplies and equipment over the past few years.

Though there are variations, one story has it that Pemberton called Candler to his bedside in early April of 1886 and offered him the Coca-Cola formula to repay his long overdue debt. Candler refused at first, but later accepted and wrote off the debt just to ease the good doctor's conscience. When Pemberton died on August 16, 1888, all the druggists gathered at Candler's Drug Store. Candler accompanied the remains back to Pemberton's hometown of Columbus, Geor-

Coca-Cola was a direct descendant of a specific form of coca wine therapy. It was meant to be a drink that could help free the slaves of "drink."

gia, and all the drug stores of Atlanta closed during the funeral hour.

Despite slightly conflicting transfer-of-title stories, it's clear that Pemberton's manufacturing equipment was moved to the basement of Candler's establishment at 47 Peachtree Street sometime between April and August of '88, and Candler, a shrewd business man, started turning out product immediately.

Candler soon held two-thirds interest in Coca-Cola, giving him control over the trademark and formula. He wasn't entirely satisfied with the Pemberton product and embarked on a series of experiments of his own to improve the flavor and stabilize its composition to insure uniformity from batch to batch. This involved changing the bouquet of aromatic essential oils and acids but didn't affect the plant extracts. His ads for the syrup still carried the following description: "Delicious, Refreshing, Exhilarating, Invigorating. The new and popular soda fountain drink containing the tonic properties of the wonderful coca plant and the famous kola nuts, on draught at the popular soda fountain at 5 cents per glass."

Although the temperance claims were dropped, it's interesting to note that bulk quantities of the syrup were shipped in secondhand whiskey barrels, scrubbed,

scraped and repainted with the familiar red and white logo. When asked later in life if he had any idea of the potential of Coca-Cola when he bought it, Candler replied "To me it is a wonderful romance, but if people knew the good qualities of Coca-Cola as I know them, it would be necessary for us to lock the doors of our factories and have a guard with a shotgun to make the people line up to buy it."

In 1890, Candler decided to close his lucrative drug business and devote all his time and energies to Coca-Cola. In April of '91, he bought out the remaining one-third interest and became sole proprietor of formula, trademark and all other rights, bringing his total cash outlay for the entire enterprise to \$2,300. Early in '92, the Coca-Cola Company was granted a charter by the state of Georgia, and the following year the trademark with its distinctive flowing script was registered. By 1894, Coca-Cola was sold in every state in the Union and a decade later gallonage sales reached one million.

By the turn of the century, every soda jerk in the country knew exactly what you wanted if you asked for "coke," "dope," a "cold dope," a "shot" or a "shot in the arm." Down south, drug stores were nicknamed "hop joints," and the bright red and white horse drawn carts that dispensed Coca-Cola to cotton mill workers and Negro labor gangs were called "dope wagons."

From the very start, Candler took every precaution to prevent his trade secret formula from slipping into the wrong hands. All aspects of the recipe were classified. Employees mixed the large vats of sugar and water base, but only Candler himself and F.M. Robinson, one of Pemberton's assistants, knew how to put the rest of it together. No one else was permitted in the mixing room while the extract was prepared. As the various ingredients arrived from suppliers, the labels were removed by Candler or Robinson and the containers and their shipping documents were placed under lock and key. They handled all the paper work and any other details concerning the ingredients so that nothing could be learned from accounting and inventory records.

Later on, as volume production precluded such close scrutiny, a numbering code was devised to maintain secrecy, and to this day the company still refers to the ingredients as numbered "merchandises." In his history of the Coca-Cola phenomenon, *The Big Drink*, Eli Kahn says that there are at least 14 "merchandises" in Coca-Cola, and he lists the five that the company has confirmed: Merchandise No. 1 is sugar, No. 2 is caramel, No. 3 is caffeine, No. 4 is phosphoric acid and No. 5 is a blend of three parts coca and one part cola. Kahn says that over the years hundreds of chemists from at least a dozen nations have tried to identify the rest of the ingredients to find the secret of

Coke's epic popularity. Of course no one will ever know whether any of them were successful because company policy prohibits acknowledgement of such a feat. However, Kahn does list a number of ingredients that outsiders have claimed to have found in the stuff: cinnamon, nutmeg, vanilla, vegetable glycerin (animal glycerin would offend Moslems and Jews), lavender, fluid extract of guarana, lime juice and various citrus oils, plus one truly secret ingredient that the Coca-Cola people call 7X.

Since Pemberton's day, only a handful of persons have been initiated into the exact composition which still defies the latest techniques of chemical dissection including chromatography and infrared spectrum analysis. The magic formula is generally regarded as the most carefully guarded secret in American industry.

Such secrecy was an absolute necessity. Prior to prohibition, local saloons got their sarsaparillas and carbonated mixers from nearby small-time suppliers. When Coca-Cola came along on the heel of prohibition and flooded the market, every woodshed and basement sarsaparilla operation in the country wanted a piece of the cola action. So while Coca-Cola was struggling to expand facilities to meet a mushrooming demand, the fledgling enterprise had to fend off a multitude of hometown imitations that sprung up like toadstools all over the countryside. One by one, Coca-Cola hauled the "impostors" into court aggressively asserting its exclusive trademark rights on copycat drinks with names like: Coke-Ola, Coca & Cola, Ko-Kola, Coak, Co-Kola, Cola-Coke, KokoKola, Afri-Cola, Klu-Ko Kola, Nerv Ola, Revive Ola, Wise Ola, Loco Kola, Hepsi-Pepsi- and Popsi-Colas and Hav-A-Dope.

The precious trademark and formula were preserved, but the company's good name faded fast. With cocaine among its secret ingredients, the company's reputation inevitably fell prey to the same moral indignation it had helped to foster. Within a decade Candler saw the virtuous temperance drink he bought in 1888 bubble up into an ugly moral/political issue that indelibly tainted his sweet success. A man who never indulged in alcohol, tobacco or any other "form of dissipation" (except Coke), Candler was soon enmeshed in a whirlpool drug controversy that dragged his name down in the minds of his contemporaries as one of the most flagrantly prosperous dope peddlers of all time.

Before he became involved with Coca-Cola, Candler's reputation in Atlanta as an ethical pharmacist and businessman was beyond reproach. Born and raised on a farm in Carroll County, Georgia, he never forgot the simple virtues of his rural childhood. As a young man he developed a strong self-discipline and deep moral convictions. He believed in the Bible and accepted it literally. At age 20 (1871), he joined the Methodist Episcopal church, one of the heaviest temperance-oriented



Every soda jerk in the country knew exactly what you wanted if you asked for "coke," "dope," a "cold dope," a "shot" or a "shot in the arm."

religious organizations in the country at that time, and remained very active in church affairs all his life.

An avid fan of revival meetings, his favorite preacher was the great Sam Jones of Cartersville, Georgia. Young Asa was an apprentice pharmacist to two doctors in Cartersville the summer of 1872 when the historic conversion of Mr. Jones took place. Sam was a lawyer, and a good one, but his reputation in the local saloons surpassed his dramatic performances at the Bar. That summer Sam "discovered his disease (drink), found the remedy (God)" and "went from his knees to the pulpit... and spoke only as a man can who knew the full saving power of his Lord and Savior."

The event made a deep and lasting impression on Candler, who never missed one of Sam's annual convocations at the Cartersville tabernacle. His son Howard recalls that the near-hysteria of those meetings was like a potent wine to his father's nervous system. "His eyes would shine, his body become tense, and his whole being pulse with the exhilaration of the exhortations which brought an awakening of religious interest in his friends, neighbors and family, often resulting in conversions.... He was frequently physically sick from exhaustion following a series of meetings."

Candler instilled the same mystical faith in both his product and his people. His employees were part of his "Coca-Cola family," and he was concerned that they be as virtuous as the product they handled. It remains one of history's great paradoxes how this devout druggist, whose knowledge of his trade could not have concealed for long the storm clouds

that were gathering around cocaine even in Doc Pemberton's lifetime, kept his faith in the Peruvian export until the bitter end, and almost lost his empire as a result.

As a wholesale drug dealer and manufacturer, Candler had to keep abreast of pharmaceutical literature. He certainly was aware of the properties of the active ingredients coca (cocaine) and cola (caffeine), which were in the formula before he bought it. We can only speculate on what Candler's reactions were to the first "cocaine habit" scares that reverberated through the patent medicine industry just months after Coca-Cola became a reality.

Like any other druggist at the time, Candler carried a variety of coca nostrums (wines, fluid extracts, liqueurs, teas, lozenges, ointments, cigarettes and cheroots), and pure cocaine was sold over the counter at \$2.50 an ounce without a prescription or even a signature. In comparison to the cocaine content of other preparations available, a knowledgeable pharmacist could have reasonably judged the relatively small amounts of the alkaloid found in a 7-ounce serving of Coca-Cola to be well within the limits of harmlessness and certainly not enough to form an addiction to.

Furthermore, Candler already had a vested interest in Pemberton's success, and it's very likely that he carried Coca-Cola syrup in his own establishment right from the start. As soon as the town went "dry," his counter receipts must have reflected the parade from the saloon to the soda fountain, and knowing the strength of his personal moral code, it's hard to believe that he wasn't even more intrigued with the temperance drink idea than Pemberton.

By the time Candler took over Coca-Cola in mid-'88, two clearly divergent opinions on the existence of a "cocaine habit" had already been well publicized in the medical press, but the fate of the new wonder drug was still uncertain. One side said it was a dangerous, habit-forming drug, and the other claimed it was harmless even in large doses and not any more addicting than tea or coffee. Actually, very few physicians and pharmacists knew enough about the drug to venture an opinion on the validity of either claim.

Most inauspiciously, the horrible habit-forming "phantom" in cocaine was born the exact same month as Coca-Cola. In May 1886, while Pemberton was putting the finishing touches on his "Ideal Brain Tonic," a German morphine addiction specialist named Emil Erlenmyer published a well-documented rejection of earlier claims that cocaine was useful in the treatment of drug addiction. Many of the morphine addicts he had treated simply formed a new, more devastating addiction to the would be cure. He vehemently condemned cocaine, calling it the "third

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THE UGLIEST AMERICAN

Lucien Conein—a model for “The Ugly American,” the top CIA agent in Vietnam during the Diem assassination and former chief of the DEA’s intelligence squad.

by Bill Choyke and David J. Kolb

WASHINGTON—Colonel Lucien Conein, adventurer, soldier of fortune, intelligence operative, agent provocateur, armaments expert, foreign narc, ex-French Legionnaire and now, finally, an old man, gingerly removed his dentures and dropped them into his breast pocket.

“Guess what, Muldoon,” Conein growled to his longtime buddy and constant companion John Patrick Muldoon, a cannon-skulled Irishman.

“What?” barked Muldoon.

“I can’t talk again,” said Conein blithely, waving the letter he had just received from his Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) supervisor. Before he could elaborate further on the subject, the old daredevil was struck by the humor of it all. He tilted his head back and rasped out a series of chuckles. They were dry sounds, the noise of a rusty waterfall.

“Aw, he’s always getting in trouble,” explained Muldoon over drinks at the National Press Club in Washington not long ago. Muldoon, a private eye in the Mickey Spillane tradition, then added an aside that was loud enough for Conein to hear: “With his mouth.”

“You’re an asshole,” replied Conein good-naturedly.

In the world of espionage and intrigue in the nation’s capital, Colonel Lucien Conein had developed into something of an aging gadfly. While most old CIA hands keep their profiles low and their mouths shut, Conein does just the opposite. Whenever he feels like it, he’ll talk to anyone he damned well pleases.

The problem for the Central Intelligence Agency is that Conein knows quite a lot—if not too much. Once considered one of the five most dangerous men in the world by his colleagues in the intelligence community, Conein was the CIA’s most notorious operative in the Far East. Many believe he served as the prototype for the young CIA agent in the bestselling novel *The Ugly American*, a distinction more accurately claimed by Conein’s longtime good friend and mentor General Edward Lansdale.

For Lou Conein, it seemed a short jump from his days with the French Foreign Legion at the age of 17 to Vietnam. In between was the Office of Strategic Services (the CIA’s forerunner), a stint in Japan during World War II and fighting side by side with the Corsican Brotherhood, an underworld organization that was then part of the French Resistance. By the time he first arrived in Vietnam in 1954, he had met and befriended Ho Chi Minh. Ironically, one of his first assignments as part of General Lansdale’s paramilitary organization took him to the Hanoi area. A decade later Conein would leave his imprint on American history by serving as the U.S. embassy’s chief liaison with the Vietnamese generals who plotted to kill South Vietnam leader Ngo Dinh Diem.

“You could count on Lou to cut corners and do things by every means but according to rules,” recalls one former U.S. Foreign Service officer. “But the CIA kept him on because they knew he would always get the job done.” Despite the outward show of independence, Conein has always been fiercely loyal to the old company—a kind of loyalty Victor McLaglen had, as Daniel Ellsberg aptly phrased it, to the British army in the old adventure flicks. For nearly a lifetime, the old company had been good to Lou Conein.

That is, until now.

The Conein story dates back several decades, although until 1971 few could recognize his name—let alone



tell you anything about him. Somehow, he became attached to the Pentagon Papers episode, in which he was pinpointed as the senior CIA operative at the time of the Diem murder. Almost overnight, Concin became a key figure in the darkest moments of U.S. foreign policy.

protectionist Nixon White House immediately became terrified of Lou Concin, who by that time had tried to stint as an "independent" arms dealer, with mixed success. Top Nixon aides weren't quite sure how much he actually did know or would talk about. Yet they quickly moved to muzzle him. According to sources, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger phoned ABC newsman Bill Gill, hot on Concin's trail, to ask him personally to stay away from the former CIA operative. Concin, Kissinger reportedly told the newsman, was up to his ears in matters of "national security."

Another Nixon operative and later key Watergate figure, E. Howard Hunt, was assigned by Nixon hitchhiker Chuck Colson to find out what Concin knew about the assassination of Diem and other events in the Vietnam period. At the time, Colson wanted to dirty the Kennedy family by showing that the former president had chief responsibility for the assassination of Diem—a charge that would undoubtedly plague Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy if he decided to seek the presidency the next year. Hunt called Concin to the White House, planning to get him drunk and then tape his reminiscences of his work in Vietnam.

Everything went well—for a while. The pair got drunk and Concin talked unabashedly. The only problem was that Hunt inadvertently sat on the couch hiding the tape recorder, causing a malfunction in the machine. The White House got little that they could use.

However, Nixon aides still considered Concin a valuable commodity. In 1971, when Nixon ordered the CIA to form a narcotics unit to coordinate intelligence activities, "Eil, Bud" Krogh assumed the

task of consolidating the various federal agencies dealing with drugs. Krogh turned to Concin to develop plans relating to international drug trafficking—a specialty the friend of the Corsican Brotherhood had developed through the years.

Concin first became a consultant and later a paid employee of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD), the forerunner of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA).

At the BNDD and, later, at the DEA, Concin worked in strategic intelligence. At one point he headed a special operations section that involved training individuals to go into a country, with that country's approval, to gather intelligence on trafficking organizations. His work took him into countries where he recruited nationals, then supplied and trained them in the use of electronic bugging and camera equipment. As late as 1973, Concin had 3 men on his staff and 14 individuals in various stages of training.

But then came the DEA assassination story. For Lou Concin, this was the hardest pill to swallow in more than 30 years of government service. His old friends in the intelligence community would say, "There's Lou again, always breaking rules to get the job done." But to the DEA, already fighting an avalanche of unfavorable publicity, the assassination device scheme that he reportedly plotted did little to ingratiate Concin with any of his superiors.

Dan Ellsberg, a personal friend since their days together in service in Vietnam with General Lane, recalled seeing Concin the day the story hit the papers. "I said, 'Hi Lou,'" related Ellsberg, "but Lou didn't answer. He looked very downcast."

What happened was this:

In early 1975, Connecticut Senator Lowell Weicker publicly charged that a senior DEA operative, namely Concin, had been offered and, indeed, had examined for purchase, a series of exotic assassination devices, including exploding telephones, self-detonating flashlights, and booby-trapped Marlboro packs—

weapons apparently geared for anonymous murder.

The charges produced a big splash in the press and a howl and cry by civil libertarians. Concin's superiors at the DEA were relatively silent. For his part, Concin scoffed at the suggestion that he would have eagerly used the devices. Those close to him suggest that the DEA deliberately refrained from coming to his aid because they wanted to get rid of him.

At the very mention of assassination devices, John Patrick Muldoon leaps up in his chair. He was also present when Concin viewed the fatal weaponry. He believes his old friend and confidant got screwed, and he tells you so.

Besides just being social friends, Concin and Muldoon did some business together. In 1974, the tall Irishman was a sales representative for international arms dealer Mitchel WerBell III. One of WerBell's lesser companies was an obscure firm called R. R. Fox Company, based in a Washington suburb and run by a young electronics expert named Michael J. Morrissey.

Morrissey was the technician; Muldoon, the business agent. So, when Morrissey said he had some new stuff to show the DEA in late May 1974, Muldoon set up a meeting in the LaSalle Building in downtown Washington.

Morrissey and a younger man, whom Muldoon says he never met before, showed Concin and DEA Chief of Security Bud Frank an array of bugging and other electronic devices. After more than an hour Morrissey produced deadlier things for them to see.

Muldoon too claims he was surprised at what Morrissey had to offer, and Concin swore he and Frank left immediately after they understood what was just put in front of them. Both men have written off the incident as merely one in which a group of former agents got caught up in their own curiosity.

But it was more than just a trivial incident, a *High Times* investigation into the affair proved. It was a serious thing,

with professional experts involved, not rookies. And these experts had strong links to the CIA.

Although dead at the time of the assassination device screening, a key figure in the entire episode was Bernard B. Spindel, a professional wiretapper who founded the B. R. Fox Company. "I'm a wiretapper," Spindel told a reporter in 1972. "I'm also an electronic eavesdropper. I practice an art that has progressed so far in the last ten years that few people, if any, are entirely safe from prying ears of people like me."

According to Spindel, he was "the number one big-league free-lance eavesdropper and wiretapper in the United States." Over the course of his career, which began in army intelligence, Spindel was arrested or indicted more than 200 times on charges of wiretapping and bugging. Serving as a consultant to the New York City Anti-Crime Committee in the Fifties, his bizarre clientele included Huntington Hartford (kicking the millionaire's third wife under surveillance) and Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters (acquitted on federal charges that they had tapped the telephones of union subordinates in Detroit). Spindel was also a reputed resource man for the CIA.

Just before he died, Spindel hired young Morrissey as a partner. In time, Morrissey wrested control of the company from Spindel's widow. Up to then, she said, "as far as I knew, all we did was make surveillance devices." They sold them, too. Several hundred were purchased by the DEA alone.

But somewhere along the way Morrissey, by then a law partner to Ragan and Morrissey, made contact with WerBell, a millionaire firearms dealer and inventor of the world's most widely acclaimed silencer. Between the two of them, they put out a catalog of devices and working equipment for WerBell's old friend, Colonel Lucien Conein.

WerBell and Conein met while working for the OSS in Southeast Asia during

World War II. WerBell emerged relatively unscathed from the chaos, but not unrewarded. He was decorated many times—and as one writer stated, "personally awarded the Grand Cordon of the White Elephant and a Thousand Parasols by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek."

WerBell remained linked with the CIA after the war while at the same time expanding his Military Armament Corporation, located in Powder Springs, Georgia. By 1974, he also apparently expanded his operations to include assassination devices, as a typewritten note on B. R. Fox Company stationery (attached to the assassination catalog dated June 28, 1974) shows:

"Mitch," it begins, "Enclosed is a catalog which was put together only after we started working with Lou Conein. I wrote out this line of ASTRO equipment [a euphemism for the explosive device] with you and Lou in mind, and because of the nature of these devices; it is not being given to anyone else... Some of the equipment was demonstrated to Lou in this office three weeks ago [signed Mike]."

By this time, Mike Morrissey had taken over completely from Spindel's widow, who recalls that after her husband died, Morrissey switched the locks on the laboratory doors, barring her from entry. Breaking into the lab with a friend, the wiretapper's widow had the locks changed a second time. When Morrissey showed up, she gave him a set of keys. A week after that, with Mrs. Spindel away, Morrissey reportedly cleaned the place out, removing all the equipment and "three full filing cabinets of documents."

Seeking the materials and documents returned, Mrs. Spindel sued. But after an Arlington court temporarily stopped Morrissey from selling or destroying any of the B. R. Fox property and documents or representing himself as an agent of the company, Mrs. Spindel never followed it up with a permanent injunction, the next logical legal step.

Essentially, she and her lawyers dropped the case.

"Let's just say," her attorney, Mullder explained, "that while something may look funny, it could just as well mean that there was some kind of serious strategy going on."

In the aftermath of the Conein/Morrissey meeting, the failure of Mrs. Spindel to seek a permanent injunction against her husband's former partner can have another meaning besides "serious strategy." For instance, what if somebody or some agency was dumbstruck with the idea that if Mrs. Spindel's case were contested, her husband's secret papers would become part of the public record? Bernie Spindel was the self-acclaimed "number one wiretapper in the United States."

And what if B. R. Fox Company files (ostensibly still in Morrissey's custody) showed past sales of assassination equipment to the DEA, which Conein and Muldoon assert never happened?

Morrissey, when contacted, refused comment on the lawsuit and the meeting. "I have nothing to say about anything," stated emphatically.

Heady stuff, but apparently not good enough for the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee, already in progress at the time with an investigation of the DEA. Chaired by Senator Henry Jackson and later by senators Sam Nunn of Georgia and Charles Percy of Illinois, the subcommittee was charged with uncovering "the possible existence of fraud, misfeasance, malfeasance, collusion, mismanagement, incompetence, corruption or unethical practices, waste, extravagance, conflicts of interest and the improper expenditure of government funds" by the DEA. Yet the panel neither openly pursued the Conein affair nor explained its inaction.

Howard Feldman, a young lawyer with a steel-trap mind who is chief counsel for the subcommittee, tersely cut off all questions about Lou Conein, saying: "I won't get into that."

In the meantime, Conein is hiding his time—waiting, as a source close to him told High Times, to be canned.



MURDER ELAIN



A SERIAL N



Doug Taylor & Michael Jorel

CHAPTER 3

A TALK IN THE BABY LOCKER

by
George R.
Boz

Let me tell you, the baby locker of the city morgue is no place to start feeling the black beast stirring. I'm talking about the wild-animal viciousness of a first-class opium hangover. When the black beast starts gnawing and twisting your innards, snarling and leaping with murderous paranoid rage against the inside of your rib cage, you want to be in a quiet place. You want gentle, muted lighting or maybe none at all, a pot of pitch-black, French market, chicory-laced coffee and a good supply of Dramamine with the tablets already removed from the cursed plasticine bubbles they package them in, preferably administered with great tenderness by

a young, attractive, licensed masseuse trained to soothe spasmodic muscles

You don't want to be in a tiny room lined with dead babies in refrigerated file drawers, a room stinking with formaldehyde, blinking epileptically with the static buzzing of a faulty fluorescent, a room dominated by a six-foot-six, half-mad ex-neurosurgeon who now works the graveyard shift on the morgue wagon in order to explore some odd cabalistic theories he has about messages from God.

But that's the kind of room I was in when the heavy postopium nausea hit. I had left Lilah impatiently sitting in my car, parked now in the underground garage of the morgue while I sought out Saperstein, the morgue wagon man. Time was running out, Lilah reminded me when I left her. She had to get downtown and remove something she referred to only as "vitamins" before the police got there, along with some other nameless people she seemed even more frightened of.

And Victor, the literary pimp who'd been following us in his green Bentley ever since Lilah dragged me out of my opium dream and into her crisis—how did she know he wouldn't tire of waiting outside for our car to reappear? Maybe he'd decide to risk the cop contact and cruise down the ramp after her.

I was worth the risk, I'd assured her, to see Saperstein. If he'd been on his schedule on morgue wagon shift tonight, Saperstein would have arrived at Elaine's to record the official condition of Walter Foster's body at death. It would be Saperstein who would wrap it in the red rubber body bag and drive it back to the morgue for pre-autopsy cooling in the storage room. Saperstein would know what the cops knew.

Naturally, I found him in his odd place of retreat and readiness.

"Shit," he said when I pushed the heavy door of the baby locker open. "You look like you're dyin', man. You want to cool off on a slab out there?"

"Why don't you stop molesting dead babies and take up an honest trade like proctology?" I suggested.

"I see enough assholes in here already," he replies, looking pointedly at me.

Funny guy, Saperstein. Funny weird as well as funny ha-ha. I got to know him when I was writing about the strange death of the twin proctologists. And he'd decided to trust me—late one night in the baby locker—with the strange story of the voices that drove him out of brain surgery and into the morgue.

He began to hear the voices not long after he'd been promoted to the chief residency in neurosurgery at Massachusetts General. The night before a big operation, they'd wake him up, urgently, insistently, warning him "You are not meant to cut into the living brain. You will understand."

Then one day in the operating room, as

he began performing a routine lobotomy, he understood. As soon as he touched the razor's edge of his microtome scalpel to the exposed prefrontal lobe, some crazy circuit was completed somewhere; Saperstein suddenly began to feel, or imagine he felt, as if he were plunging his scalpel into his own cortex. He ran from the operating room clutching his head, screaming.

He never touched a scalpel again. Not to anything living. He became a morgue wagon man, his specialty the diagnosis of the D.O.A. And he was happy as a loon because the voices had returned this time with a mission. They were telling him that the baby locker was a special place, that any time God permitted something so sad as the death of a newborn child, it had to

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be to call attention to an important message. But the messages weren't getting across, and the babies were dying in vain, the voices told Saperstein. His mission was to decipher the messages.

When I walked in, I found Saperstein trying to apply some cabalistic numerological formulas to the locker/slab numbers assigned each of the newly dead babies awaiting autopsy.

"Our newest guest is baby Nicholas," Saperstein told me after I'd closed the door. The baby locker is the only part of the morgue's huge basement storage cellar where the slabs—mini slabs in this case—were closed off in their refrigerated file drawers in a separate room.

"Baby Nicholas, nicknamed Nick Alas, is in locker number 76," Saperstein said, pointing to a small drawer on the back wall. "Nick's 76. Nix Nick Knock knock. Who's there? Not Nick. Seven and six are 13, the number of states in 76 at the birth of the American baby. One and three are four; the *Cabala* says of the holy number four that when the *sephiroth* splintered into 288 sparks, four were set aside and "

Saperstein, please. I've got the new English translation of Isaac Luria's journals. I'll bring them to you, we'll talk

'breaking the vessels' for hours. Right now I need info. Walter Foster. Did you go up to Elaine's to get him?"

"Walter Foster. Prematurely gray. Whole body prematurely gray. High watt, soft white. Light bulb burnt out from the inside. I'd say his heart will weigh 350 grams, maybe more." Among the numbers that figure importantly in the abstruse calculations in the concatenations of which he hoped to find God's message, Saperstein took very seriously the metric weight of the heart, dutifully reported on the autopsy report before the organ is discarded.

I suppressed a formaldehyde-sated heave. "Saperstein, please, I need this info fast."

"Sorry. Yes, I was up there at Elaine's. Media circus already when I arrived. National Enquirer, National Star had flying squads of Australian journalists. Fist-fights like a rugby match. Precinct homicide guys can't control it, get any work done. Elaine ordering them around like they were waiters, when in walks Matchbook Dockery to take over the investigation."

Matchbook, huh?

Richard Dockery, aka "Matchbook" and "Hickory Dick," was the flamboyant homicide cop who headed an ad hoc flying squad within the department that was sometimes irreverently referred to as the "celebrity murder squad," the guys that handled the class A slayings with famous names, fortunes and reputations among the dead or suspect. In the course of a 20-year vice squad and homicide career, Dockery's files on the doings and undoings of the socialites, politicians and jet-set decadents had become an underground legend in Big Apple power circles.

A lot of powerful people owe him heavy favors: the senator netted in a routine raid on a gay bar and allowed after a plea to Dockery to be booked under a phony name, the publishing tycoon who was an insatiable client of a top-of-the-line state-of-the-art-in-decadence madam who specialized in dominance and lashings, the high-level church official who had arranged regular delivery of angelic choir boys for initiates into the Platonic mysteries. Dockery had it all in his files. Consequently, a lot of people who didn't like him sucked up to him. He was not unlike Walter Foster in some ways.

"Anyway," continues Saperstein, "Dockery starts issuing orders and people. He's calling for a complete seating chart of the front room. Got two flunkies with clipboards taking notes on who's sitting where. This woman Elaine knows most of it by heart—who sat with whom and why, why these people used to sit together but never speak and why this guy hated Foster enough to swear once he'd tear his spleen out with his bare hands.

"I'm getting the body wrapped up in the rubber bag—crazed photographers won't let me close to it till they get one last shot of that seersucker suit—when Kiernan of the Daily News comes out of this other dining room everybody is calling Siberia with a glassine envelope filled with white powder

"Well, all the reporters there groan and jeer. They figure this has got to be a plant by Matchbook. You know the story how he gets that name, right?"

Right. In his up-and-coming vice squad homicide career, Dockery wasn't above keeping himself at the forefront of the newspaper coverage of sensational slayings by carrying around a pocketful of matchbooks from gay bars and porno novelty shops he'd raided.

Say he's at a murder scene and he's got no leads. Does he tell the reporters he's stumped, or does he maybe drop a matchbook from a gay bar behind a chair and then "discover" it and get a front page of the Daily News for himself: "Hint Homo Link in E. Side Slaying"? Well, there were those who felt he did it, and that Kiernan, the grand old man of police reporters, wasn't above encouraging him. In fact, I've heard Kiernan is ghostwriting Dockery's autobiography for him.

"So anyway, plant or no plant, after the coke turns up, suddenly this bartender is real eager to talk to Dockery.

They seem to know each other from when the guy was working Clarke's. I'm zipping up the body with Dockery watching when the bartender tells him he's got to talk to him in private, urgent.

"Dockery's launching into his tirade about no special treatment for anybody in his investigations, when the bartender says, 'What if I could tell you something about the woman in white and a man named Robert Letzgo?'

"Dockery puts his arm around the guy leads him into Siberia, empty now. That's all I know except Dockery's back here now with Kiernan. They want another look at the body for some reason, maybe just to see it without the seersucker suit on. It's worth seeing. That gray color is unnatural for a body only dead a couple hours. It's like he died a while before he was murdered, if you get what I mean.

I wasn't paying a hell of a lot of attention, I have to admit, because I'd begun hearing voices. Real ones, not Saperstein's kind. It was Dockery and Kiernan come to roll out the slab and take a look at Foster before the autopsy knife cut him open. I could hear them through the wall of the baby locker as Dockery slid out Foster's slab.

So I can go with the Letzgo angle. Guarantee it page one for the four-star." That was Kiernan talking.

"You use any of that Letzgo stuff, I'll slit your throat on one of these slabs." That was Dockery. "And don't bullshit me. You got a lock on page one with the dope angle

alone. Did the desk like 'Seek Dope Doll in Eatery Slaying'?"

Dockery liked to pass on suggestions for headlines to the Daily News for some of the sensational slayings he'd been working on. Usually the News did better on their own. Then it hit me. Dope doll Christ, they were talking about Lilah, who'd arrived at Elaine's with Foster, fled the scene after the shooting and was sitting in my Dodge out in the underground garage not too many steps away. I had to get out of the baby locker and warn her, but I was trapped until Dockery and Kiernan finished with Foster's slab and left the coast clear.

"She seems like a pretty classy type to be involved in a heavy smuggling scene," Kiernan was saying.

"I'm getting the body wrapped up in the rubber bag when Kiernan comes out of this other dining room everybody is calling Siberia holding a glassine envelope filled with white powder."

"That's it," Dockery said. "Class. She built it up to a point where she wasn't selling dope. She was selling the advantages of class. She'd developed an all-woman network of totally reliable, nearly fail-safe dope couriers, all of them recruited from the same few Swiss prep schools—international travelers already, a sprinkling from Madeira. You know the kind of prep school I mean."

Not exactly," says Kiernan. "My kids go to Vial of the Most Precious Blood Junior High. Are they something like that?"

"Don't break my balls, you get the idea. The biggest return on a dope deal investment goes to the person who finances the border crossing. I tell you the Customs inspectors did a total body search on Cardinal Cushing more times than they open these girls' pocketbooks. They have that look, you know. So this Lilah is a very smart executive too. She knows banking, Swiss banking, Offshore funds. The one thing her father tried to teach her, she paid attention to. This one advanced beyond smuggling to something just a little shy of a multinational corporation. Not bad for a West Texas prairie girl not yet 30. Course she couldn't have done it without taking

that poor Nicaraguan son of a bitch ex-husband of hers for a ride."

"This is the guy who's with Letzgo now?"

"Said to be operating under the title consultant on intergovernmental relations, but as I understand it from the Fed guys, basically a lackey and a money launderer. She destroyed him. Guy used to be very big in the diplomatic pouch-smuggling game. Runs off and marries her. She pumps him dry of everything he knows. All his contacts. She gets him into heavier weight. Plane loads. Very tense high-level stuff. He starts making mistakes. Dangerous ones. Starts drinking, doing too much coke. She leaves him, his people follow her, he sells himself to Letzgo."

"How'd you get this so fast?" Kiernan asked Dockery.

"Just got off long phone call. Long talk with guy down in D.C., investigator for the subcommittee that did the Letzgo hearings. He's got a lot of shit on the money people in that whole pirate king set. This is ten minutes after I get a call from this assistant counsel at the S.E.C. He hears on the 5 A.M. news about Foster, and tells me he got a low-key inquiry from a guy in civil division of justice a few weeks ago asking what he knew about Letzgo cash going into Horizon Lines Unlimited Ltd., an offshore tax shelter venture that had been backing Foster's movie studio grab till the end."

"I could go with it now. 'Link Letzgo to Media Murder.' We could have it on the stands in an hour."

"No. I swear on my mother's slab I'll give it to you first if I nail it, but I can't afford a matchbook-type thing here. Know what I mean? Meanwhile we can have a grand old time busting chops on some of our media friends."

"You think any of those literary nose-pickers would have the balls to actually murder him?"

"Look, the way I understand it, half the people in the front room of Elaine's tonight have sworn to kill the guy in front of witnesses consisting mainly of the other half. I don't give a shit if they were half sloshed, if it was some metaphor or what shit they'll throw at me. I got a license to bust chops. If they don't make a voluntary statement, I'm walking them into a grand jury room, hand 'em some immunity and squeezing them till the pus comes out."

"What I can't figure," says Kiernan, "is what it is about this guy Foster that he managed to make so many enemies. There weren't many people standing around weeping at Elaine's tonight."

There was a rumbling sound, Dockery rolling out the corpse of Foster on the slab.

I could tell you a lot of stories," Dockery said. "Basically the guy's not evil. He's a game player.

"Let me tell you one story that gives us

at least two suspects. I've got dozens. The way I heard it, Foster's sitting with the usual crowd of ass kissers at his big-deal table and he looks around the room and says, 'Marriage is out. Give me a month and I could break up any marriage in this room.' Well, they all jabber about how clever and dramatic that is, and some underwear model he's with points to this famous couple, the married shrinks who wrote some big inspirational books about true love and marriage, and half the people in the front room of Elaine's are their patients. They love each other so much that everybody loves them. They've been together 15 years.

"Well, it took Foster more than a month. It took him two months. She ran off with a Hollywood stunt man who beat her so badly she had to be hospitalized. He was found collapsed on the floor of Grand Central Station, no wallet, no id., in a coma from an overdose of, get this, Somnux. Horrible."

"Foster caused that?"

"You tell me. His magazine was the first to run a story that had all the degrading inside details of the breakup. Sounded like inside stuff. That's one of the things I'm gonna be asking the two of them. They were there tonight. Separate tables, of course. We're gonna be getting deep into heavy media celeb muck. Very juicy stuff, boyo. Chapter of the book at least."

With relief I could hear the sound of the slab being rolled back.

Time was not running out. It was out. Dockery's man had to have tracked Lilah's address by now and would be on the way to both places. I had to convince her it would be too dangerous to show up at either place. Especially if there were large quantities of illegal substances stashed within them as she'd hinted.

The lighting in the underground garage of the morgue is terrible. Some crooked contractor must have kicked back a fortune to unload these terminally defective, buzzing, flickering fluorescent fuckers.

It wasn't until I was a few yards of the car that I could make out it was empty. Lilah had gone

Twenty minutes later and 30 blocks south of the morgue I had the cab let me off across the street from Bob Dylan's house. In the heavily misted twilight I caught the gleam of the polished bronze plaque on his door that read Number 49.

I'd found Lilah's note on the front seat of my car wrapped around a set of keys

"Dearest One," she'd begun, maintaining her mock ante bellum belle tone, "Be an angel and get the Henri Bendel shopping bag from my downtown place and

**"Half the people
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take it up to yours. It's got the vitamins for the dog wrapped up in it. Enclosed indoor and outdoor keys. The little one is from the garden to you-know-who's laundry room. Please hurry. I haven't got time to explain. It will all come out in the wash.

P.S. Don't feed the dog any vitamins.

It was signed "Your lady in distress."

I'd left my car behind and slid out the meat wagon entrance to escape the attention of Victor the literary pimp. I hoped she'd done the same, and that he didn't know where she lived.

She lived around the corner from Bob Dylan on a very special block known as MacDougal-Sullivan Gardens. The houses that formed the four sides of the

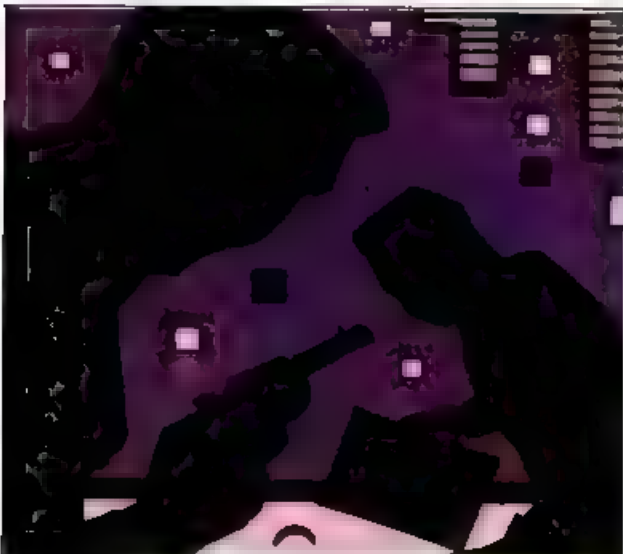
block enclosed a hollow square with one of the largest and most beautifully landscaped gardens in New York. It was not free, this internal Eden. It cost \$1,000 per year for garden privileges. He paid. She paid. Her apartment was a spacious floor-through fronting on Houston Street, with a rear porch that was diagonally across from his entrance to the garden—the door to his laundry room. Don't ask me what it means.

I was too paranoid to think. I didn't want to round the corner and enter her apartment in plain view of whatever cops and thugs might be looking for Lilah. But the only alternative was to call up Dylan and ask him to let me go through the garden and into Lilah's by way of the back porch.

So here I am, trying to figure out which goddamn key fits the outer lock of her front door when a cop car comes cruising toward me from the east. It passes slowly. I get the door open, but I don't know whether it's stopped. No way I can back out now. Up to the second floor and fast. Into the apartment, I set up the police lock fast.

Dust. The place looks like it hasn't been slept in since 1969. A thick wall-to-wall carpet of dust. It looked like a late Sixties place preserved untouched. Rich Indian silk hangings draped with filaments of dust. A path through the dust, recent it seemed, led into the living room. Big dust-covered silken pillows and musty Oriental tapestries hung with cobwebs. In the middle of the floor a big, glossy, brown shopping bag, obviously brand-new. Inside was a box wrapped in tissue. It was heavy—I'd estimate about two kilos heavy.

I was unwrapping when I heard the sound from behind the swinging double door that led into the kitchen. Like a drawer opening. Then footsteps. I tried to set the bag down as noiselessly as possible and retreated toward the bedroom with a vague intention of hiding under the bed. Then someone kicked the swinging door open and I saw the flash of gun metal. ■



Coming Next Month...

From Chapter 4 of *Murder at Elaine's*:

**KIDNAPPED
IN A
BENTLEY**

the Sting

In the mountains of Senegal, they speak of a magic kind of honey. Honey that will get you high, señor. Honey you can buy, señor. They tell you that the killer bee, El Diabla, carries the ganja blossoms to his secret place where his Queen Bee does something magical with it and turns it into gold. Well, actually, the farmers make this honey by taking the blossoms from the upper branches of the baobab tree and putting them in a pot with honey. You'll get a real sting.





Lolita, Lo, Lo-lee-ta, fire of my loins my sun, my soul. It might be a lullaby, but it's a song of lust, impure and not so simple, crooned by demon-driven, middle-aged Humbert Humbert to the "frail-shouldered" 13 year-old nymphet who calls herself "a juvenile delinquent, hut frank and fetching."

Did Vladimir Nabokov foresee that 20 years after he created her, Lolita would lend her name to this age of the tender-bodied teenage vamp, this millennium of the underage sexpot?

Probably not. And yet her real-life counterparts are indeed flourishing. The signs are everywhere, from Hollywood to Cincinatti from the obscene neon of New York's 42nd Street flesh markets to the clean grass of midwestern high school fields across which prance waves of bare-thighed, balcon-twirling majorettes, from Paris hotels particularizing in preteen

expols to the TV set in America's most respectable homes. And lurking not far away, hot on the trail, so to speak, are the millions of nymphet-chasing men who've fallen willing victim to today's most insidious mania, the worship of the colish cute, whose strange, sick and destructive ecstasy is known as the Lolita Complex.

Hollywood features a whole cribful of nymphets: Tatum O'Neal, Jody Foster, Melanie Griffith, Linda Blair, Mackenzie Phillips, Mariel Hemingway, Kay Lenz. Tanva Tucker has Nashville by the short hairs, and a lot of us have never gotten over Annette Funicello. It's true, of course that Hollywood has always had what approaches a fetish for kid stars as witness the careers of Mary Pickford, Shirley Temple and Margaret O'Brien among others. But the new crop is in a sexual league and the old ones weren't. Who ever thought that Shirley Temple had a sexy curl on her head? She was obviously a little

girl
whose

baby kisses were just that. In contrast, in recent years we've had Jody Foster playing a 13-year-old East Village hooker, Mariel Hemingway at 16 having a baby, 17 year-old Kay Lenz involved in a torrid affair with William Holden, Melanie Griffith at 16 making sexual passes at Gene Hackman and Linda Blair being sexually violated by the devil at 14. The best is yet to come: a beautiful 11-year-old named Brooke Shields, already a highly successful model, will play a 12-year-old prostitute in a Louis Malle movie called *Pretty Baby*.

A side from the films themselves, the publicity mills keep grinding out data that seems designed to reinforce the aura of sexiness surrounding these stars. Jody Foster made it quite clear that she knew exactly what hookers were all about in publicizing *Taxi Driver*, though denying, as



Has sex education gone too far?

some flack had previously maintained, that she'd gone to Times Square to research the role. Melanie Griffith, on a publicity tour for the Gene Hackman film *Night Moves*, admitted willingly that she and a 25-year-old boyfriend had been sleeping with each other since she was 14.

Perhaps the most revealing example of this campaign to reinforce the image of the sexually knowing teenager has been the publicity surrounding Tatum O'Neal, the highest paid child star in Hollywood history, who, at the age of 12, received \$350,000 plus 9 percent of the net for appearing in *Bad News Bears*. Tatum has been described as going to Hollywood discos wearing "necklines slashed to there." Her director friend Peter Bogdanovich has allowed that "she has a maturity beyond her years," and, in fact, that is true. She samples Hollywood parties and night life right alongside her father,

Ryan O'Neal

She "barely tolerates" the changing cast of women she finds across the hall in Ryan's bedroom. She has announced that she hasn't had sex yet, doesn't take drugs and doesn't consider herself either "a child or a grown up yet," a perceptive comment, since she actually inhabits a no man's land in-between.

In this sense, she represents the change that has overtaken the American teenage female since she was the bobby-soxed innocent of the 1950's. Today's version is, in truth, far closer to a sexually precocious creature. If this is a value judgment, it has strong statistical support. It is now estimated that more than 50 percent of all teenage females from 15 to 19 are not virgins, and researchers report that sex at 12 and 13 is "not uncommon." Behind this trend are two facts of life today. One is the wide availability of contraceptives and the second is the physical fact that, for whatever reasons, sexual maturation begins earlier

than it did 20

years ago, at the age of nine or ten.

And every day the taboos on teen and preteen sex are being noisily undermined by a culture that can't get sex—especially kinky sex—off its mind. In addition to those Hollywood honeys and the constant barrage of turned-on talk shows, best-selling blowjob manuals and all the glossy, "acceptable," commercial sex media, there are the men's magazines with their latest craze for models who are, or look like, faillait and beneath that, a huge, growing market for hard-core pornography describing and depicting teen squack in action in print, on film and in inflatable rubber. Magazines like 'Succulent Youth' and 'Tornid Tots,' featuring color pictures of 8-to-16-year-old girls doing what comes unnaturally, change hands for anywhere from \$4 to \$10 per copy, while eight millimeter films are

mail-ordered for as much as \$50 a reel. Never mind

Lita omplex

by Bernard Garfinkel

what they actually do. In your grandmother's day, it was different.

Because there's so much money in it, porn tends to seek a "class" audience that wouldn't touch what the "mass" audience eats alive. Consider David Hamilton, the young British photographer whose arty photos of million-dollar, Caroline Kennedy-type nudes feeling each other's private parts frequently adorn both *Oui* and the leading photography journals. Collections of Hamilton's photos, featuring avant-garde texts by incomprehensible French intellectuals like Alain Robbe-Grillet, sell in lots of 250,000 at around \$25 a shot. Not a bad bundle of greemies when you consider that many girls this age would go down on you for Fresca money. In the South, guys promise them anything but say it with a tube of glue, generally to the satisfaction of both parties. Anyway, Hamilton's next project is a full-length feature film starring Patti D'Arbanville, based on a book of 19th-century "art," *The Songs of Bilitis* by Pierre Louys, a collection of lesbian smut. The film will bring a screenful of writhing, panting Lohitas into your very own neighborhood.

Pedophilia as entertainment reflects the increasing sexual freedom of teenage girls. As one high school senior in New York told me, "Girls, after all, hold the cards. If a girl wants sex, she can get it. If a boy wants sex, he can be turned down."

Listen, also, to actress Melanie Griffith talking about her liaison with boyfriend (they later married) Don Johnson: "I fell madly in love with him and wanted to do it—I was 14, but all my girlfriends had already done it, and the boys I knew were jerks." Don's response: "I was 22 and scared to death of her, because 20 years in prison was not my idea of a good time." But, adds Melanie, "I was able to make love at 14, not just physically, but mentally and spiritually, too. It seemed a completely normal thing."

None of this is surprising to anyone who recalls Nabokov's precise rendering of Lolita, who, contrary to Humbert's fears, is not at all averse to being seduced. In their first sexual kiss, Humbert is tentative. He "touched her hot, opening lips with the utmost piety...but she, with an impatient wriggle, pressed her mouth to mine so hard I felt her big front teeth and shared in the peppermint taste of her saliva." And soon after she has permitted him to possess her, here is her response: "You chump," she said, smiling sweetly... "You revolting creature. I was a daisy fresh girl and look what you've done to me. I ought to call the police and tell them you raped me. Oh you, dirty, dirty old man."

She has, of course, no intention of calling the police and is merely serving notice on Humbert that she is perfectly aware of what has transpired and that, in fact, he is more in her power than she is in his. She is, indeed, exhibiting her nymph power, her twofold nature as Nabokov

described it a "tender dreamy childishness and a kind of eerie vulgarity."

Humbert Humbert is not the only older man who had occasion to repent his cradle-robbing. Consider the case of Roman Polanski, now accused of raping a 13-year-old girl when she was "rendered temporarily incapable of giving legal consent" because she had drunk champagne and taken part of a Quaalude. Polanski has pleaded innocent. In fact, Polanski's attorneys have since argued that Polanski was set up as the fall guy in a grudge fuck.

Polanski wasn't the first. Hollywood

Millions have fallen victim to today's most insidious mania, the worship of the coltish cutie, whose strange, sick ecstasy is known as the Lolita Complex.

has always had a youth fetish, both in seeking talented and beautiful children for films and as a community whose performers' livelihoods depended on their continuing youthful appearance. Producers with money and power have spearheaded twentieth-century sexual decadence by taking their pick of the talent on the studio lot. Among the leading Hollywood citizens caught on the barbed wire were Alexander Pantages, a theater owner accused of raping a 17-year-old would-be show girl in 1929, and Errol Flynn, accused of raping two teenage girls, one 16, the other 17, in 1943. Both were acquitted.

The Polanski case, however, came shortly after what seemed like an epidemic of such activities. Earlier this year, Elizabeth Taylor's ex-boyfriend, Henry Wynberg, 42, pleaded innocent to charges that he gave sex drink-and-drug parties for four Beverly Hills High School coeds in his home. And in rapid succession, several members of the Los Angeles Police Department and a county probation officer were accused of having sex with teenage girls in their care.

If Hollywood wins hands-down as the currently most notorious site of the Lolita Complex, it assuredly has competition. Film companies at Rome's Cinecittà are also turning out flicks with teenage vamps. In Paris, particularly, and in other European capitals from Copenhagen to Madrid, there is an ever-hurging demand for teenage sex, and entrepreneurs filling orders for their customers charge

premium prices for their stable. The younger the girl, the higher the tab. Outside walls of commerciality, European society is on its own sex and youth kick, though at a slower rate than ours.

However, America still seems to lead the Free World in incest. Recently, California's Santa Clara County Child Abuse Center reported that contrary to past assumptions of one case of incest in one million, the center's figure alone was approaching 600 cases, 80 percent of which involved fathers and daughters.

As destructive as much of the picture may seem, psychologists do find one ray of hope in the gloom. Many of today's teenagers have kicked the habit of random, sleep-with-anyone sex and settled for long-term relationships in which affection, if not love, reinforces the physical side of their relationship.

But there are still many teenage girls who feel it's their right, and maybe their duty, to mow down all the dandelions they can find. This concept is highly prevalent in the 12 and 13 age bracket.

Teenage girl runaways fall quickly into adult ways—some of them offer their fresh charms at remarkably reasonable prices on New York's Eighth Avenue "Runaway Mile," Boston's "Combat Zone," L.A.'s rundown, Z-movie, massage-parlor suburb of West Hollywood and on the runways of topless bars from Anchorage to New Orleans. And, of course, the 11 year-old runaways have virtually taken over the fading groupie scene: the sweet young thing... must be a virgin... couldn't possibly have the clap, could she? Most groupies do, so the top rock musicians are limiting themselves to star-fuckers like "Princess Caroline," a foxy little native of Bismarck, North Dakota, now a resident of Los Angeles, who dropped out of the third grade to make it with a rock singer with a mustache. If we told you his name, he'd stop my paycheck, to say the least.

Princess Caroline, as she calls herself, has breasts like raisins and a complexion like homogenized milk. She is so sexy that what she does ought to be illegal, and indeed it is. However, despite her frequent encounters with members of the opposite sex, she is still as tight as a drum and has no trouble, generally, persuading her prey that he is the first. "Guys like to think they're getting away with something when they make it with me," she told me. "They're not. I've had more pricks than a pincushion. But I'm just a little girl. And I intend to remain one, but not in bed."

This is outlaw sex. And you can't read a newspaper these days without hearing about it. Among some recent campus fads, we read

● A group of "townies," all high school juniors in a prestigious eastern college town, made a compact to "stalk" every member of the college football and basketball teams—and succeeded in doing so. They were just beginning on the baseball

team when they were caught in a college dormitory during spring recess.

● A lesbian circle in a West Coast high school included seven teenage girls and one teacher who met to "read poetry" and proceeded to make sexual rhymes of their own. Police confiscated quantities of lesbian film and various items of sexual equipment, including dildos found in the 25-year-old teacher's home.

● A 15-year-old girl in a suburb of a Gulf Coast city embarked on a campaign to "chalk up" every member of her father's poker club—ten in all. She was caught while working on number seven, not because any one of the men revealed what she was up to, though all knew of the others, but because the manager of a Houston motel became suspicious at how affectionate the supposed father and daughter were. Police found her diary, in which she recorded in precise detail exactly what she had done with each. They expressed amazement that a girl so young could even be aware of some of the activities described in the journal, let alone engage in them.

To see what's motivating this quest by teenage girls for new sexual thrills, I had a long interview with Suzy B., a 17-year-old St. Louis girl. Suzy is a red-haired, freckled face girl, extremely attractive, with a full, yet athletic figure.

"I was 13 when I slept with a boy for the first time. Actually, I waited longer than a lot of the girls I know. I kind of wanted it to be a perfect experience. But the boy—he was 15—was nervous, and I really didn't like it while it was happening, and it was over very fast. But then, when I thought about it, I decided it was pretty marvelous after all. And from then on, I fantasized a lot about the next time and about different things you could do that I'd read or heard about, and I masturbated about men I'd met, not just boys I knew, but teachers and men I'd seen in restaurants or department stores, and actors, too.

"Anyway, there was no problem finding boys who wanted to do it—they all did. And we could always find a place, a car or my house or his house. But I still felt there was a lot missing. I kept reading books in which sex went on for hours, and the woman's orgasm was like the Hiroshima bomb going off, and meanwhile, all these kids I was sleeping with, it was over in two minutes. And I was always too embarrassed to suggest doing anything out of the ordinary.

"So I kept getting more and more frustrated. Then one winter when I was 15, we went on a vacation to the Caribbean, and there was this middle-aged man, about 45, I'd say, from Boston, who became friendly with my parents. The way he looked at me, I knew what he was thinking. I really did. And when we went into the pool, he started splashing me and ducking me, and running his hands over my bottom and brushing my breasts. I figured I better let him know I was up to whatever, so I

started pressing against him underwater, and I could feel his thing get hard. So I just suddenly grabbed it with my hand, and held on and squeezed. I remember thinking, what am I doing, this is wild. But he just smiled at me and very coolly said, 'Maybe later this afternoon we could walk down the beach.'


"I said sure, and when my parents were playing tennis, we went off down the beach and found a spot under some palm trees and started right in. He was fantastic. It took him maybe half an hour to come, and I thought my body was going to explode. Then he asked me to kiss it, so I did. I remember it tasted salty that first

European society is on its own sex and youth kick, but America still seems to lead the Free World in incest.

time, and it was sort of eerie, it made my whole body tingle, but I really liked it. And then we did it again the next day, and for the whole week we were down there.

"After that experience, you might say that I became a lover of older men, because ever since, for the past two years, I've been able to find older guys to make love to me. Not as old as he was, but college guys, and guys in their 30's, the tennis pro at the club who's 36. And if they don't ask if they can do certain things that I like now, not just the standard stuff, then I tell them. But now I'm getting worried, because lots of my friends have young guys they say they love and I can't find any man my age who I think is the least bit exciting."

Suzy B.'s feeling about her situation of course reflects a clear and present danger in teenage sex with older men, a shifting of natural values regarding one's own peers, and this shift may be long-lasting.

 And from the opposite standpoint, it's not difficult (pace Humbert) for a Lolita to pull a man down. Consider, for example, the psychiatric case history of a man I'll call Allen H., a 32-year-old schoolteacher at an exclusive girls' school in New England. Allen sought out a psychiatrist because he realized that over the course of the year at which he'd been teaching at the school, he'd become a captive of his fascination with his young pupils. At first he resisted the idea that his mania might be irrational.

"I see myself as a perfectly normal

guy," he told the psychiatrist on his first visit. "It's just that I've come to feel that teenage girls are incredibly sweet, charming and delightful. The problem is that lately I seem to get more excitement and pleasure out of being around them than I do tangled up in bed with women my age. So this whole business is messing up my head—and my sex life. In the past month, three women have scrambled out of bed on me—they said I wasn't trying."

As the psychiatrist explored his problem, it became obvious that Allen's attitude toward the girls was far less platonic than he was willing to admit. He talked of the girls in his classes, "those cute young cookies slouched in their chairs, their lean legs going every which way, their flower-bud breasts pushing through tight sweaters and unbuttoned blouses. I mean," he added plaintively, "do you know that American teenagers never wear bras?"

There was one girl who particularly attracted his interest, "a long legged blonde who was always putting her heels up on the edge of the chair, revealing a Grand Canyon stretch of thighs and a rosy patch of panties that seemed to be staring at me."

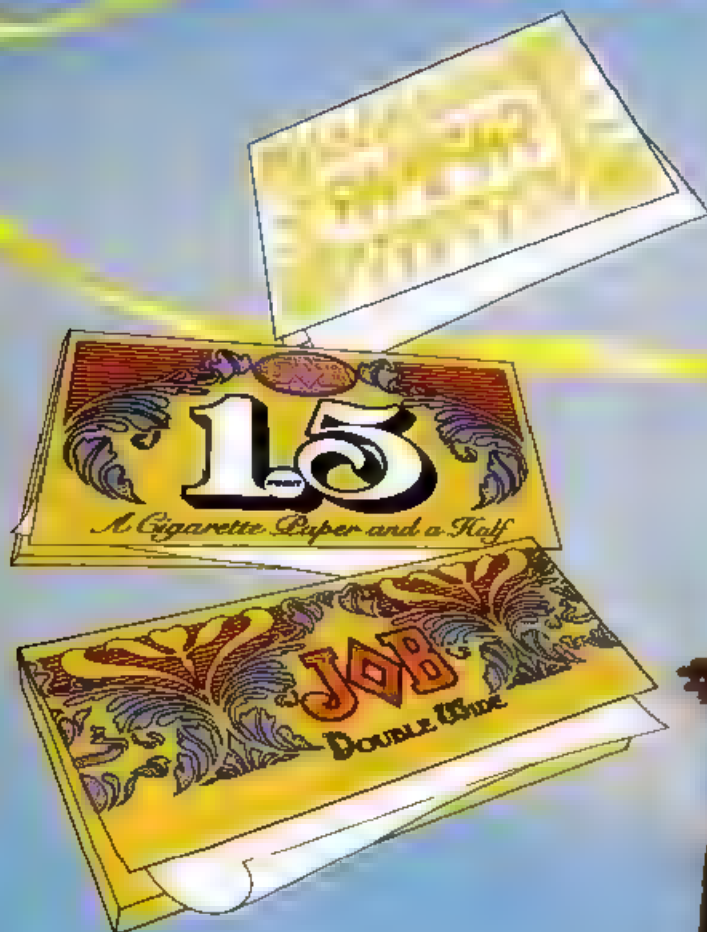
Two weeks later, Allen told the doctor that the girl, named Pamela, had come up to him after a faculty concert, "to ask a question on the Monroe Doctrine." As Allen described it, "it all happened very quickly, before I really had time to think about what was going on. She was the one who arranged everything. Ten minutes later, she was in my apartment, insisting that I make us martinis (she called them silver bullets). And 20 minutes later, she had her pointed pink tongue in my ear and was telling me I was the sexiest man she'd ever met. Then she unzipped me and started playing with me, sort of giggling, but very professional, I thought. 'It's a big one, isn't it?' she said. Of course we ended up in bed. I still can't get over her body, white and long and smooth as silk. Sexually she was absolutely wild. 'Do this,' she kept saying, 'do that.' She wanted to do everything and, to tell the truth, I had a hard time keeping up with her. Anyway, we've been together twice since then, and it's better than with any girl I've known."

Allen's affair lasted for three months. He was absolutely convinced of the girl's magical qualities as a person and as a sexual partner. Finally she told him that there had been someone else all along, another instructor who, she said, "was a lot more mature and better in bed."

Allen is still under treatment, still unable to resist the enticing teenagers in his classes, even though the psychiatrist has placed great emphasis on one passage in *Lolita* in which Humbert describes his nymphet "caressing me with her tender, mysterious, impure, indifferent twilight eyes—for all the world like the cheapest of cheap cuties. For that is what nymphets imitate—while we moan and die." ■



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THE GREAT GRASS TRIALS

FOUR FAMOUS PRISONERS OF POT—AND POLITICS

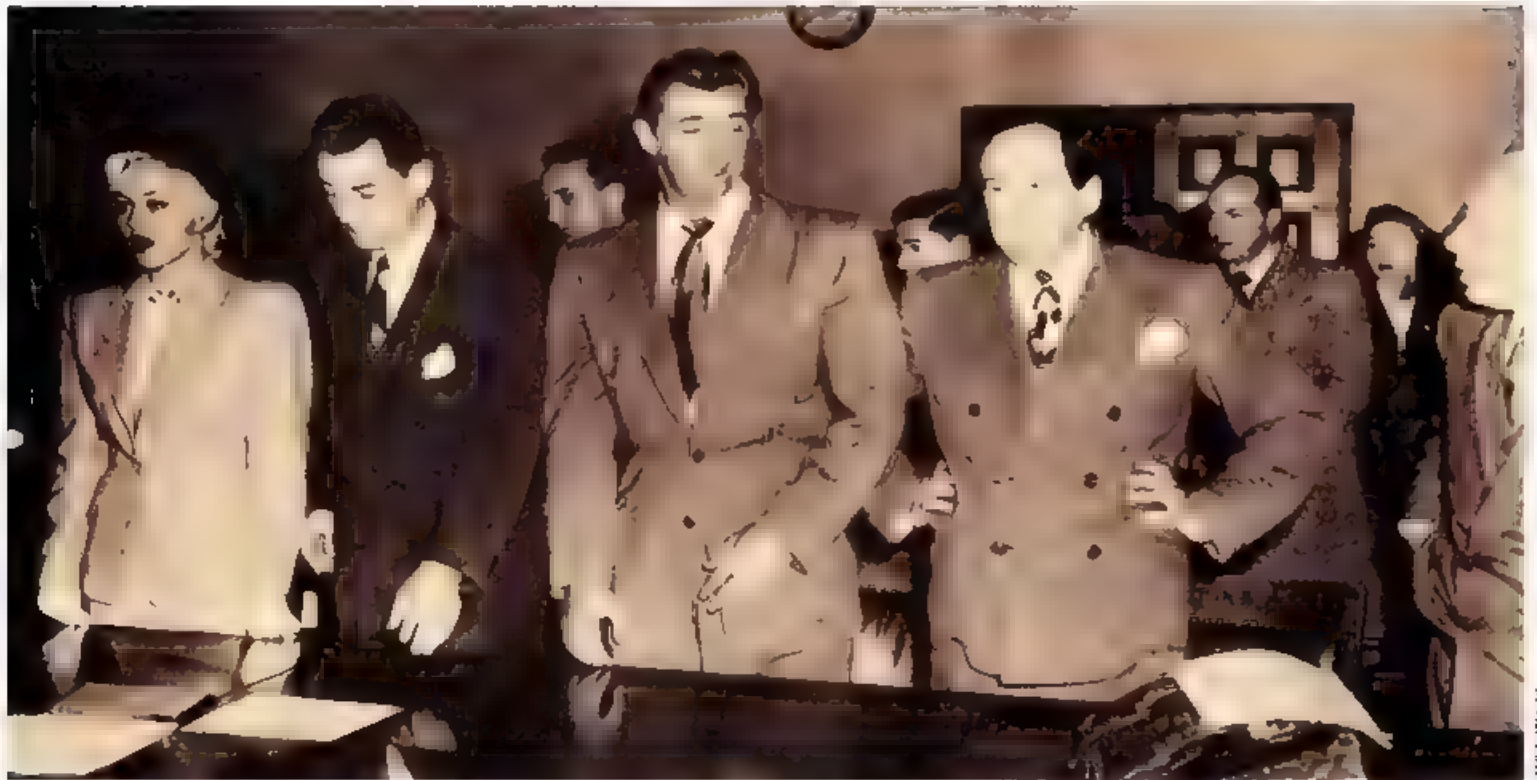
High courtroom suspense—emotional defendants—ingenious defense counselors—Machiavellian prosecutors and Solomonlike judges—impassioned outbursts from the spectators—dramatic summations—weeks of tension as the jury weighs its verdict—you won't find these elements in many of the marijuana trials that are jamming the dockets in American courts at every level. In fact, relatively few grass cases ever come to trial these days; the businesslike importers and distributors "take care" of their legal embarrassments with a minimum of publicity and a maximum of graft, while the small-town Tim Leary busted with an ounce of roaches generally plea-bargains his or her way to a reduced or suspended sentence.

Indeed, when Tim Leary himself went before the Supreme Court in 1969 on a pot charge, the court ruled that the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937—the only federal law against pot at that time—was unconstitutional because it tended to incriminate the marijuana owner who complied by registering his pot to pay the \$100-an-ounce tax on it. The result was silence throughout the media, and even the underground press took little notice of the judicial upheaval.

In only a few cases have the eyes of the world been riveted, in fear and shame, on the railroading of a celebrity unlucky enough to have been caught with the goods. In the cases of Robert Mitchum, Candy Barr, Leslie Fiedler and Michael Metzger, American justice once again upheld its tradition of sublime indifference to the real world. The Great Grass Trials present a spectacle, all right—of dull, methodical career judges, narcs and other civil servants punishing the famous, the sexually liberated, the intellectual and the successful for the crimes of being...famous, sexually liberated, intellectual and successful.

BY PAUL HOFFMAN





Lila Leeds and Bob Mitchum flanked by attorneys just after judge pronounced 60 days in the cooler for grass possession

California v. Robert Mitchum, et al.

The arrest of Robert Mitchum in 1948 was probably the most sensational grass bust in American history. It sent shock waves through the movie industry, already beset by the growing threat of television, by a series of sex scandals and by congressional investigations of Communist infiltration.

First, there was the sensational nature of the charge. To most Americans, marijuana was a mysterious, malevolent substance, used only by blacks, jazz musicians and other lowlifes. The word itself had a connotation of evil, like "plague" in the Middle Ages or "witchcraft" in the seventeenth century.

Most important, there was the defendant himself. At 31, Robert Mitchum was the rising new idol of the screen, destined, it seemed, to inherit the mantle of Gary Cooper and Humphrey Bogart, the strong, silent, lone-wolf heroes. He had received an Academy Award nomination for his performance in *The Story of G.I. Joe*, and to many moviegoers he personified the American boy who had gone off to war. Then suddenly America's hero was discovered to have feet of clay... and leaves of grass.

On the night of August 3, 1948, Mitchum and Robin Ford, a Los Angeles real estate agent, visited a house in the Laurel Canyon Hills near Hollywood. The house was rented by Lila Leeds, a 20-year-old platinum-blond starlet who had yet to make her mark on the screen. Staying with her was Vicki Evans, 25, an aspiring dancer.

Unknown to them, the house had been staked out by a team of Los Angeles police and federal narcotics agents. They observed as Mitchum and Ford, 31, entered the house and sat in the living room.

"Let's turn these lights down," Mitchum said. "They hurt my eyes."

The lights went out. The narcs heard Lila mention "reefers," and they saw her light a cigarette and hand it to Mitchum. Then she lit another.

Vicki Evans said, "Gee, what will it do to me? What happens if it knocks me out?"

"Oh, Daddy!" Mitchum exclaimed.

Led by Detective Sergeant Alva Barr, the narcs went to the rear of the house. It was a hot summer night, and the door was open but the screen door was latched. As they jiggled the screen door, Vicki Evans, apparently thinking it was Lila's dogs scratching to come in, unlatched it. The narcs forced their way inside.

A cigarette fell from Mitchum's mouth. Ford dropped his on the sofa. Barr picked them up, along with a pack on the table that contained fifteen joints. He also took two partially smoked cigarettes from Lila. "I may as well give you the rest of them," she said, reaching into her bathrobe pocket and pulling out a pack that contained three more joints and eight Benzedrine tablets.

All four were arrested for felony narcotics possession. When Mitchum was booked, the officer asked his occupation.

"Former actor," he replied.

When reporters arrived, he told them, "Sure, I've been using the stuff since I was a kid." Then he added, "I guess it's all over

now. I'm ruined. This is the bitter end." A few minutes later he reversed himself. "It's a frame-up," he insisted.

The next day the four were released on \$1,000 bail each. Mitchum's scheduled appearance at a National Youth Day rally was abruptly cancelled.

As counsel, the studio hired the famed Hollywood lawyer Jerry Geisler, who had successfully defended Errol Flynn on statutory rape charges and Charlie Chaplin for violation of the Mann Act. In the movie colony the saying was, "If you're guilty, get Geisler."

Geisler issued a statement asking "the public to withhold its judgment."

But Sergeant Barr had no doubts. "We are going to clean the dope and narcotics sellers out of Hollywood," he said. "And we don't care who we have to arrest. This raid is only the beginning of the cleanup."

On September 8, the grand jury heard the evidence. Barr repeated his account of the arrest, and Sergeant Jay Allen, the police chemist, identified the cigarettes as *Cannabis sativa*. "It was not a very good grade of marijuana," he added. "I would call it a medium mixture." All four defendants were indicted for possession and conspiracy to possess marijuana.

For a variety of reasons the trial was delayed until January 10, 1949, and then it proved to be an anticlimax. Geisler waived his clients' right to a jury trial and asked for immediate trial on the lesser conspiracy charge. Barr's account of the arrest was the only evidence, and Judge Clement Nye found Mitchum, Ford and Lila Leeds guilty. (The charge against Vicki Evans had been reduced to visiting a place where marijuana was used, she

was later tried separately and acquitted.) The three defendants were released on bail pending sentence, and Deputy District Attorney Adolph Alexander announced that the second charge would be dropped—to save “the public’s money.”

On February 9, Mitchum and Lila returned to court. (In the interim, Ford had been arrested on an unrelated charge and was not present.) Mitchum submitted the following written plea for probation.

“My first use of marijuana was an isolated instance in 1936 when I was working in Toledo. I had no further contact with it until about 1947, at a time when I was working very hard. During 1947 and 1948, I occasionally used marijuana when in the company of people who used it. I was never a confirmed smoker of marijuana and never purchased marijuana for use by myself. The only explanation I have for the use of marijuana is the fact that when you are in the company of people who use it, it is easier to go along with them than not to.

“The only effect that I ever noticed from smoking marijuana was a sort of mild sedative, a release of tension when I was overworking. It never made me boisterous or quarrelsome. If anything, it calmed me and reduced my activity.

“I have never used any other drug. My attitude with respect to the future use of marijuana is that I will not use marijuana at any time whatsoever.”

Judge Nye was not impressed. “I cannot overlook the responsibility that you, Mr. Mitchum, have to hundreds of thousands of young Americans who idolize you,” he said. “You have failed to set an example of good citizenship. I am sorry for both these defendants, but respect for law and order must still be taken into consideration.”

He sentenced Mitchum and Lila Leeds to a year in jail, then suspended sentence and placed them on two years probation, with the condition that the first 60 days be served in jail. With time off for good behavior, they’d be free in 50 days.

The case had a strange epilogue. The following September, District Attorney William E. Simpson announced that every phase of the arrest would be investigated to determine if the case had been engineered by extortionists. The results of that investigation were never disclosed, but on January 31, 1951, the court quietly ruled. “After an exhaustive investigation of the evidence and testimony presented at the trial [there was only Barr’s account of the arrest], the court orders that the verdict of guilty be set aside and that a plea of not guilty be entered and that the information or complaint be dismissed.”

Surprisingly, while all the world knows of Mitchum’s arrest and conviction, his exoneration was never publicized by him or by his studios. And the reasons for their silence remain obscure 25 years later.



**At 31, Robert Mitchum
was the rising new idol of
the screen...
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of grass.**

Texas v. Candy Barr

In the eyes of the world, Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby made “Dallas justice” a contradiction in terms. But long before that there were those who realized that in Dallas justice was not only blind, but deaf and dumb. The case of Candy Barr is a classic example.

Candy Barr was born Juanita Dale, daughter of a dirt poor family in the scrub hills near Edna, Texas. Orphaned at 14, she married a local boy but divorced him soon afterward when he was sent to prison for burglary. So she hied her way to “Big D” in search of a job. She had little education and few skills, but her talents were obvious. She was a five-foot three honey blond with a stunning 40-23-36 figure. She posed for a nude photo spread, made a blue movie that found enthusiastic audiences in firehouses and fraternities in that pre-Deep Throat era and wound up with an \$85-a-week job as a stripper in the sort of seedy nightclub that Jack Ruby ran.

Within a few years she had become Candy Barr, a sugary confection who headlined not only in Dallas but in Las Vegas and Los Angeles and pulled down \$2,000 a week.

She married again, but it was no more successful than her first. In January 1957, when her estranged husband broke down the door of her apartment, she grabbed a 22-caliber rifle and shot him in the stomach. By the time the police and press arrived, she’d thrown a man’s shirt over her bra and panties and told the photographers, “Make it sexy.” Then she added, “I hope the poor devil lives.”

He did. And the grand jury, reflecting Dallas’s free-and-easy attitude toward indiscriminate gunplay, refused to indict. She was not so fortunate in her next brush with the law.

On Sunday evening, October 27, 1957, two Dallas policemen, armed with a search warrant, burst into her apartment on McKinney Avenue. They found a marijuana cigarette on the floor and arrested the 22-year-old stripper. Just then, George Owens, described in the newspapers as “one of Candy’s more ardent admirers,” walked in. He, too, was placed under arrest.

“If you let him go,” Candy told the cops, “I’ll give you the rest of the marijuana.” With that, she reached into the V of her blouse and extracted a four-inch-tall patent-medicine bottle from her bosom. In it were 300 grams of marijuana—enough for 75 cigarettes, according to the police account.

But Candy protested her innocence. “A girl brought the stuff to me,” she said. “I was framed.” Then she added sadly, “I guess I’m through.”

Her trial, the following February, was a four-day circus. Presiding was Criminal District Judge Joe B. Brown, who was to make such a mockery of justice with his handling of the Jack Ruby trial five years later. The chief prosecutor was “Bill” Alexander, who was to charge Lee Harvey Oswald with killing Kennedy “as part of an international Communist conspiracy.” Candy was represented by Lester May and William Braecklein, two local attorneys bucking the tide of official and public opinion.

The 75-seat courtroom was jammed with male spectators. Judge Brown finally ordered the standees out of the court and stationed uniformed deputies at the doors to keep them out, but it did little to upgrade the decorum of Dallas justice.

Judge Brown spent most of the trial’s first day hearing—and dismissing—defense motions. May and Braecklein contended that the evidence had been obtained by an illegal wiretap. They called Detective Pat Cannaway to the stand and elicited testimony from him that Detective H.W. Totten, one of the arresting officers, had rented an apartment under an assumed name in Candy’s complex, but Judge Brown barred the lawyers from asking Totten about any wiretap.

The defense also moved for a change of venue, arguing that Candy could not get a fair trial in Dallas. It was the same



At her peak, Candy Barr could shoot from the hip, or even lower.

motion Judge Brown was to deny—and be overruled because of it—in the Ruby trial. In Candy's case, he deferred decision until the prospective jurors were questioned.

Of the panel, 28 were men and 16 were women. The prosecution wanted a female majority. The defense, naturally, wanted an all-male jury. As it turned out, the defense wound up with the tactical advantage—eleven men and one woman.

Testimony started on the second day. Totten and Detective J. M. Souter related the incidents of the arrest and said they'd obtained a search warrant from Justice of the Peace Bill Richburg after an "informant" tipped them that there was marijuana in the apartment. Under vigorous cross-examination, Totten said that his rental of the apartment near Candy's involved another investigation, and he denied tapping her phone. Judge Brown upheld a prosecution objection when the defense asked the policemen to name their informant. Then the marijuana taken from Candy was identified and introduced into evidence. With that, the prosecution rested. The defense opened the next day with five witnesses. First was R. G. Lee, Candy's landlord, who said

She reached into the V of her blouse and extracted a four-inch-tall patent medicine bottle from her bosom. In it were 300 grams of marijuana.

he'd rented an apartment to Totten under the name of James Daniels. Then Jesse R. Marcom, a telephone repairman, said he found a "jumper" leading from Candy's phone to Totten's. Gannaway was recalled, but he supported Totten's account that the undercover rental involved another case. As to the bugging, he insisted, "I didn't know that her telephone had been tapped by anyone at any time—any year, any date."

Virginia Storm, a dance instructor, was called to the stand and answered all questions with the same sentence: "I refuse to answer on grounds that it may

tend to incriminate me." The reason for her response became obvious when the defense called its final witness—Helen K. Smith, a 19-year-old exotic dancer. She said she'd received the marijuana from Miss Storm on October 26 and had accidentally forgotten it when she'd visited Candy, a former roommate, the next day.

Candy did not take the stand, but she was allowed to address the jury in summation. Clad in a gray suit and black blouse, she spoke so softly that her words were barely audible, even from a few feet away.

"I've made a few notes as to what to say to you in my behalf," she started. "On that Sunday it was not my intention to violate any laws—" Her voice broke and she started to cry.

Braecklein picked up the defense summation. "This is a criminal method of trying a criminal case. We're rightfully trying the Dallas Police Department by telling them to make proper cases." But Chief Prosecutor Alexander countered by telling the jury: "They caught her with the goods, and she's got to be punished."

Under Texas law, the jury sets the penalty. Alexander asked the panel to impose a 25-year sentence.

The jury retired at 4:45 p.m. on February 13, 1958. It returned after 2 hours and 45 minutes deliberation with a verdict of guilty—and a sentence of 15 years in prison. Afterward, reporters learned that several jurors had wanted to impose a 35-year sentence!

Despite the severity of the sentence, there was little outcry from the press or civil liberties groups. Or even from the defendant. "All I can say is, it was an unfair verdict," Candy commented.

Freed on bail, Candy went on to Vegas and Hollywood's Sunset Strip, where she strutted her stuff and carried on an on-again, off-again romance with mobster Mickey Cohen. On several occasions they announced their intention to marry, then broke it off. After one spat, Cohen withdrew the bail he'd posted for her, and she was locked up in Las Vegas until he relented. On November 26, 1959, the day she was divorced she married not Cohen, but a Hollywood hairdresser.

Theirs was a short honeymoon. The Texas Court of Appeals sustained Candy's conviction despite a blistering dissent by Judge Lloyd W. Davidson. The U.S. Supreme Court declined to review.

On December 3, 1959, a week after her wedding, Candy surrendered to the sheriff in San Antonio to start serving her 15-year sentence... for possession of two and a half ounces of marijuana.

Candy remained in prison a little over three years. On April 1, 1963, her pardon having been signed by Governor John Connolly, she was released with a \$5.70 bus ticket and \$5 in cash. She returned to Edna and announced that she wanted to be a social worker. But within a few months, she filed for divorce from the

hairdresser and was back on the boards, baring her bosom for \$5,000 a week

New York v. Leslie A. Fiedler, et al.

Leslie A. Fiedler was perhaps the most distinguished American ever busted on a pot rap—even though, as he claimed, "It was widely known that I (and my wife as well) did not and have never smoked marijuana." Nor had he ever bought, sold or possessed any grass.

Professor of English at the State University of New York at Buffalo, Fiedler was an authority on American literature, widely acclaimed for *Love and Death in the American Novel* and other studies. At 50, the bearded professor was also iconoclastic in his views, advising students to read Timothy Leary rather than John Milton. He was also faculty adviser to LEMAR—for "Legalize Marijuana"—a student organization at SUNY-Buffalo.

To Fiedler, the ban on marijuana was as bad as Prohibition. "The boy who smokes grass and the man who smokes Camels, like the girl on LSD and the lady on Librium, are, after all, not that far apart," he noted.

Fiedler's views were enough to bring him under the scrutiny of the Buffalo police. Over a ten-day period in the spring of 1967 the cops placed a round-the-clock watch on Fiedler's home, noting, as they said in their application for a search warrant, "many persons, mostly young, going in and out."

"All of which seems scarcely remarkable in a household with six children, each equipped with the customary number of friends," Fiedler observed.

One of those "friends" was Marcia Vandervoort, 16. Fiedler later described her as "a homeless, lost girl on whom my wife and daughter had been wasting concern and advice for over a year." Marcia Vandervoort was also a police plant, who not only brought marijuana into the house but carried a radio transmitter concealed in her jeans. To Fiedler, the "ultimate indignity"—when he later learned of it—was that she had bugged the family's Passover Seder.

On the evening of April 27, 1967, the police struck, raiding the family home and arresting Fiedler, his wife, Margaret, 48, his son Kurt, 28, Kurt's wife, Emily, 26, and two SUNY-Buffalo students who were visiting. According to the cops, Marcia Vandervoort's transmitter had beamed this gem of "evidence":

Mrs. Fiedler: "What are you doing, children?"

"Smoking pot."

Mrs. Fiedler: "That's lovely."

Four days later, a second son, Michael, 19, and a friend who had been at the house were arrested. The youngsters were charged with possession of marijuana and hashish (and one was charged with sale to a minor); Fiedler and his



Candy behind bars: smiling in the face of a 15-year sentence.

Metzger was sitting at home reading *Crime in America* when the doorbell rang. He opened the door to six narcs armed with a search warrant.

wife were accused of maintaining premises where narcotics were used

Freed on \$500 bail, Fiedler proceeded to a scheduled lecture at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where he said: "It is just possible that the whiskey-and-tobacco culture of our society is in the process of change into a pot culture."

His world suddenly came crashing upon him. SUNY-Buffalo's president, Martin Meyerson, threatened his tenure, saying, "I have made it clear that this administration will not tolerate students who are found trafficking in illegal drugs.

We will not tolerate faculty colleagues similarly involved." The intervention of Fiedler's fellow faculty members saved his job, but a scheduled lectureship at the University of Amsterdam was called off. His insurance company canceled its policy on his home, and as a result the bank threatened to foreclose on its mortgage. And a month after the arrest, Kurt and Emily and a third son, Eric, 23, were arrested in a farmhouse in suburban Buffalo and charged with smoking pot.

Resourceful at turning adversity to advantage, Fiedler wrote an article about his experiences for the *New York Review of Books* and later expanded it into a book, *Being Busted*.

Meanwhile, his attorney, Herald P. Fahringer, considered one of the best trial lawyers in upstate New York, had been busy. He took a sworn statement from Marcia Vandervoort in which she admitted planting marijuana in the home as part of a police plot to get the Fiedlers.

As 1968 opened, the Fiedler children pleaded guilty to charges of possession. Michael, Eric and Emily were fined \$500 each, Kurt, \$1,000. But when the authorities tried to proceed against the sen-

(continued on page 82)

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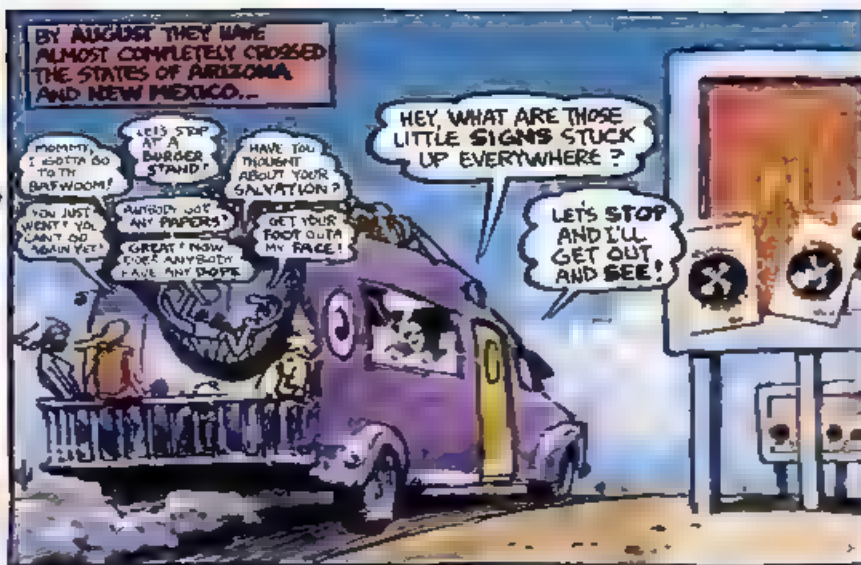
ANYBODY GOT ANY PAPERS?

GREAT! NOW DOES ANYBODY HAVE ANY DOPE?

GET YOUR FOOT OUTA MY FACE!

HEY, WHAT ARE THOSE LITTLE SIGNS STUCK UP EVERYWHERE?

LET'S STOP AND I'LL GET OUT AND SEE!



IT'S A FREE CONCERT! AND IT'S TONIGHT SOME PLACE CLOSE TO HERE!

MARSHALL WALLER OFFERING OUTDOOR MUSIC

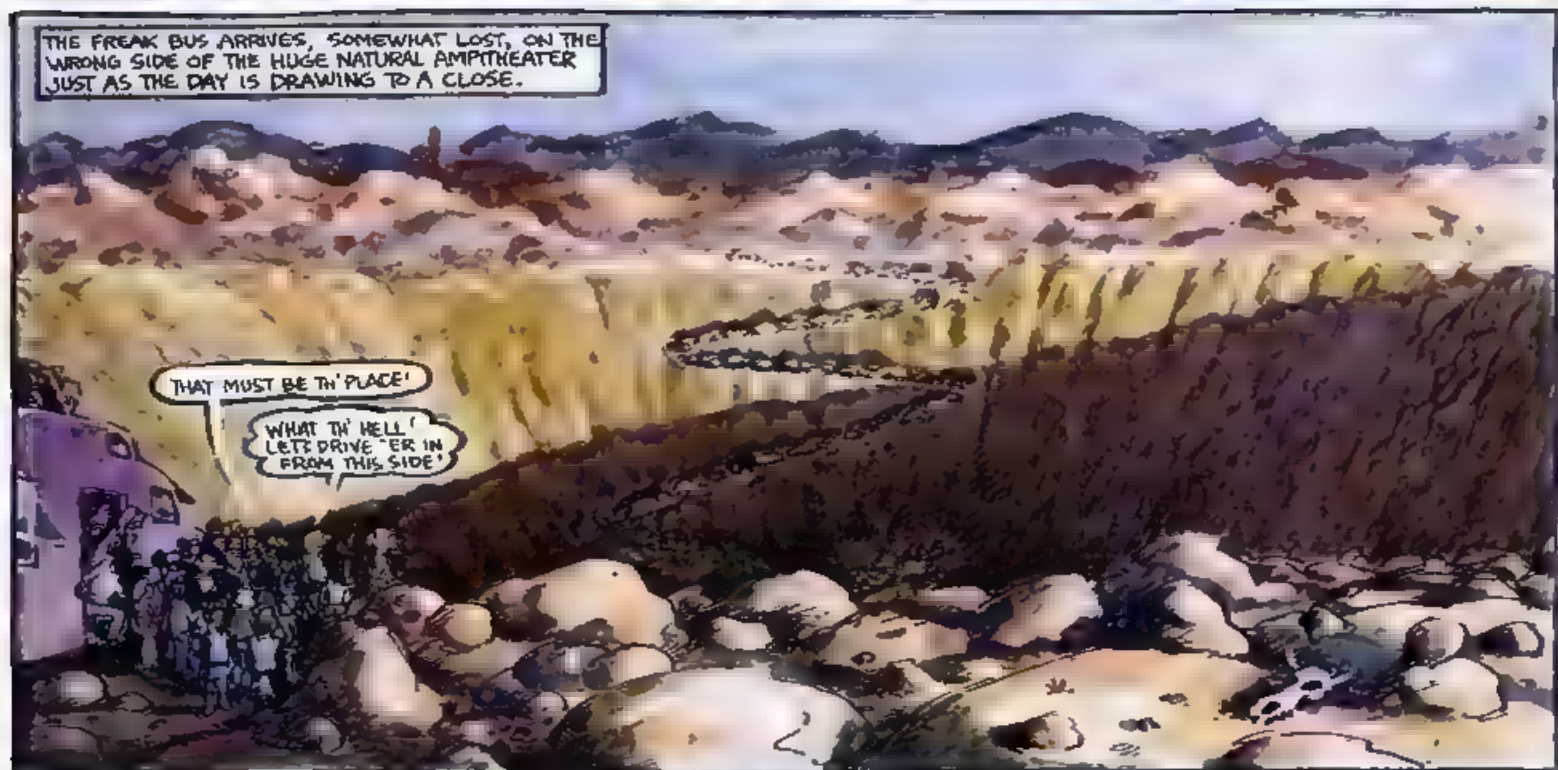
AUGUST 13 1970 DEL QUERO FREE MUSIC



THE FREAK BUS ARRIVES, SOMEWHAT LOST, ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE HUGE NATURAL AMPITHEATER JUST AS THE DAY IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

THAT MUST BE TH' PLACE!

WHAT TH' HELL! LET'S DRIVE 'ER IN FROM THIS SIDE!



GASP!

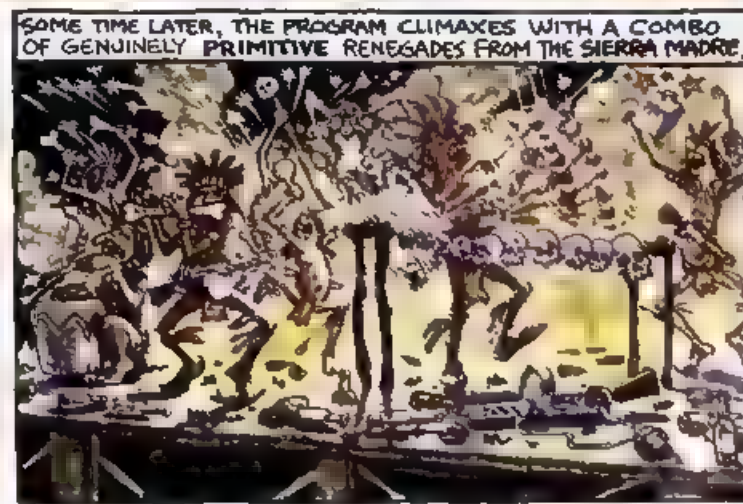
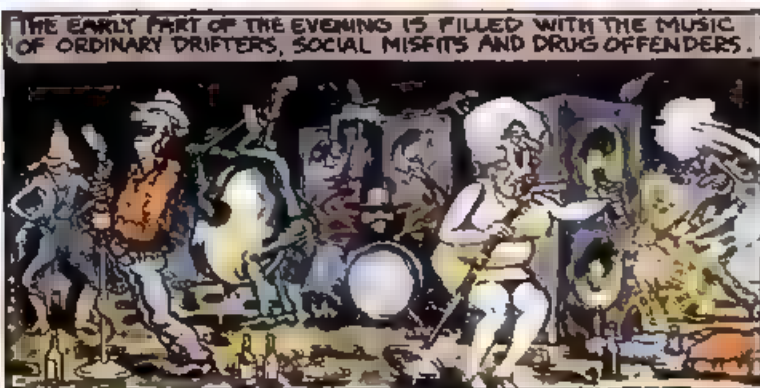
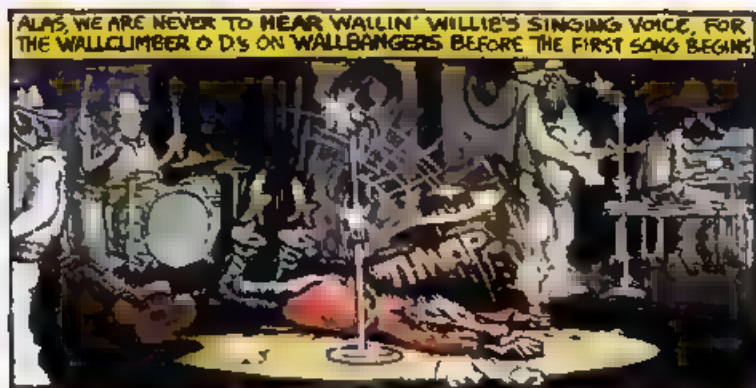
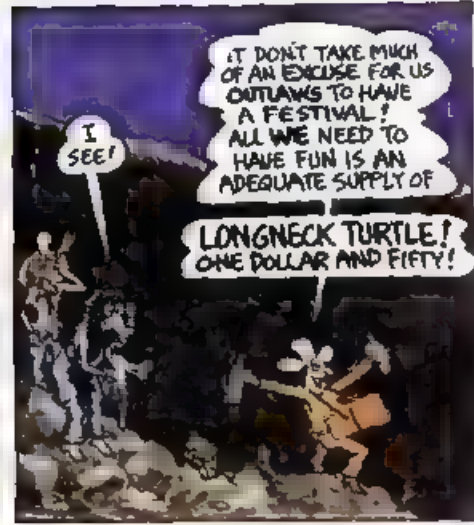


ENDLESS BOUNCY MINUTES LATER

THIS IS CLOSE ENOUGH!

WOW! IT'S A GATHERING OF THE TRIBES! A REGULAR WOODSTOCK OF THE WILD WEST!





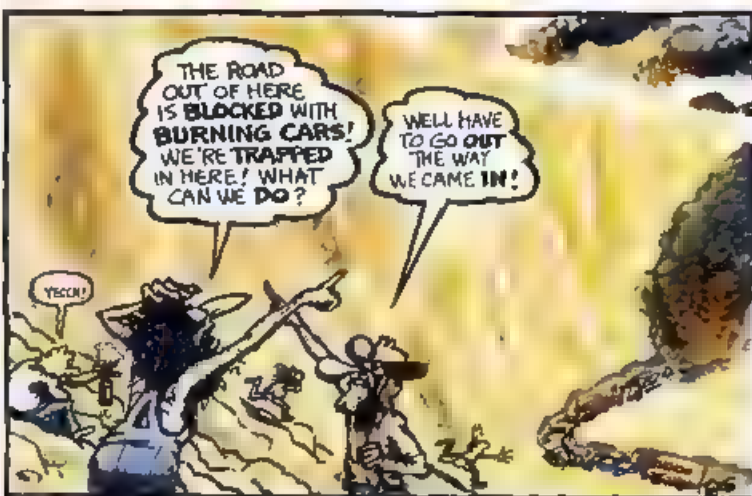
BUT THE AUDIENCE IS COMATOSE ON LONGNECK TURTLE BY THIS TIME AND IS UNIMRESSED BY THE ACT.



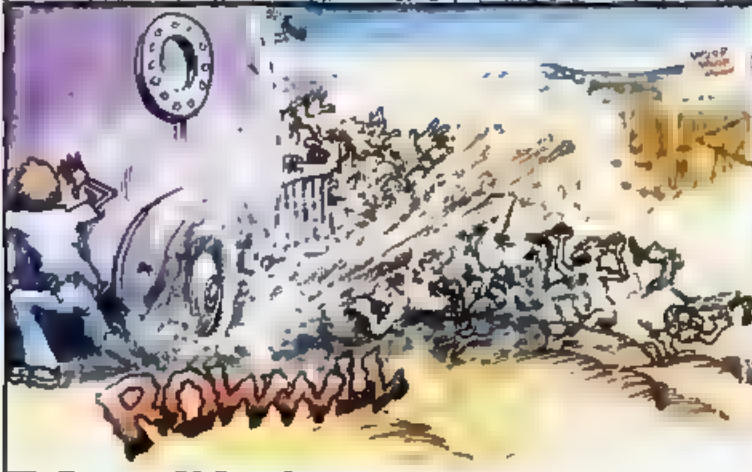
THE MERCILESS DESERT SUN RISES AT 4:37



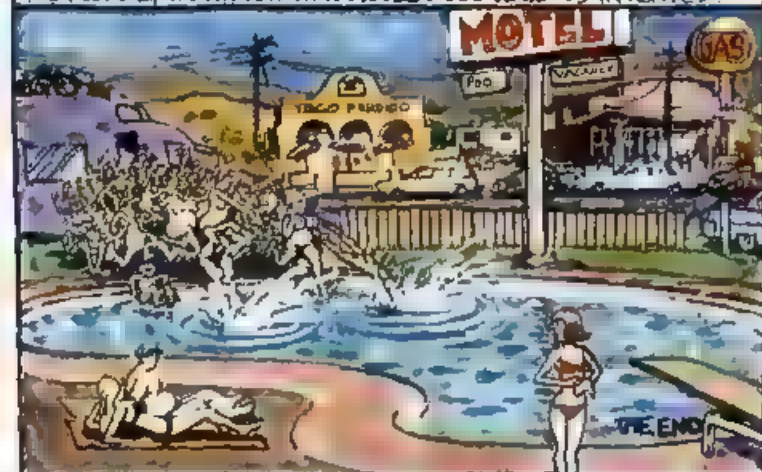
THE TEMPERATURE RISES IMMEDIATELY TO 122°



THE TIMELY ARRIVAL ON THE OPPOSITE RIM OF A LARGE CONTINGENT OF STATE POLICE PROVIDES THE ADRENALINE FOR THE LAST FEW YARDS.



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT A HIGHWAYSIDE MOTEL 120 MILES FROM THE FESTIVAL, THE HIT AND RUN MOTEL POOL RAID IS INVENTED.



The Coca-Cola Conspiracy

(continued from page 50)

scourge of the human race," worse than alcohol or opium.

It was about this same time that the medical profession was starting to become disenchanted with cocaine as a local anesthetic. Since the discovery of total anesthesia via ether inhalation in 1842, doctors had dreamed of a drug like cocaine that could numb specific regions of the anatomy without anesthetizing the whole body. When Karl Koller, one of Freud's colleagues, successfully demonstrated cocaine's anesthetizing effects on the human eye (his own, first) in 1884, the discovery sent a thrill through the medical world. Armed with the marvelous new painkiller but oblivious to its dangers, doctors rushed into another era of exploration and discovery anticipating miracles. And more than a few of these independent researchers began their investigations on themselves.

(Koller's discovery created a whole new industry in Peru. In the summer of 1884 the entire world's supply of cocaine was limited to the few grams manufactured by the House of Merck at Freud's request. That fall there was hardly a gram available anywhere and Peru began exporting over 3,000 pounds of cocaine annually.)

Though the local anesthetic properties of cocaine were confirmed, the side effects of the drug proved to be unpredictable. There were numerous mishaps, some ending in tragedy. Many of these negative results were due to the use of too high a concentration of the drug, but even in smaller doses, some patients (and some doctors) exhibited dangerously adverse reactions. So after a few short less-than-euphoric years of experimentation, the medical world began searching for a less toxic substitute for cocaine.

Freud's last piece on cocaine, *Craving for and Fear of Cocaine* (1887), is remarkable for its clarity and understanding of the problems cocaine was creating. The opinions he expressed are the same as those gaining acceptance today. He agreed with Erlenmyer and others that cocaine should not be used to break the morphine habit, but he emphatically challenged the implied conclusion that cocaine itself was addictive: "All reports of addiction to cocaine and deterioration resulting from it refer to morphine addicts, persons who, already in the grip of one demon are so weak in will power, so susceptible, that they would misuse, and indeed have misused, any stimulant held out to them. *Cocaine has claimed no other no victim on its own* [Freud's italics]." Freud distinguished between the behavioral characteristics of the addiction-prone personality and the behavioral effects triggered by the drug itself. He considered cocaine's addictive potential to be "on a par with coffee or tea, an entirely dif-

ferent sort of habit from morphia addiction." Unfortunately, few of his contemporaries were quite so perceptive, and his accurate estimation of cocaine's potential usefulness in "certain nervous disorders" was largely ignored.

But the vast majority of these criticisms were leveled at cocaine the alkaloid, and not at coca, the leaf. Coca-Cola was made from a whole leaf extraction in which physicians had complete confidence. Whole-leaf coca preparations had been used in medical practice for decades with almost always favorable results.

In his book *Cocaine*, Richard Ashley describes the moral dilemma "respectable" folks faced in the Nineties. "Those who did not like to admit to themselves or to others that they were regular users of cocaine, opium or alcohol—facts which could hardly be concealed if they drank openly in a public saloon or bought their cocaine and opium from the neigh-

The Coca-Cola Company switched to decocainized leaves—coca leaves from which the cocaine had already been exhausted.

borhood druggist—had only to buy the appropriate patent medicine." Any old excuse was good enough reason for a Coca-Cola—anything from "tired and thirsty" or "headache," to "don't tell me you're quitting too!" "Yeah, I'm reforming my ways. No more booze for me, Slim, just plain ol' Co'Cola from now on!"

Alcohol and cocaine became a favorite mix in wet and dry watering holes alike. While city slickers dumped sparkly powders into their shot glasses of Pemberton's elixir, discreet drinkers in drier towns were dumping bootleg hooch into every sparkling cup of temperance Coke. Its dark reddish brown color and spicy sweet taste was a perfect masquerade-mixer for any barnyard buzz no matter how crude it turned out to be.

It soon became apparent to even the most naive W.C.T.U.'ers that many "reformed" husbands still had a bottle problem, only now it was a Coke bottle. The obvious conclusion was, of course, that Coca-Cola ("Well, it's got cocaine in it, don't it?") must be habit-forming. And thus the "Coca-Cola addict" was born.

As the century drew to a close, the cocaine problem flared into a burning issue down South. With alcohol no longer available in most counties, it became necessary to substitute another rationale for the inferiority of the black race in which the white trash of Dixie found it crucial to believe. You couldn't pick up a newspaper in those days without reading some lurid account of the brutal dorking

of a southern belle by "coke-mad black savages, coca-drunk cannibals," "coffee colored cokehounds" and other manifestations of the "cocaine-crazed Negro brain." TRUE FACT: Cocaine was regularly distributed to black work gangs by white bosses who knew of its exhilarating effects and encouraged its use.

The "vicious coke fiend" became a convenient political explanation for all the racial heaviness, and just about everybody bought the idea but the Coca-Cola people. Coke was guilty by association: it contained cocaine, and it too was popularly distributed among the poorer classes, namely the black criminal element. The Coca-Cola habit haunted the proud southern company, and with the dawn of the twentieth century a moral backlash threatened the very existence of Atlanta's "temperance drink."

As the cocaine controversy thickened, Candler too became hypersensitive about his product and the company's image. He could never tolerate a misspelling of Coca-Cola and reprimanded anyone who did so, including customers. No two words irritated him more than coke and dope. He did everything within the company's power to discourage the public from using the nicknames, but coke and dope pursued the Coke sign like the plague wherever it went, and it went everywhere.

Coca-Cola addicts started attracting the law in 1902. The Virginia legislature was considering a ban on Coca-Cola because a doctor claimed a patient of his was driven to suicide by drinking the stuff. Other cases of death due to Coca-Cola habit (notably among pharmacists, doctors and patients) were reported, but on closer investigation by the company, it was found that all the victims were mixing alcohol and/or other drugs into their friendly Coke bottles.

Coca-Cola countered these attacks by inviting government inspectors and outside chemists to examine its ingredients and manufacturing processes. One government chemist, Dr. Charles A. Cramp-ton, testified that he had detected the presence of cocaine in the syrup. Still, the results were unanimous: it was proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that Coke was not habit-forming, it contained less caffeine than an average cup of coffee or tea and that it was healthful and in some conditions even beneficial.

But these findings got lost in the back pages of the dailies. 1902 was the year the public fell in love with Dr. Harvey Washington Wiley and his "poison squad." Wiley, a medical doctor and chemist, was the most outspoken advocate of the pure food movement in the federal government's employ. As chief chemist of the Agriculture Department's Bureau of Chemistry, Wiley crusaded for wholesome, nutritious, "honest" foods—free from preservatives, color and flavor addi-



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tives and other impurities due to unsanitary processing and packaging

Wiley next turned his attention to the evils of the patent medicine industry. The medical and pharmaceutical professions were in danger of losing their grip on the nation's health dollar to the self-medication fad. They urged the government to take action against the unethical manufacture of secret-formula nostrums and panaceas. Wiley heard their pleas and got government funding to build a lab to verify the ingredients and investigate the integrity of all products using medicinal claims in their advertisements.

Once again the Coca-Cola Company took the legal offensive and sued the United States Government for \$11,000 in federal taxes imposed on its product as a medicinal proprietary. It was common knowledge that in years past the company had often used panacean hyperbole to describe its product to the public. Still, the formidable Coca-Cola legal team managed to convince a jury that the company had since cleaned up its act and the product was sold only as a soda fountain refreshment and nothing more.

Such brash legal maneuvers infuriated Wiley, who considered the whole soft drink industry a fraud. Wiley maintained that no drink that contained either cocaine or caffeine should be labelled "soft." This deception was especially dangerous, he pointed out, because parents were glad to have their children patronize the soda fountain rather than the saloon—not knowing what habit-forming and deleterious substances were dispensed in soft drinks. He called the makers of Coca-Cola "dope peddlers."

An article in the New York Tribune for June 21, 1903, cited the city as "particularly affected" by the cocaine menace and urged legal action against the sale of "a soda fountain drink manufactured in Atlanta and known as Coca-Cola."

Later that year, without fanfare or fight or even an explanation, the Coca-Cola Company switched to decocainized leaves—coca leaves from which the cocaine had already been exhausted, thereby castrating the featured ingredient of its fabled success formula. It was a terrible risk, but one the company had to take.

The public went right on guzzling the "new stuff" at record rates as if nothing had happened. Cocaine was such a hot tamale no one had the nerve to bitch about the missing "kick." The whole country kicked the "Coke habit" overnight with hardly a whimper from anyone—proof that the Coca-Cola "addict" was never anything more than a frothy mirage conjured out of a drug-thirsty public's dry imagination.

Wiley battled the caffeine in Coca-Cola for the rest of his professional career, but without success. The formula has remained basically the same since 1903. There was one very close call in 1911

during the House Ways and Means Committee hearings on opium Rep. Francis Burton Harrison, another notorious loon-ev and author of the Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914, asked Dr. Charles West, testifying on behalf of the National Drug-gists Association, if he thought Coca-Cola was habit forming. Dr. West replied that it was habit forming and said Pepsi was too. Harrison then concluded that coca leaves should be included in his proposed ban on addictive drugs.

But, by some strange stroke of political luck, the Coca-Cola formula survived the Harrison Act. A special provision was inserted in the legislation permitting the use of spent coca leaves (the refuse product from the manufacture of cocaine) in the manufacture of soft drinks. Meanwhile, the subliminal suggestion that Coke still contains a narcotic has lingered on in the public mind to this day, and psychologists have theorized that such suspicions have actually boosted sales.

It took nearly half a century to breed the coke-Coke connection out of the consuming public's memory. The word Coke didn't appear on Coke labels until 1941. Even then, in order to have it registered with the U.S. Patent Office, Coca-Cola had to engage an independent research organization to prove that the word had an alternate meaning besides "a by-product of coal." Thousands were interviewed, and the consensus was that just as "bike" means "bicycle" and "Chevy" means "Chevrolet," Coke means Coca-Cola and nothing else.

After the trademark was registered in 1945, Coca-Cola spent hundreds of thousands of dollars reminding the public that Coke was spelled with a capital C. Even Nobel prizewinner John Steinbeck got a friendly letter reprimanding him for making Okies into small-c cokies in *The Grapes of Wrath*.

Of course the grand irony of it all is that we now know that the worst ingredient in the Pemberton formula was neither the coca nor the cola, but the deadly refined white sugar—four teaspoonsful per serving—and nobody from the government or the medical professions has ever made a real effort to make Coca-Cola take it out.

Still, looking back, you can't help admiring how accurately Doc Pemberton diagnosed the great thirst for refreshment among the American people. The "land of opportunity" bred a nation of mentally strained ambitions and physically drained energies that screamed for coke and cola. An old promotional booklet, "The Romance of Coca-Cola" (1916), discussed the fact that the world's most developed nations were caffeine drinkers. In an even older brochure from back in the days when the "intellectual soda-fountain beverage" still had a kick, the company boasted "If we could hold a congress of Coca-Cola drinkers, there would be gathered together some of the greatest minds in America." ■

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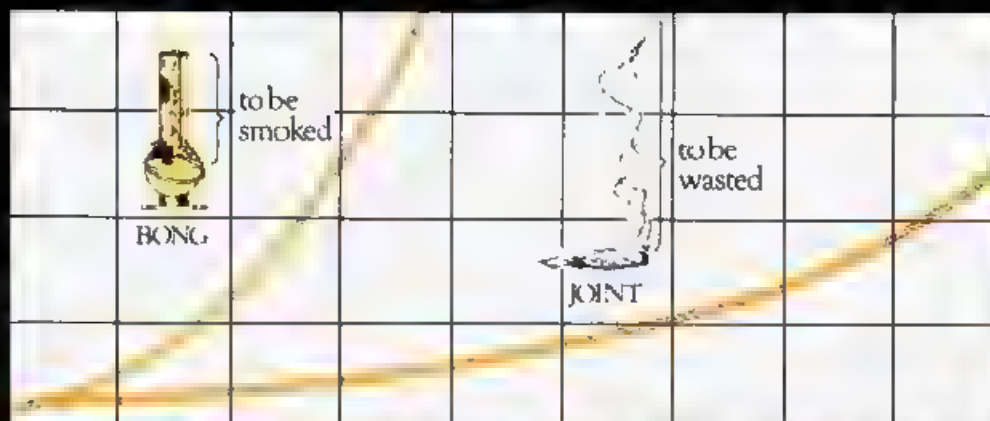
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"They know I'm gonna come out with every spangled thing I can get on," says Dolly, "and as big as I can get my hair and still get through the door space to get on the stage." She loves to joke about her image. "You know, I was one of the first women's libbers. I burned my bra—it took the fire department four whole days to put it out."

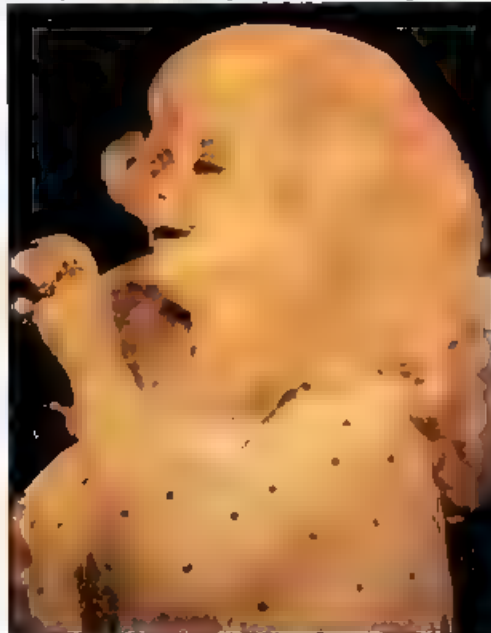
But all that glitters is not her garb or glossy good looks. Dolly's talent shines through. For the last two years she has won the Country Music Association award for best female singer. She has been widely acclaimed as a serious artist by critics who usually stay away from cornpone. Country rock stars Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris have helped to allow Dolly's music to achieve popular acceptance by recording her songs. "She's just a southern magnolia blossom that floats on the breeze," says Linda. "But she's no dummy. She taught me that you don't have to sacrifice your femininity in order to have equal status. The only thing that gives you equal status with other musicians is your musicianship. Period."

Music has been Dolly's drug ever since she was born 31 years ago in a two-room shack on the Little Pigeon River in the foothills of Tennessee's Smoky Mountains, the fourth of a dozen children to parents who worked the land. "Music was just as much a part of us as cornbread and beans," says Dolly. "We had absolutely nothin'. We wore rags, and was lucky to get rags. But you dream, you have time to dream." She later sang of her childhood in "My Tennessee Mountain Home," and of the rags she once wore in "Coat of Many Colors."

Her dream was to be a big country and western star in Nashville, or at least to get the hell out of that two-room shack full of 11 other screaming kids. So the day after she graduated from high school in 1964, she packed her cardboard suitcase (really just an empty box of Quaker Oats) and rode a rickety bus 200 miles to Nashville, where, she believed, "your music could

live and you could be a star if that's what you wanted to be." She also believed in the Easter Bunny, the Good Tooth Fairy and that the South had won the Civil War.

On her first day in town she met her future husband, asphalt-paving contractor Carl Dean. Legend has it that it was love at first sight, as he almost ran over a hapless pedestrian with his steamroller while watching her cross the street. Within a few months she had signed a contract with Monument Records, who gave her a big enough advance for her to dine lavishly on mustard and relish for two weeks. Three years later, in the summer of 1967, she was discovered by lanky, lacquered c & w impresario Porter Wagoner, who signed her with RCA and put her on his tour and his syndicated television show. Porter and Dolly soon became known as Nashville's Sonny and Cher, and just like Sonny and Cher they even-



tually broke up. Dolly started performing solo and toured with the Traveling Family Band, whose members included her uncles, cousins and brothers. On the road the entire family reportedly shared two adjoining rooms at the Holiday Inn.

Dolly sings like an angel because she's got God on her side. God has been abundant in his favors to her heavenly voice and her cornucopia of flesh. Dolly has been returning the favors ever since, but she insists the two of them are just good friends. "I don't know what it is with me and God," says Dolly. "I'm just totally aware of him. I talk to him just like I talk to you. If something's going wrong I'll talk to him about it."

She talks to God more often than she does to her husband Carl, who lives in their ante-bellum mansion outside of Nashville waiting for her occasional phone calls and rare visits. He has never seen her perform, but then again she has never seen him pour asphalt. They've never had an argument in their 11 years of marriage. "We've been perfect for each

other," she says. "He's busy and I'm busy, and we thought it would cost more money to talk every night on the phone than what I'd make on the road. I can always talk to him if I want to, and he knows where I'm at. He can always call me."

Success is not enough for the sequined Cinderella. She now dreams of professional self-reliance and of reaching a much larger, more diversified audience. She's got new L.A.-based management and a new rock band called Gypsy Fever.

"I was killin' myself workin'," says Dolly, "and I was havin' problems with my throat because of poor sound systems. I had a hectic work schedule and was not really makin' very much money." She calls Gypsy Fever "very, very close to bein' a near perfect group for me. They can play traditional music when I want it, and crossover music when I want that. I've paid the price for it, but I have not lost friends for it, and that's the main thing. It's been the best move I ever made."

Dolly's new album is appropriately titled *New Harvest—First Gathering*. On the cover, her mile-high wig has been replaced by humble ringlets, her gauche glitter by dusty denim. The lead song, "Light of a Clear Blue Morning," tells it all. "I've been like a captured eagle. / You know an eagle's born to fly." Her songs of devotion are now balanced by songs of freedom and independence. Her country twang sings Motown, pop and rock. The lyrics are printed on the inner sleeve. You can't read lyrics while driving a truck.

She has recently been touring such rock palaces as Los Angeles' Roxy Theatre, New York's Bottom Line and London's Rainbow Theatre. She's currently on a nationwide tour with pop singer Mac Davis and will appear at Harrah's in Reno this October. Her ascendant popularity is marked by the crew of chic celebrities attracted to her concerts—Mick Jagger, Lily Tomlin, Jack Nicholson, John Belushi, Faye Dunaway, Jon and Barbra, Rod and Britt. At the Boarding House in San Francisco, her audience was mostly kinky gays in black leather and chains. "I guess a lot of my popularity with gays is my gaudy, flashy appearance," says Dolly. "They like to have a good time—I guess that's why they call them gay."

Dolly hangs around a lot lately with Linda and Emmylou, while Tammy and Loretta are reportedly miffed. "I haven't changed," explains Dolly. "I am expanding—as a writer and a singer. But I'm getting promoted, getting talked about and seen in the areas where I always thought, if I could go there, that people would like me. Even if I have an artificial appearance, my music is not artificial and I'm not artificial as a person. I'm just a country person. It's still the same Dolly Parton, but I feel I'm ready to fly. I'm really a pretty brave little number." ■

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Great Grass Trials

(continued from page 71)

for Fiedlers, they discovered that their star witness had disappeared. Marcia Vandervoort had married a soldier and was living somewhere in West Germany. Judge Ann Mikoll postponed the case indefinitely.

Delayed by pretrial motions and the search for Marcia Landi (nee Vandervoort), the Fiedlers were not brought to trial until April 1, 1970, nearly three years after their arrest. Fahringer moved unsuccessfully for a change of venue—because of a campus disturbance in which 45 SUNY-Buffalo faculty members had been arrested—and to suppress the evidence. The police were the only prosecution witnesses; the elusive Marcia Landi was still unavailable.

Arresting officer Michael Amico testified. "When we entered the house, Fiedler asked me, 'Well, what are you doing here anyhow?' And Sergeant Giambone said, 'Well, we found some pot and hashish in the house... Michael was smoking marijuana on the third floor and... Kurt and Emily were smoking marijuana and hashish on the second floor.' And he asked Dr. Fiedler if he permitted his children to smoke marijuana and hashish... Dr. Fiedler replied that this was his house and their house and he brought them up to think on their own and they were free thinkers and to do what they cared to do and what they wanted to do."

The chief defense witness was a sound expert who said that his tests showed that the police could not have heard the conversations transmitted from the house. Neither Fiedler nor his wife took the witness stand.

In rebuttal the prosecution called Sol Stein, president of Stein & Day publishers, in an attempt to elicit testimony about Fiedler's comments in the original manuscript of *Being Busted*. But Stein invoked the doctrine of privileged communication between author and editor, and Judge H. Buswell Roberts ruled that he did not have to testify.

The six-man jury retired at noon on April 9. After a two-hour interlude in which the testimony of the three policemen was reread, they retired again and returned a half hour later—at 6 PM.—with a verdict of guilty.

On April 30, Judge Roberts fined Mrs. Fiedler \$500 and sentenced her husband to six months in the Erie County Penitentiary, despite Fahringer's plea that "to place a man of this stature and intellect in jail would be uncivilized," despite a probation department report that no jail sentence should be imposed.

Judge Roberts explained: "I am impressed by the fact that, as a teacher, you have in your care and charge the minds of thousands of young people who look

to you for example. This position gives you enormous influence. In my judgment, the penalty for abdication of that responsibility must be severe."

Fiedler, free on bail pending appeal, issued a statement "It was clear to me from the beginning of this case and has now been made clear to everyone by the statement of the judge imposing sentence that what is at issue is not whether I have committed a crime or not but the fact that I have been the advocate of unpopular ideas. The whole fabricated case in court has been a long attempt to silence me. I have only just begun to talk."

For the next two years, however, the lawyers did most of the talking. In May 1971, the conviction was upheld in Erie County Court, but on July 6, 1972, the New York State Court of Appeals, by a vote of 5 to 2, reversed. Judge James Gibson wrote that the Penal Law provision—designed to prohibit opium dens—was totally inapplicable to the Fiedlers.

"No crime was charged or proven," he said. "There is no indication that the defendants maintained the building for any purpose other than that of their material home and family abode. At most, Dr. Fiedler's statements indicated his acquiescence in his children's use of marijuana, but nothing in this section of the Penal Law makes this a crime."

After more than five years, Leslie Fiedler's ordeal had ended.

California v. Michael Metzger

In 1968, Michael Metzger got fed up with New York—with the noise, dirt, congestion and hectic pace of urban life. Then 32, he was one of the ablest and most aggressive assistants to Manhattan District Attorney Frank S. Hogan, whose office was the model of what a professional prosecutor's office should be.

Independently wealthy, footloose since his divorce, Metzger hied himself to California, bought a hilltop house with a heated swimming pool in Sausalito and landed a job as an assistant U.S. attorney in San Francisco. He expected to be working on blockbuster tax and SEC cases, instead, he found himself prosecuting draft dodgers.

Metzger also prosecuted one drug case—against Frank Werber, manager of the Kingston Trio, for conspiracy to import marijuana. Werber had offered to plead guilty and receive a two-to-ten-year sentence, but the deal was rejected by Metzger's superiors. So Metzger went to trial and Werber was acquitted. In talking to the jurors afterward, Metzger learned that they hadn't believed the testimony of the federal narcotics agents.

"That was it for me," he said. "I quit. I hadn't put all that time in at school and spent five years with Hogan to railroad people for incompetent narcs."

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own law office. Within a few months, he had become one of the ablest "dope lawyers" in the Bay Area, representing rock stars like the Grateful Dead and making trial testimony torture for ungrateful narcs. If the narcs had an "enemies list," Metzger ranked high on it especially since he was a former prosecutor turned "traitor."

"In drug cases," Metzger explained, "some people confuse a vigorous defense with advocacy. Some policemen, prosecutors and judges are so emotionally involved in the horrors of addiction that they can't see the horror of their unfair, oppressive and illegal tactics. I am not an advocate of the drug culture but I am an advocate of the war against our present drug laws where a student caught with a cigarette can spend years in jail and be marked for the rest of his life."

Perhaps the most ungrateful narc was Gerritt Van Raam, a 16-year veteran of the California Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement. In one case Metzger had accused Van Raam of perjury, and San Mateo Municipal Judge Jose de Larios had ordered him to take a lie detector test, the first time that had ever happened in California.

But before the test could be administered. On the evening of December 7, 1970, Metzger was sitting at home reading former Attorney General Ramsey Clark's book *Crime in America* when the doorbell rang. He opened the door to six narcs armed with a search warrant. For four hours they combed through the house and came up with four and a half ounces of marijuana and hashish, one-half ounce of cocaine and an assortment of 110 tablets, pills and gelatin squares. Metzger was charged with possession. Two days later, the state attorney general directed that the scheduled lie-detector test of Van Raam be held in abeyance.

Metzger called the charge a frame-up, engineered because he'd been so successful in defending drug cases. He claimed that the drugs seized were samples of court evidence in other cases that he was submitting for independent testing.

As his counsel Patrick Hallinan put it, "We will be able to show that the possession—if they can prove possession—was one that did not involve an illegal act. The drugs were ones that any lawyer who handles narcotics cases might have in his possession."

Preliminary hearings in the case were held in March 1971 before Superior Court Judge Joseph G. Wilson of Marin County. Under Hallinan's questioning, Alfred Teixeira, the agent who'd led the raid, said the search warrant had been based on "reliable" information from Jerold McDonald, a \$12-a-day informer for U.S. Customs. McDonald had been arrested the previous July for possession of stolen guns and some months later supposedly sought out Metzger as his counsel. They'd discussed the case at Metzger's

home. During the discussion, McDonald told the authorities, Metzger had smoked a marijuana cigarette.

Hallinan and attorney Michael Stepanian located McDonald in Los Angeles where he was testifying in another case and obtained an affidavit from him saying that Van Raam had promised him that "all criminal charges pending against McDonald would be dismissed if McDonald would get any information whatsoever that would aid agents in the arrest of Metzger."

Sure enough, on December 9—the same day that the inquiry of Van Raam had been held in abeyance—the charges against McDonald had been dropped. He'd also received \$50 for his services as an informer.

Under further questioning, Teixeira also disclosed that Van Raam had first brought McDonald to his office and that the papers in the case had been drawn up in Van Raam's office.

Judge Wilson, who had been silent throughout most of the hearing, suddenly piped up, "I have one question whose idea was it to send Mr. McDonald into Mr. Metzger's home when he was sent in posing as a potential client?"

The prosecutor popped up, "Just so the record is clear, Your Honor, I respectfully object to that question."

"You may," Judge Wilson said. "I just want to know whose idea was it to send Mr. McDonald into Mr. Metzger's—to put Mr. McDonald in touch with Mr. Metzger rather, posing as a potential client?"

"Both Van Raam and myself," Teixeira replied.

"All right, I don't have any other questions," Judge Wilson said. But he did have a decisive ruling. On March 26, nine days after the ten-day hearing ended, he dismissed the charge, saying the search had been based on "trickery, stealth and subterfuge."

Assistant District Attorney Ernest Zunino said the ruling "strikes at the well-established use of informants to secure information." He announced that he would appeal.

On May 1, the California Court of Appeals upheld the dismissal. The D.A. appealed again, and this time the court agreed that there was "nothing inherently unlawful in the use of police deceit for the purpose of suppressing crime and apprehending criminals."

The case was remanded for trial. But by then the authorities apparently tired of the chase and doubted the chances of conviction. In January 1972, the charge against Metzger was dropped.

As a result of Metzger's charges, however, the Marin County Drug Abuse Bureau was disbanded, and its chief was demoted. And the husky young attorney went on to try—and win—dozens of other drug cases.

"I just gave them one hell of a black eye," he boasted four years later. ■

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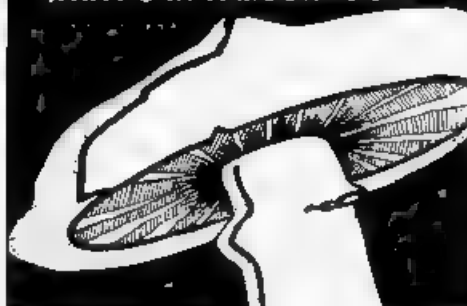
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Here's Spit in Your Mouth

A Stony Brook, New York, dental researcher has synthesized sialin, the chemical in saliva that prevents tooth decay. State University professor Israel Kleinberg said the compound works by neutralizing acid from bacteria. British studies show nuts and cheese make good desserts or snacks to stimulate saliva flow. But Kleinberg expects sialin toothpaste, mouthwash, gum and candies in five years, so people can OD on sugar and still have teeth.

Now Where Did I Put That Joint?

New evidence that grass impairs memory comes from the University of Kentucky. Previous tests have shown no permanent forgetfulness among smokers when they're not stoned, but scientists have now confirmed those legendary lapses

during the high. The Kentucky experiments showed a decrease in both recall and storage (absorption), but the input phase of learning was affected most. The researchers think hemp impedes the transfer of knowledge from short-term to long-term memory banks.

Let Them Eat Trees

Protein "cheese" extracted from leaves is becoming a valuable food in many tropical countries, notably India. Unfortunately, the complex process requires capital and machinery that prices it out of the wallet for many people desperately in need of protein. Hence, Frank Martin and Ruth Ruberte of Puerto Rico's Mayaguez Institute of Tropical Agriculture have found a simpler method. It involves grinding leaves, straining the juice through a nylon stocking and boiling it to



form the green equivalent of bean curd. Most nonpoisonous foliage will do, but those with the highest protein content seem to grow in the tropics. Main problem now is disguising the taste.

Flying Stones No Road Hazard

Despite some well-publicized scare stories, stoned drivers are proving themselves quite safe. UCLA researchers recently compared alcohol and marijuana in their effect on vision during simulated road tests. Boozers missed many hazards, while grassheads kept normal alertness.

New Zealand physician Sally Casswell found that drunk drivers function poorly but think they're doing fine, driving faster and more recklessly than normal. Smokers' reflexes were slowed somewhat, but they knew it and took extra precautions. A swirl smoke combo was deadly, however, combining the worst coordination with the greatest confidence. These results confirm a Department of Transportation study that showed pot users have no more accidents than straight drivers. □

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Scourge of the Caribbeet

Except for the 3-inch cannon and .50 caliber machine guns bristling on the deck, you'd think the standing ship was a bunch of rich hippies out for a cruise. A green flag flutters in the breeze, the smokestack glows with paintings of marijuana leaves and young, bearded, weather-worn men stare in stoned reverie across the silent seas. These, however, are neither hippies nor smugglers; they are the crew of the Coast Guard Cutter *Dauntless*, the bustingest boat in the Caribbean.

The very name *Dauntless* furrows the brow of contraband importers. Not only has the *Dauntless* incarcerated more ships, seized more tonnage and arrested more men than any other U.S. patrol vessel, it also has one of the biggest single pot seizures in history: 54 tons on the legendary phantom freighter *Night Train*, heaved-to earlier this year after two years of cat-and-mouse pursuit. The *Royono* lost mucho tons to the *Dauntless*, as did the *Khaki* and dozens of other ships, sloops, speedboats and rafts. Each conquest is marked on the smokestack with a new marijuana leaf. It looks like a bush.

The 210-foot Miami-based vessel is powered by twin 2,500-horsepower diesels running two props. Her open-throttle speed is secret, explained the ship's Lt. Commander Newhoff to *High Times*, "but she's fast. We've never been outrun." She is commanded by Capt. Jon C. Uithol and carries six officers, one warrant officer and a crew of 54 enlisted men. And, almost always, a few DEA agents, Customs officers or Miami police.

The *Dauntless* "acts as a retriever," said one Customs official who asked to remain unnamed. "Information is received that a shipment

is expected, the authorities board the *Dauntless* and go after it." On a typical picket tour, the *Dauntless* cruises around the Bahamas, Jamaica and the Gulf of Mexico, always in search of smugglers and frequently finding them.

"Ships carrying contraband operate much like the rumrunners of the Twenties and Thirties," Newhoff said. "They sit outside the territorial waters and pick-ups run back and forth." The *Dauntless* keeps an eye out for these ships as well as busting on assignment.

Lately, the *Dauntless* has turned some of her attention to the new



With seven multiton busts to its credit, C.G.C. Dauntless is top cop on Caribbean.

200-mile fishing rights declared by the U.S. Any comfort for smugglers? "We watch the fisher-

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The International Currency Couriers

by Aureliano Segundo

It takes a lot of money to do a big deal, millions sometimes, and always in cash. Moving this mountain of greenbacks is sometimes as difficult as moving contraband, requiring complex travel and meeting arrangements along with the usual threat of rips, counterfeiters, police and personal greed. The unsung hero on the dues-paying end of a major deal is the bagman.

Whether delivering suitcases of untraceable bills, changing small denominations for large, converting cash to gold, shaking down debtors or fending off creditors, the bagman or bagwoman is always busy with cash, dangerously so, in a role becoming more and more specialized in the multibillion dollar dope game.

Whereas some years ago a person scoring pot or coke could act as their own courier, the technical difficulties of beating the border today require the people setting up a deal to travel extensively from field to airport, arranging, sampling, setting up buyers, raising more capital and coping with local officials. Weeks may pass before a deal comes to completion, during which time some dozens of undesirables may come to know the person making the deal. They have to travel clean, too, as large amounts of cash invite unwanted scrutiny. For these and other reasons, the bagman has come into his own in big-time smuggling.

It is not a cushy job. Cash is easier to steal than dope, harder to re-steal and infinitely more compelling to maids, porters, cabbies and other peripheral thieves who abound in public places. Then there is Customs. No more than \$5,000 can cross international borders without being declared. Even transported legally across state lines or, as one Florida man discovered when roused from sleep in his car during a routine search, in one place, big money inevitably results in investigation. The IRS has also entered the fray à la Elliot Ness in a campaign to nab dope moguls. (see May "Weed").

To avoid these pitfalls, the bagman has evolved a catalog of tricks. Money is sewn inside clothes and suitcases, rolled into coat hangers, pens, wooden legs and binoculars. A package of cigarettes can accommodate \$20,000. Most commercial suit makers and luggage makers include designs for a cash stash: the Samsonite snap-out liner model is popular in political, medical, legal and business as well as smuggling circles. But such transparent caches are quickly undone by practiced Customs agents.

Importers disagree over the best

method to send a huge sum. Posing the hypothetical question, "How would you send \$1 million from New York to Hotel del Caribe in Cartagena, Colombia," answers were varied.

"Send ten bags, not one," opined one dealer. Another said he "wouldn't trust anybody but himself" on a transaction that big, adding that with a nut that size it shouldn't be hard to buy at least one key Customs or shore patrol watchdog. A third challenged the hypothetical precepts of "a \$1-million cash exchange," pointing out that fronts and partial payments are almost universal in big deals. There is still no guarantee the money will reach its destination.

Typically, the bagman is a mystery figure known to only one or two people. An organizer gets money from investors, gives it to his hidden bagman, then takes off himself to settle affairs on the other end. When the time is right, the bagman is sent for.

There is an alarming attrition rate in the bag trade. Stories abound of couriers stepping onto jets with suitcases of cash, never to be heard from again. How many are murdered and how many retire for life on the loot is anybody's question, providing a cruel dilemma for friends of lost money-runners. Most professionals remain emotionally and socially detached from their bagrunners, paying them \$5,000 to \$10,000 a trip with admonitions that rips will be tracked down and punished.

Amazingly, bagmen sometimes lose their bags. Runners may have to travel thousands of miles out of their way so their passport stamps will not parallel others in the organization, so shifts from planes to trains to boats to cars are common, occasioning days in transit. Under such stress it is not difficult to grab the wrong bag, forget a bag or even,

The buck starts here.



Lee Hodge

as happened to one unfortunate give the bag to the wrong person in this case, a black-market money changer.

Despite such setbacks, the bagman is still the best way to move money in the dope biz. They'll

never be as famous as political bags like Tony Ulasewicz or Dorothy Hunt, or business bags such as Standard Oil's Claude Wild, but they certainly have an equal place in history. If only because they aren't famous.



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The Greening of Graffiti

by Veronica Coe

Graffiti, the art of wall scrawling that began as a fad some years ago, has not only endured but blossomed into a full genre that embraces students, teachers, critics and, of course, acres of art. Formal graffiti organizations are on the rise, and their pieces are so effective that businesspeople, publicity-conscious organizations and even politicians have solicited the service of fly-by-night artists.

Groups with names such as the Stoned Soul Brothers, the Prisoners of Graffiti, the Masters of Graffiti, the Bad Yard Boys, the Three Yard Boys, the Six Yard Boys and many others, have sprung up around New York. Some are supported by sympathetic commercial artists. Others have allegedly been funded by city or federal programs unaware that graffiti was going on. But for the most part, graffiti artists are motivated by love of art and love of excitement.

Unlike the shallow pretenses in much of what is acceptable social art, graffiti artists address themselves to every aspect of human drama, from racial rage to the wonders of pot. A building mural on the Lower East Side portrays a pastiche of social problems; a 96th Street subway poem relates a sad tale of father rape; arcane symbols appear everywhere, surrounding quotes from underground religious leaders, and, as always, the subway cars are covered with everything from life-size pink elephants to odes to *High Times* magazine.

Subway artists are the cream of the genre, comparable to the novelist in literature, or the symphony composer in music. Drippy latex has been replaced by the finest spray paint, Rustoleum and ink Flo master sets. One pro yard painter explained, "Whereas no one used to care where you wrote, now you must sneak up to a train yard where the trains sleep at night, climbing, clinging, and jumping drainpipes, fences and hills while carrying from three to 50 cans of spray paint. You stay awake in the freezing winds, piecing all night,



New York's subway system boasts biggest graffiti gallery, despite such transit department deterrents as unmarkable cars.

leaving only as the sun appears."

There are, of course, problems. Cops, truckers and private guards police the area. Two artists, Solid I and Sum I, are said to have died in the past four years, killed by cops

claiming they were burglars. And age takes its toll. As it says on the B train, "This is the last time I'm going writing, 'cause I'll be 17 tomorrow and if I get caught again they'll send me to Riker's..."

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Jaded Lower East Side, target of hundreds of building artists.

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HIGH CRIMES

Narcs Nab Acid Tabs

Narcs in opposite corners of the country have pulled two of the biggest acid raids in recent months, busting a major LSD factory in Burnt Woods, Oregon, and seizing \$20 million worth of liquid electricity in Miami—without a search warrant.

"It's the worst bust I've seen in ten years," said a lawyer for one of the four suspects in the Miami case. "There's no evidence, no consent... and no showing that my guy knew anything was in the refrigerator." Under ice were 35 two-ounce vials of "the highest grade LSD ever taken in Dade County." But the fuzz are afraid their case will not stand up because they "had to move fast," and forgot about the Fourth Amendment.

In Oregon, nine people were indicted, but only residues of acid were found along with \$100,000 in refrigeration equipment cops believe was part of a lab. The Justice Department described the operation as a multimillion-dollar ring that has distributed acid in 38 states and five foreign countries since 1972. Feds from the FBI, IRS, DEA and the local U.S. attorney's office monitored the factory for 2½ years before pouncing in mid-March.

● The possession-for-sale trial of Florida judge Samuel Smith ("National Weed," April) enfolded into a full-blown adventure tale à la Robert Mitchum in *Thunder Road*. An FBI agent testified that narcs lost a racing, grass-toting VW van in a breakneck nighttime chase when the microbus made a hairpin turn down a pitch-dark country lane at 110 miles per hour. The FBI man said Smith ordered the toke dropped at a local garbage dump, but that agents acting on a tip intercepted it. Narcs finally caught up with the high-speed smoke the next day—using helicopters to chase it down on Interstate 75.

Smith, on the dock along with former Washington Redskin Grover Lamar "Possum" Lee claimed he had not intended to sell the 1,500 pounds of Colombian involved, but only wanted to trap "a crooked sheriff." The jury didn't bite, however, and found both the Possum and huzzoner guilty of conspiracy to distribute grass.

● Has the movement won, after all? Napa, California district attorney James D. Bortano told county supervisors recently that narcs should be rotated to other duties after three years on the drug trail because "They get to like the hippie lifestyle... and can't return to being a good cop." Added one supervisor soberly: "That says something

about the way we all live."

● A Florida bust involving eight tons of smoke, 11 persons and six boats may never be tried in court because two Pompano Beach narcs lied in their reports. Sgt. Michael Dailey and Detective Wayne Tobey were suspended and may face criminal charges for saying Tobey attended a set-up meeting with

smugglers, when it was really their informant who made the contact.

● The Alexandria, Louisiana, narc squad has been disbanded after one member of the team was murdered in Texas in an unauthorized meeting with dope dealers. The victim was carrying large sums of cash not issued by the authorities. Suspects in the killing are at large.

COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

100 Lbs. of Coke Snatched from Narcs

Coke runners have out-raced 20 narcs to 100 pounds of airdropped toot in a daring hide-and-seek escapade in the Florida Everglades. Smugglers slipped through a DEA-Customs cordon in a marsh outside Andytown and beat the heat to the booty.

The game began when a pilot sighted the drop and notified local authorities, who matched the plane to a smuggler's flier carrying 100 pounds of snow from Colombia. Then it was cops versus cokers in a two-week romp with planes, helicopters and airboats zooming across and above the swampy terrain. Reliable sources told the Miami Herald the smugglers used a flour-filled suitcase with a kite-tail to reenact the original drop and pinpoint their target with a helicopter. Narcs recovered the flour, but came up with only traces of cocaine.

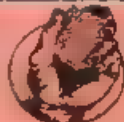
● Two Americans and two Colombians lost 15 pounds of cocaine and

their freedom to Miami police when they tried to sell the stuff at a Marriott Hotel while a police testimonial was going on downstairs.

● Not to be outdone, the local Holiday Inn played host to Miami Dolphins Randy Crowder, 24, and

Don Reese, 25, while they were busted for trying to sell a pound of nose candy to an undercover narc. A police lieutenant said his men had "mixed emotions" in making the pop because they were all Dolphin fans.

HIGH TIMES HIT PARADE

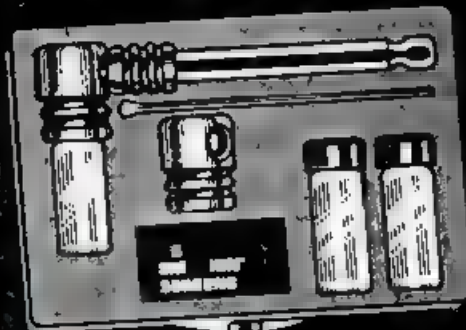


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100,000 lbs. Monroe County, Fla., 3 boats, 11 arrests.
36,000 lbs. Livingston Parish, La., tractor-trailer and truck, 6 arrests.
20,000 lbs. Hinesville, Ga., no vehicles, no arrests.

13,000 lbs. Miami, Fla., a truck and 2 cars, 4 arrests.
12,000 lbs. Galliano, La., truck and motorboat, 2 arrests.
12,000 lbs. Miami, Fla., lobster boat, 3 arrests.
5,419 lbs. Memphis, Tenn., DC-6, 1 arrest.
5,000 lbs. Miami, Fla., fishing trawler, suspects at large.
5,000 lbs. Chilwack, Br. Columbia, burned in septic tank, no arrests.
3,000 lbs. Georgetown, Me. cabin cruiser, 1 arrest.

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Water-pressed hash	decent product	oz	50-100
Shirazi hash	great quality, good quantity	oz	1-2
Mazar-i-sharif	very tasty	oz	40-80
		oz	3-7
		oz	100-200
		oz	5-9
		oz	125-250

AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	getting up there	oz	20-40
Nepalese hash	mostly fingers	oz	200-350
Indian hash	earthy taste	oz	75-140
Afghani hash	quantity increasing	oz	800-1250
LSD	slightly brown blotter	oz	70-90
		oz	800-1100
		oz	100-160
		oz	1100-1550
Cocaine	usually heavily stepped on	oz	2-5
		oz	100-225
		oz	75-115
		oz	1800-2100

AZORE ISLANDS

Angolan grass	highly resinous	oz	40-85
Mozambique grass	scarcely	oz	450-700
Quailweed	on occasion	oz	60-80
	usual quality	oz	500-800
		oz	2-3
		oz	75-150
		oz	1-2
		oz	75-150

BELGIUM

Nigerian grass	supply drying up	oz	30-50
Chitral hash	tasty when found	oz	425-550
Lebanese hash	stale of late	oz	2-3
Nepalese hash	crumbly fingers	oz	46-75
LSD	some good hits to be found	oz	40-80
		oz	400-550
		oz	45-75
		oz	450-900
Cocaine	decent	oz	2-5
		oz	225-350
		oz	60-100
		oz	1050-1500

CANADA

Domestic	a few bright prospects	oz	15-30
Regular Mexican	stable situation	oz	150-325
Top-grade Mexican	dark green color, excellent	oz	15-35
Commercial Colombian	available	oz	175-325
Connoisseur Colombian	mostly dry	oz	35-55
Hawaiian	gold, good rate of late	oz	45-575
Afghani hash	good if fresh	oz	35-50
Indian hash	poorly made	oz	350-500
Kashmiri hash	good consistency	oz	45-75
Afghani hash oil	fair quantity	oz	425-650
Honey oil	light amber, very good quality	oz	200-275
LSD	U.S.-made	oz	175-230
		oz	1400-2250
		oz	125-200
		oz	1200-2000
		oz	185-200
		oz	1700-2400
		oz	30-50
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		oz	35-55
		oz	450-650
		oz	2-5
		oz	150-250
		oz	75-125
		oz	1400-2000

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Santa Maria gold, red	supply dwindling	oz	5-15
Machu Picchu	highly manicured	oz	40-75
Punta roja	fine weed	oz	5-10
Colombian hash	sweet taste	oz	45-75
		oz	25-55
		oz	2000-3200
Colombian hash oil	decent at best	oz	150-230
LSD	scarce	oz	1000-2550
		oz	3-5
		oz	250-400

Mushrooms	organic high	oz	3-5
Cocaine	available on demand	oz	30-45
		oz	250-400
		oz	4000-6000

DENMARK

Lebanese hash	still around	gm	2-5
Moroccan hash	usually green, OK	oz	650-800
		oz	1-50-2-50
		oz	650-800
LSD	rare	hit	2-3
		hit	125-175

ECUADOR

Colombian grass	good to excellent	oz	7-50-10
Ecuadorian red	up there with the best	oz	75-150
Cocaine	tremendous flakes, some rock	oz	3-5
	just around	oz	80-126
		oz	25-40
		oz	450-700
		oz	free
San Pedro cactus		oz	

ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	crumbly green, OK	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	fair to good	oz	600-800
		oz	70-85
		oz	800-900
Afghani hash	black with white, very good	oz	75-130
Colombian hash	unsmokable	oz	800-1250
Hash oil	black Afghani or red Lebanese	oz	45-85
LSD	supply dwindling	oz	500-750
		oz	25-35
		oz	375-500
		oz	1-1-50
		oz	75-150
Cocaine	poor to fair	oz	50-125
		oz	2000-2200
Mandrax	available	oz	1-3
		oz	75-200

FRANCE

Yamba	rare	oz	40-75
Colombian	good when around	oz	400-625
Moroccan	quality and quantity on increase	oz	35-85
Afghani hash	thick black slabs, worthwhile	oz	450-700
Chitral hash	gold seal	oz	25-50
LSD	decent	oz	350-500
		oz	5-10
		oz	800-1200
		oz	60-80
		oz	600-800
		oz	2-50-5
		oz	200-325
Opium	wonderful	oz	10-15

GERMANY

Lebanese hash	supply on decrease, OK quality	oz	2-5
Afghani hash	fine high	oz	1200-1300
Moroccan hash	mostly fair quality	oz	40-85
Thai sticks	excellent	oz	500-725
LSD	good when found	oz	35-50
		oz	475-575
		oz	10-25
		oz	750-1025
		oz	2-50-5
		oz	200-350
		oz	65-110
		oz	500-750
Cocaine	good rock	oz	

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	improving slightly	oz	6-12
Thai grass	excellent tops	oz	115-225
Thai sticks	good to great	oz	60-100
Afghani hash	still scarce	oz	750-1200
		oz	6-12
		oz	75-175
		oz	7-50-15
		oz	75-175

ITALY

Colombian grass	quality and quantity fair	oz	75-100
Lebanese hash	stale red	oz	600-850
Afghani hash	excellent when found	oz	100-125
Moroccan hash	small amounts of primo	oz	300-400
LSD	OK	oz	100-150
		oz	70-120
		oz	200-280
		oz	3-50-5
		oz	300-350
		oz	45-75
		oz	900-1150
		oz	50-75
		oz	1000-1300

MEXICO

Torreón violet	tremendous high	oz	5-10
Guadalupe green	good quantity	oz	50-125
Oaxaca tops	various qualities	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	good expectations	oz	75-125
Puebla	one of the better	oz	4-8
		oz	85-100

Magic mushrooms	countrywide	oz	5-10
Cocaine	pleasure flakes usually good quality	oz	85-115
	around	oz	5-7-50
		oz	55-75
		oz	400-510
		oz	5000

THE NETHERLANDS

Senegalese & Congolese	scarce	oz	50-85
Domestic grass	quality and quantity OK	oz	450-800
Moroccan hash	usually fair	oz	20-40
Lebanese hash	some fresh blonde, excellent	oz	250-350
Pakistani hash	decent	oz	50-75
Kashmiri hash	tremendous when found	oz	400-575
Hash oil	black Afghani, some good	oz	50-85
LSD	U.S. blotter	oz	600-600
Cocaine	decent rock	oz	50-75
Burmese opium	good when available	oz	450-850
		oz	85-110
		oz	800-800
		oz	1850-2100
		oz	2-4
		oz	150-225
		oz	75-125
		oz	1300-2100
		oz	3-5
		oz	80-85

TURKEY

Turkish hash	great demand, fair quantity	oz	6-10
Antonia hash	top quality	oz	75-90
LSD	scarce	oz	7-50-10
Opium	dreamy	oz	100-175
		oz	5-12
		oz	500-600
		oz	3-8
		oz	80-85

USA

Regular Mexican	regular supply and quantity	oz	15-30
Top-grade Mexican	several types, all good	oz	100-300
Jamaican	poor	oz	75-150
Commercial Colombian	still abundant	oz	1000-2000
Connoisseur Colombian	high demand, low supply	oz	20-30
Hawaiian	green with red hairs, excellent	oz	250-400
Thai sticks	all sorts of good kinds	oz	25-40
Nigerian grass	just stash	oz	275-450
Moroccan hash	thin green slabs, poor	oz	40-75
Lebanese hash	cloth-sacked, fair	oz	275-500
Afghani hash	supply dwindling fast	oz	200-250
Nepalese hash	some temple balls, OK	oz	2100-3000
Paki hash	poorly refined	oz	15-30
Lebanese hash oil	unevaluable	oz	190-250
Afghani hash oil	thick black	oz	15-30
Honey oil	excellent quality, fair supply	oz	800-850
THC	small green tabs	oz	75-110
LSD	blotter	oz	900-1200
Philocybin mushrooms	available	oz	100-150
Cocaine	all qualities	oz	1000-1500
Quailweed	scarce	oz	120-200
		oz	1400-2000
		oz	120-185
		oz	1400-1900
		oz	120-165
		oz	1250-1750
		oz	20-30
		oz	325-450
		oz	25-35
		oz	350-500
		oz	25-45
		oz	375-600
		oz	1-3
		oz	75-175
		oz	1-3
		oz	75-150
		oz	20-35
		oz	150-250
		oz	75-125
		oz	1200-1800
		oz	3-5
		oz	200-400

ALGERIA

Domestic	great expectations	oz	35-85
Regular Mexican	good quality and quantity	oz	425-500
Cocaine	poor to good rock and flakes	oz	20-35
		oz	250-400
		oz	75-125
		oz	1600-2200

HAWAII

Kona gold	still growing	oz	75-150
Maul	expected soon	oz	1100-1700
		oz	100-150
		oz	1200-1800

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Blows Against the Empire

Cocaine decrim lawyers are fighting to enlarge the nosehold won in recent Massachusetts and Alaska cases. In San Jose, California, attorneys George Eshoo and Victor Vertner are leveling the constitutional challenge against the law. They contend that it's a fundamental injustice to prosecute users of harmless coke while coffee and tobacco addicts are wooed by ad campaigns.

Miami lawyer Selig Goldin is adding another barrel to the same gun. Beefing up the constitutional argument on behalf of Gainesville defendant Bob Bockius, he's using the government's own admission that cocaine is normally a mixture of eight alkaloids, only one of which is illegal.

Miranda Rule Squeaks by Top Court

By one vote, the Supreme Court upheld the Miranda rule that protects arrestees from police intimidation. Nixon's chief justice, Warren Burger, headed a dissent that called the guarantee "bizarre" and "irrational." Under the provision, a suspect must be told he has a right to keep mum until his lawyer arrives.

Bureaucratic Web Nets Unwary G.I.

Larry Florea won back pay and an honorable discharge seven years after the Army lost him in red tape. Florea was assigned to a Virginia base in 1970, then sent home when his records were lost. After trying for years to find out if he was still a soldier, he was busted as a deserter this year when he sought discharge papers to apply for a loan. The army reversed itself and let Florea go with minimal fanfare.

Seadog Hash Fink Fights for Cut

Merchant seaman Thomas Taylor turned in an acquaintance's 33 pounds of hash hidden in a stereo speaker, then demanded his reward under a federal law governing seizures at sea. The rule gives an informant 25 percent of the contraband's "legal market value." The court refused

Taylor a quarter of the street price, or illegal market value, but said he can collect if he can figure out what people would pay if the law allowed them to buy the resin.

Binocular Boo No Cause for Bust

A policeman's alleged sighting, through binoculars, of a person trading "what appeared to be a cigarette, from a plastic bag, in exchange for folded U.S. currency," gave him no cause to make an arrest, according to New York's Bronx County court. The cop was told he must overhear some incriminating conversation or see something unequivocally criminal before moving in with the cuffs.

Heiress Queen Buried in Chariot

Thirtieth-century archaeologists will have our zeitgeist down pat if they remember to dig up the San Antonio Cemetery. Probate court recently approved million-heiress Sandra West's will, which stipu-



lated that she drive to the great beyond in her pet Ferrari, with the seat "slanted comfortably." Her family wanted a plain casket, but friends convinced the judge that her wish to go out like the pharaohs was genuine. As one lawyer quipped, "at least she didn't take her servants along."

Killer Narc Eludes Law

Facing a California murder rap for killing a suspected dealer in 1973, D-man Lloyd Clifton recently was set free under a precedent that forbids a state from prosecuting a federal agent for an "alleged crime committed within the scope of his duties."

Suspect Dirk Dickensen ran like hell when a coterful of narcs landed on the front lawn of his remote northern California home. During the charge, one of the feds tripped and fell. Clifton, assuming his partner had been shot, gunned down the fleeing Dickensen. The judge decided it was not necessary that Clifton's shot be justifiable, as long as he thought it was at the time.

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Surf's Up in Slammer

Aussie con Charles Sewell won a ticket for one to solitary for his ingenious method of getting a swimming pool in his cell. He caulked the cracks around the door with bread and paper, then smashed the toilet. The water rose to the window, creating a cool pool. When guards eventually opened the door, Sewell surfed past them into the prison yard.

Islands Float from State to State

Angered over a redistricting plan that would take away their two state representatives, the 13,000 residents of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard voted four to one to secede from Massachusetts. The vote was pure publicity, though, for only the state legislature can legally cut the islands loose.

Look Ma, No House

A New Jersey court upheld a landlord who evicted his ailing mother when she defaulted on her rent. George Bobbitt's mother Almeter helped her son buy the house, but since he is legal owner, the district court ruled he could sack anyone who lives there. Ma complained she missed the payment because she was too sick to work.

Smoking Lawman Eats Words

A Kansas legislator's admission that he smokes pot prompted an inquisition into his sources. Sponsor of the state's decriminal bill, Michael Glover "came out of the closet" to show his staid colleagues that a nightly smoke of the magic leaf doesn't make you a burned-out zombie. The shocked reps forced him to apologize on the house floor, and a federal judge gave him immunity but ordered him to talk to a grand jury about his dealer friends. He reportedly gave no useful information.

Coerced Consent Foils Coke Bust

Randal Bradley slipped through the narco net when undercover agents jumped the gun and busted him without a search warrant. They browbeat him and slapped him around until he led them to a cocaine stash in his apartment. Citing the Fourth Amendment, southern New York's district court dumped the case and sent the heat back to the beat.

Much of the case information in "Law" courtesy of Peter Meyers, NORML Legal Department. ■



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Television Paves Two-Way Street

An experimental two-way pay-TV hook-up in Columbus, Ohio, bids fair to revolutionize the boob tube industry within a decade. The Warner Communications cable system allows viewer input in a variety of ways. Each set has a black box that feeds audience preference to a central computer which analyzes response and plans programming on ten pay channels.

The sets offer regular network fare as well as local community channels that could serve as forums for clubs or "town meetings." Sets can be used for elections, playing other games, shopping and even as burglar or fire alarms routed to the local fire brigade or police station.

Robot Leaves Promise Food and Dope

A synthetic leaf built by Chicago scientists has led to a new understanding of photosynthesis and the hope that bionic plants can be mass-produced to grow food, oils, fibers and psychochemicals. A sandwich of chlorophyll, water, foil and plastic was made at Argonne National Laboratory in Illinois to determine how plants convert light to electricity. The leaf generated half a volt of electricity, showing that Drs. Joseph Katz and Thomas Janson successfully duplicated the first stage of photosynthesis.

Helium Chopper Hauls Mass

A giant balloon grafted to a helicopter will provide precise air delivery of huge payloads. Four wings powered by turboprops top an extended rotor shaft that protrudes through a helium balloon. All American Industries says their design can carry houses, bricks or heavy machinery and can pluck trees out of a forest.

An Epidermal Symphony

It's no coincidence that the country that gave the world its greatest deaf composer has developed a mechanism for feeling sound through the skin. In Beethoven's own bailiwick, the Bavarian State School

for the Deaf is testing a wrist watch device that converts sound to a variety of skin sensations, enabling deaf people to feel a horn, telephone or their mother calling.

Another Nixon on Alpha Centauri?

Discoveries of organic molecules in interstellar dust clouds indicate that our star dwelling counterparts may be more like us than we suspect. In fact, the building blocks of life probably rode to earth on meteorites rather than forming in a primordial ocean soup, says British astronomer Sir Frederick Hoyle. Complex



molecules like those found in some meteorites have been detected in star clouds, making it more likely than ever that life has developed on many planets in the same way as on earth.

Ocean Currents Generate Electricity

The United States and Japan are investing millions on undersea power stations to generate electricity by using temperature differences between the surface of oceans and deeper waters. Test models use a liquid with a low boiling point, such as ammonia, which is pumped up and down through a series of pipes. In warm surface water, the ammonia vaporizes and drives a generator. In colder depths, it condenses and is recirculated.

Tropical ocean temperature extremes mean the prime locations are the Gulf of Mexico, or southern Japan's warm Kuroshio Current. The Energy Research and Development Administration plans to have a 25-megawatt Ocean Thermal Energy Converter (OTEC) by the 1980s.

Solid-State Songsmith Tops Moscow Charts

Apparently trying to decide whether composers can be liquidated from the modern collective state, Soviet scientists blindfold-tested human songs against tunes written by a computer. The 600 proletarians in the audience reaction survey picked the fusebox musician as tops by a wide margin.

Heart Healers Tread Primrose Path

Evening primrose seeds yield a compound that prevents heart attacks, according to a recent article in Thrombosis Research. They contain a rare fatty acid called gamma linolenic, as well as common linoleic of safflower fame, to keep your blood healthy and unclotted. Several companies plan to market the material, now being produced only by one man in Nantwich, England

Pill No Good for Girth Control

Birth control pills help cause the heart-break of cellulite, a Rome tissue specialist told a recent Italian conference on fat. Anything that inhibits circulation—oral contraceptives, tight jeans or panty hose, sit-down jobs and bad digestion—can produce the hard fatty deposits, explained Professor Marcello Cornel. Cure is difficult, he said, but the best prevention is enough exercise.

Come Out Smelling Like a Salami

A Japanese healer has developed a garlic shower he claims works for a multitude of diseases. The Flow Leben (Flow of Life) garlic therapy machine, built by Mr Kato of Oyama Garlic Laboratory in Amagasaki, douses the patient with a mixture of garlic juice and water. The spray quickly enters the body through the pores, fighting illness as a blood purifier, antibiotic and stimulant for respiratory, digestive and hormone problems.

Montezuma's Revenge— Algaeburgers

Food planning for manned space missions to Mars has prompted rediscovery of algae, the high protein food of the Aztecs, which the conquistadores overlooked while ripping off the Indians' corn, squash, tomatoes, beans and potatoes—not to mention their gold. The Aztec capital was built on an island in Lake Texcoco, which served as a moat and also fed the inhabitants during siege.

Now *Spirulina* algae, which can reproduce their own weight three times a day, are being included in spaceship designs, where they will feed astronauts and help recycle carbon dioxide into oxygen and urine into drinking water. The microscopic plants will also help solve earthbound food problems. Berkeley food scientists have already worked out methods of growing 40 tons per acre per year in shallow ponds. □

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Patent Pending



Between the Lines

by Harry Wasserman

Between the Lines is the first major motion picture about the underground press in America. It wasn't made until the late Seventies, so it's about the underground press becoming the alternative press, and the alternative press getting bought up by conglomerates. Thus, it's also about the Sixties becoming the Seventies, and what happens to young people who were changed by the tumult of the Sixties into the kind of people who have trouble groping with the placid, flaccid Seventies. But most of all, it's a fun, romantic comedy with energetic, upbeat music by Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes. As newspaper hawker Michael (Pollard) says in the film's opening minutes to hype his tabloid to potential customers: "It's the news behind the news, and the hilarity behind the hilarity!"

When Boston's fictional Back Bay Mainline becomes a financial gold mine, earthshaking stories have to be shoved aside to make room for more advertising, and courageous, uncorruptible reporters have to stand still for a corporate takeover of their paper by oily press lord Roy Walsh (Lane Smith). Meanwhile, the faithful staff has to face their own malaise at trying to find motivation in working on an alternative paper for low pay without the spirit of the Sixties movement still there to back them up.

But the story line is only secondary to the finely etched interrelationships of the Mainline staff. *Between the Lines* is like *American Graffiti* ten years later—an ensemble of old friends finding themselves in a shifting environment in which they are forced to make changes. The friendship of reporters Harry (John Heard) and Michael (Stephen Collins) is threatened by job competition and jealousy. The free and loose sexual relationship of Harry and Abbie (Lindsay Crouse), as well as that of Michael and Laura (Gwen Welles), is threatened by the needs of permanency, security, careerism and independence.

The strength of *Between the Lines* is the film's amazingly true-to-life evocation of the alternative press scene and its accompanying alternative lifestyles. Actor Jeff Goldblum plays a fast-talking rock critic



Michael (Stephen Collins) confronts his lover Laura (Gwen Welles) before leaving the Back Bay Mainline to pursue a hot shot literary career



Abbie (Lindsay Crouse), photographer for the Mainline, asks a stripper for a few hints on sex

to such perfection ("People say rock 'n' roll is here to stay. Where? Certainly not in my place, I haven't got the room.") that he's been asked to write rock criticism for *Crawdaddy*, although he confesses to know "shit about rock music" and has never written a rock review in his life.

Others involved in the film have more experience with the alternative press. Director Joan Micklin Silver has written for the *Village Voice*, which was sold out successively to Clay Felker and Rupert Murdoch. Screenwriter Fred Barron worked on Boston's *Real Paper* and *Phoenix*, both of which have had their walls bashed in by frustrated, underpaid staff members just like Goldblum does to the Mainline's wall in the movie. Actor Bruno Kirby came across the ad "Single male looking for woman with excessive amount of body hair" while working for a short time in the classified ads department

of the Los Angeles Free Press to prepare for a similar role reading the identical ad in the same department of the Mainline.

Director Joan Micklin Silver produced this film with her husband Raphael Silver on a low budget and independently, as they did her previous films, *Hester Street* and *Bernice Bobs Her Hair*. She is nearing the same point in filmmaking as the Mainline has reached in journalism, that of the successful outsider.

"It would be a wonderful thing if more independent films were made and distributed," says Joan. "It would be like the alternative press." She once asked an executive at Universal Pictures if they would take 10 of the \$400 million they made on *Jaws* and give it to ten independent directors. "But we want another *Jaws*!" answered the exec. "They want easily exploitable values," says Joan. ■

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EQUAL RIGHTS, by Peter Tosh (Columbia PC 34670). Look out, you crazy bald-



heads, "bloodclots" and downpressermen, Peter Tosh, ex Wailer and aggressive advocate for the herb is back with a new lp. With *Equal Rights* he not only has surpassed his earlier *Legalize It* but also has emerged from the shadow of former confrere Bob Marley. In fact, this new collection of eight Tosh tunes outstrips anything Marley has done since *Natty Dread*, especially last year's rather pallid *Rastaman Vibration*.

This new lp has an international focus, being aimed at black Jamaicans, Third Worlders and even ganja toking hippies. The broader scope of *Equal Rights* should make it one of the most successful reggae lps ever to be released outside Jamaica.

The album opens with a taut, wiry version of "Get Up, Stand Up," the Wailers tune that originally appeared on *Burnin'*. Tosh's version features some pointed new lyrics about mealy mouthed Christian piety, and ex-Marley guitarist Al Anderson's astringent licks add to the menace of this superb reggae anthem.

On "Downpresser Man," the record's showpiece, the chantlike melody line, accusatory lyrics and incessantly rhythmic playing of the band jell into a powerful anticolonial diatribe. The lyrics are alternately Old-Testament vengeful and darkly humorous, as when Peter, in his best Oxford accents, imitates the British satraps who "drink champagne and laugh/all along that day."

No review of *Equal Rights* would be complete without a nod to the vocal contribution of Bunny Wailer, or "Jah Bunny," as he's known to his Rasta brethren. Bunny, whose breathy, soulfully sweet harmonies added so much to the sound of the original Wailers, is featured on every track, and sometimes his warblings constitute a second lead voice, as on "Stepping Razor," "Jah Guide" and "African."

Bunny for too long has been the overlooked Wailer. His purity of tone and imaginative phrasing have a hell of a lot to do with the brilliance of *Equal Rights*. When will his company, Island Records, give him the support they've given Marley and that CBS is giving Peter Tosh?

—George Destefano

LIVE 'N' KICKIN', by Kingfish (Jet/United Artists JT-LA732-G). Kingfish is a



Grateful Dead offshoot (Bob Weir's baby). After coming home from one of the Dead's mini-marathons, I put on Kingfish's new live album and heard some of those earthy vibes that made their mentors so majestic during their *American Beauty* era. While the most recent Dead discs have dwindled in impact, Kingfish retains that Workingman's aura.

Most of the tracks are oldies but are of convincing depth and high-grade quality, from Little Walter's rockin' blues "Juke," with guitar work reminiscent of the Butterfield Blues Band's East-West period, to a sumptuous "Mule Skinner Blues," with its slightly truckin' underbelly, on through to distinctive covers of Chuck Berry and Fats Domino.

Live 'N' Kickin' is only the group's second album, and although it's rare for an aggregation to release a live album so early, they're obviously an exciting attraction. Three tunes ("Jump for Joy," "Good-bye Yer Honor" and "Hypnotize") are recorded on their debut, with "Hypnotize" conjuring up pure San Francisco bliss with its probing, gently weaving instrumentation. The jamming on Jr. Walker's "Shake and Fingerpop" is melodic not intense—a rarity in contemporary music, especially in a live recording. Although the mix is a bit shallow at times, Kingfish is never pretentious.

Although Bob Weir appears here, it's Robbie Hoddinott who deserves the kudos for his delicate phrasings and lyrical jams. Weir is no longer touring with Kingfish (the mothership Dead beckons), but Kingfish will be alive and kickin' without him. Incidentally, this lp is more rewarding than the recent Dead tour!

—Bob Grossweiner

NIGHT FLIGHT, by the Dave Matthews Big Band (Muse Records MR 5096). Lately,



music lovers in New York City have been wondering why partying superstars (like Peter Dinklage) stop in frequently at an Upper West Side club named Stryker's. Well, here's the reason: Dave Matthews, a gifted composer-arranger, and his band hold forth there every Monday night. These are the cream of studio players in the East, playing the kind of contemporary jazz they like.

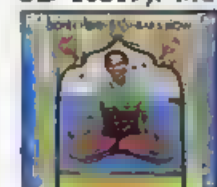
Matthews, from Louisville by way of Cincinnati and five years as bandleader and collaborator with the mighty James Brown, came to New York as a free lance arranger, working for everyone from Burt Bacharach to Paul Simon (a gold record

for his work on "My Little Town"). He chose these musicians from the vast array of talent he's worked with in the studio and on tour. For instance, drummer Jimmy Madison played with George Benson for several years, while Matthews wrote Benson's Grammy-winning "Good King Bad." Eventually, Dave set his line-up, and this is the 13-piece unit's second album on Muse, featuring his sensitive and very funky arrangements. He has a talent for direct emotional contact in his approach (the years with James Brown and CTI Records have obviously paid off); for example, here he gives Miles Davis's classic "All Blues" a fresh, lavish treatment.

The songs come from various writers including Chick Corea and Mike Brecker. Tenor man Frank Vicari (on the road this year with Tom Waits) is especially exciting on "East Side Lady," a Matthews composition, while Dave Tofani ignites Mike Brecker's "Night Flight" with a sinuous soprano sax solo. You'll be hearing more from the Dave Matthews Band.

—Crispin Cioe

HEAR & NOW, by Don Cherry (Atlantic SD 18217). Maybe jazz legend Don



Cherry's real name should be Dr. Pauley—the "Captain Video" character known as the Man of a Thousand Faces. Raised in Watts, Cherry splashed onto the scene in 1959 when Ornette Coleman brought him to New York and the Five Spot as part of his historic quartet. Later he swept through the length and breadth of the music world on his own, played electronic music with the academics, berimbau with the Brazilians, ragas with the Indian masters and jazz with everyone from Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane to Albert Ayler and Archie Shepp. For his famous *Relativity Suite* a few years back, Cherry abandoned standard and avant-garde jazz structures as well as procedures, and taught an orchestra of skilled improvisers simple, marchlike melodies by singing them to the band.

So it's little surprise that, following a disappointing avant-garde release on A&M's Horizon series, Don comes back with an album on another label that features his unique trumpet and flute set against a red-hot "fusion"-style electric backup band (disco-fusion session stars Mike Brecker, Lenny White, Sammy Figueroa and jazz drummer turned rocker Tony Williams are among the luminaries). The melodies are pure Cherry—a mixture of the heavens and the streets, cocaine and karma, or Dizzy Gillespie blows with the Ancients. The opening "Mahakali" is a cooker that outdoes most of that *Return to Forever*/Billy Cobham stuff for sheer drive. "Karmapa Chorno" combines the simplified technique of *Relativity* with a steaming rhythm section and the superla-

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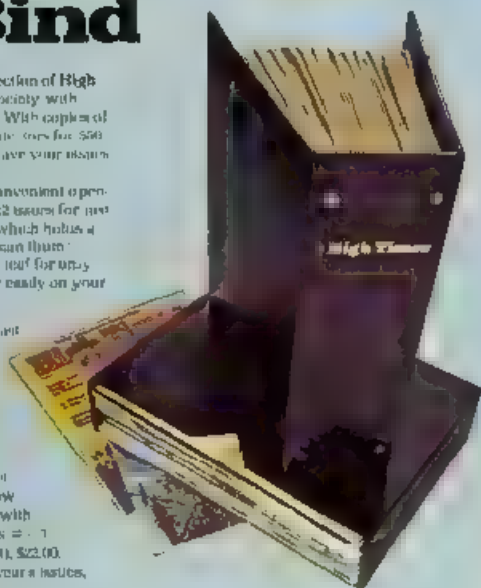
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And the main difference is Don's originality of approach: for instance, "Buddha's Blues" turns out to be a lovely affirmation of the fact that the blues don't have to be sad. On the other hand, for "Surrender Rose" Narada Michael Walden of Mahavishnu Orchestra fame lends his keyboards and too much clichéd dreaminess to the proceedings. Cherry's basic band of Cliff Carter, Neil Jason and surprising guitarist Stan Samole carry off the rest of the album better on their own.

—Peter Occhiogrosso

DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN: DAS RHEINGOLD, DIE WALKURE, SIEGFRIED, GOTTERDAMMERUNG, by Richard Wagner; The Vienna Philharmonic, Sir Georg Solti cond. (London 1440, 19-record set). In his youth, Wagner



was a revolutionary socialist. He wrote voluminously of his left-wing ideas and was present during a revolutionary uprising in Dresden in 1848. The

establishment took his political commitment seriously enough to issue a warrant for his arrest. Wagner was forced to flee to Switzerland when the Dresden action was crushed. During his period of exile, he created most of the "Ring," whose theme reflects the eternal dichotomy between love and greed.

The curtain rises on the three Rhine maidens frolicking about in the primordial river, bathing in the light of the Rhinegold. They delight in the gold but are content to let it remain in its original state. Alberich, an ugly dwarf, wishes to flirt with the maidens, but they make fun of him. They also inadvertently tell him about the legend of the Rhinegold, whoever is willing to renounce love will become strong enough to wrest the gold from the river and turn it into a magic ring, empowering the owner to rule the world. Alberich, rejected in love, renounces love for power. He makes the ring and builds his empire in the bowels of the earth, enslaving his fellow dwarfs the race of Nibelungs.

Devotees of the Nazi interpretation of the "Ring" equate the Nibelungs with the Jews and claim that Wagner is blaming them for all the evil in the world. Although Wagner wrote volumes of critical prose about his works and ideas, no one has yet been able to find a single quote in which Wagner identifies the Nibelungs with the Jews.

Act Two of *Rheingold* switches to Valhalla, where the giants Fafner and Fasolt have recently built a palace for Wotan. As payment, he promises them Freia, the goddess of eternal youth. Valhalla Palace represents permanence while eternal

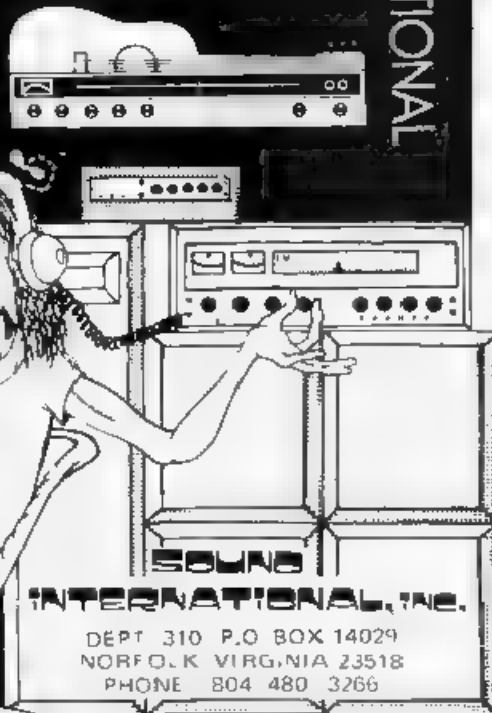
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youth represents constant change. By building Valhalla, Wotan has renounced the vital loving part of himself and opted for covetous power, paralleling Alberich. Realizing that he would die should he live up to his agreement with the giants, Wotan steals the ring from Alberich and offers it in payment instead of Freia. The cycle is thus completed and the curse of gold is now upon the world. The three following operas in the "Ring" depict Wotan's efforts to be free from the curse.

Wagner created Siegfried, the title character of the third opera, as the heroic individual who would redeem the world from the curse. Nazis saw in Siegfried a Nietzschean blond beast, the prototype of the superman they were striving to create. Wagner is not responsible for this interpretation of his work. Objectively seen, Siegfried is a free, youthful, life-giving person, uncorrupted by the love of power. The outcome of the "Ring" was affected by Wagner's postrevolutionary pessimism. Siegfried remains the redeemer of the world, but only through death sacrifices. He becomes a Christ figure, not a blond beast.

This brief but essentially accurate interpretation of the "Ring" is not intended as a definitive one. However, it is far from the Nazi view equating Siegfried with the glorified Aryans and Alberich with the scapegoated Jews.

—Terry Kolb

FUNDAMENTAL ROLL, by Walter Egan (CBS 34679). From the subject matter of



his songs, one might conclude that Walter Egan is a lonely man/child who needs a break after a long spell of unrequited love pursuits. But the music's

rock 'n' roll spirit and playfully suggestive album cover picturing Egan with two lusty-looking cheerleaders give this Californian (by way of New York) more than one image to toy with. The production, vocal and instrumental talents of Fleetwood Mac's Lindsey Buckingham and Stevie Nicks combine with Egan's pop sensibility to endow this record with a versatile character.

Egan's coy sexual imagery and Buddy Holly-like vocals color "Tunnel of Love" with a sense of youth and history. Stevie Nicks's Shangri-la "oohs" in "Yes I Guess I Am" and Lindsey Buckingham's Keith Richards riffs in "Where's the Party" give flair to material that is still suffering growing pains—at times Egan's identity is overshadowed by those of his more famous partners.

When all is said and done, motivation is the crux of the matter. Walter Egan is driven by a passion for capturing the essence and energy of the teen-age state of being. His combination of innocence and experience creates that myth without being too pretentious. —Kris Nicholson



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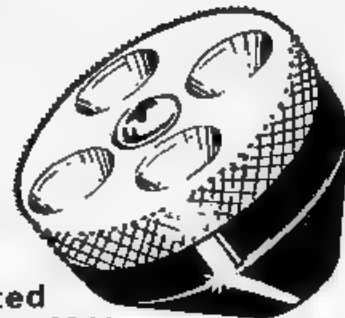
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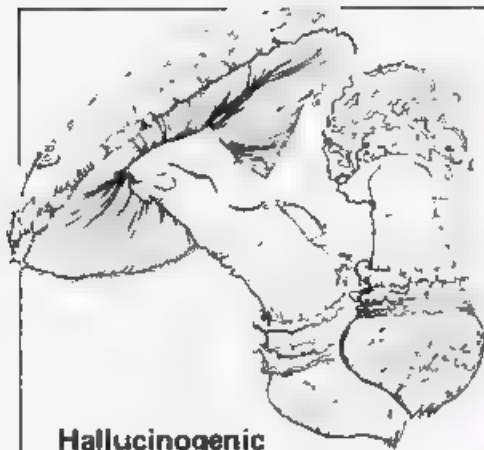
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FANTASTIC TELEVISION, by Gary Gerani with Paul H. Schulman (New York: Harmony Books, \$5.95). "Look! Up

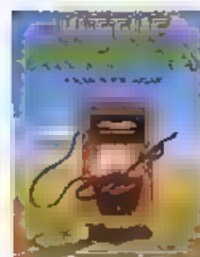


in the sky!" warned the announcer, or you'd miss a glimpse of "a strange being from another planet" who was faster than a speeding bullet. "You're traveling through another dimension, a dimension not only of sight and sound but of mind," intoned an ominous Rod Serling, and your next stop was the Twilight Zone. "To boldly go where no man has gone before" sent you across the final frontier of space on a star trek. But you never really left your living room, and the trip you were taking was not on LSD. If you remember the aforementioned opening lines, then you were once a regular viewer of TV's fantasy and science fiction programs. You could escape your mundane reality by willingly suspending your disbelief, keeping your eyes glued to the screen and leaving your mind behind. "We control the vertical, we control the horizontal," said one of the eeriest opening voices. "You are about to experience the awe and mystery that leads you from the inner mind to the Outer Limits."

Fantastic Television is a lavishly illustrated, extensively indexed compendium of all the TV shows that ever filled your heart with fear or sent your mind soaring beyond the reaches of time and space. From Captain Video to Captain Kirk, from the strained seriousness of 'Superman' to the pseudo-camp and self-conscious kitsch of "Batman," the authors relate invaluable behind-the-scenes secrets and priceless tidbits of TV lore. They reveal the special-effects magic that made Superman fly, caused the hapless scientists on "The Outer Limits" to reassemble their body cells into a gelatinous blob and allowed the crew of "Star Trek's" U.S.S. Enterprise to "beam down" to brave new worlds. They explain how production chiefs made up for limited budgets with a knack for unseen terror or tinkertoy wizardry. But the multitude of carefully selected photographs tell the story most persuasively: science fiction and fantasy programs helped to expand video's limits one step beyond the flowing apparition of talking heads.

—Harry Wasserman

LITTLE AMERICA, by Rob Swigart (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, \$7.95, paperback, \$3.95). This is the kind of book you



don't want to put down, but must on occasion in order to jerk off. A smooth read through is further hindered by the necessity to accord mirthful response to its many hilarious gags and ludicrous situations.

The scene where the hero, Orville Holliday, doing guard duty in an Army bomb-room, defuses a Big Daddy A-bomb in order to fuck it, and does, is the first strong indicator as to whether the humor of Rob Swigart, whose first novel this is, tends.

Orville is the Ivy League dropout son of a fat cat who got rich, and continues to, supplying a "Special Sauce" to fast-food dealers. As the plot develops, it becomes clear that the secret of the sauce has to do with opium smuggled in from Southeast Asia with the aid of a sybaritic, failed Hemingway named McDonald Crisp.

Orville has two dreams: The first is to own his own island of gas pumps in Little America, Wyoming, the largest gas station in the world; the second is to blow up his father, who is irrationally contemptuous of Orville. The first wish is fulfilled with little difficulty, the second repeatedly attempted with comic ineffectiveness.

Stylistically, the book can be compared to a comic strip, its characterizations flat and archetypal, relying on contextual incongruity rather than social insight to play out a sensibility beached by the sensuous waves of the Sixties onto the cynical sands of '76.

—Michael Newman

STRANGE DAYS AHEAD, by Michael Brownstein (Calais, Vermont: Z Press, \$3.50). Every once in a while there's a



pleasant surprise, like finding that someone that can talk. It's still easy to find writing, though, because the dead guys are still around. But it's a pleasant surprise to find someone that can talk through writing.

And when you find one, it also reminds you that language is still alive and the changes in it aren't all bad, just as they sure aren't all good (disappearing words, imprecision, covert meaning shift). Besides which, new language can be even better than the old, because the right wrong people won't understand it, and because the new meanings may be closer to the sublime old, old meanings than to the recent low-quality new old meanings.

Michael Brownstein is a new language poet, although he shows too that he

knows what the old words mean and where they came from and where they went. In his poems you can hear him talking to you—yes, you. And so if you're listening, you're reminded that you're there, too. Which is a pretty good trick, because it reminds you that talking to yourself is not madness, but A.O.K., as long as you treat yourself as an equal, and don't talk down. (This is the secret of writing and meditation, Western-style.)

Strange Days Ahead is like a good show—a little bit of everything, with comedy revealing metaphysics as punch lines, hieroglyphic rabbits levitating out of arcane top hats. I'd like to give you some real grabbers, but they're hard to choose. Michael Brownstein writes great sentences—so if you like sentences, you'll also like his short prose works, in *Brainstorms* (Bobbs-Merrill), and his novel, *Country Cousins* (George Braziller). If you live where bookstores only carry the Hot 100, *Strange Days Ahead* (which is, in fact, in the mysterious top ten) can be had from Z Press, Calais, Vermont 05648.

—Glenn O'Brien

THE COMIC BOOK PRICE GUIDE, by Robert M. Overstreet (New York: Harmony Books, paperback, 7.95). Now in



its seventh edition, the Overstreet guide—some call it the “over-priced” guide—has become as much of an American institution as the comic book, whose votaries it serves. The guide, which was first published in 1970, serves as a chronicle of comic appreciation both culturally and financially, since the steep rises in the prices of comix that were considered worthless when the guide began indicate deep currents of taste as collectors turn to Marge's Little Lulu, Howard the Duck and other not-quite-mainstream figures as a form of relief from Superman, Captain Marvel and the other familiar faces. In an article here on “Esoteric Comics: The Ultimate Collectable,” Carl Macek and Scott Shaw argue for the coming predominance in collecting circles of oddballs and one-shots like “Blue Beetle,” “Madhouse,” “It's Fun To Stay Alive” and “Catholic Heroes,” now that everyone has pretty much exhausted the vein of superheroes and funny animals. There remains, however, one group of funny animals whose appeal can never be exhausted, and this edition of the Guide is devoted to them and their creator.

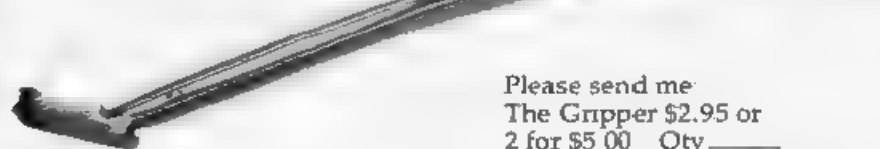
I refer, of course, to Uncle Scrooge, Donald Duck and their nephews and relatives whose adventures, as narrated and drawn for over 30 years by the great Disney artist Carl Barks, are now considered the most important ongoing work of

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American fiction since William Faulkner's. The Guide features a rare Barks painting of Porky Pig, dozens of glorious color reproductions of Donald and Scrooge comic book covers and many of Barks's oil paintings of Scrooge and the lads in scenes from their adventures, which collectors esteem in the vicinity of \$10,000 or more. There is an informative article on Barks by his Boswell, Barbara Boatner, and an extremely rare triptych of Barks' landscapes, which are better than Hitler's but not as good as Winston Churchill's. By all means acquire a copy of this loving tribute to a native American art form.

—Eric Kibble

JUNKY, by William S. Burroughs (New York: Penguin Books, \$1.95). *Junky* is a



strange, matter-of-fact book, with sentences glinting like razor blades in flat Midwestern prose. The narrator, Bill Lee, is pure antihero; nothing redeems him except his cold eyed refusal to be fooled. He is incapable

of pretense, though he gives the impression that if he could get away with it he would. It's just that he can't.

The hook is about junk, which stands as a sign for addiction—addiction to anything and everything. "The kick of junk" as the author says, "is that you have to have it." So it is with our addiction to the world and to ourselves. *Junky* is a modest and powerful work, more powerful in this, its new unexpurgated edition. Burroughs' once-censored Fifties' chronicle also will soon be a major film, adapted by Terry Southern, directed by Dennis Hopper and starring Hopper and culture hero Patti Smith.

Allen Ginsberg's introduction tells the story of how *Junky* came to be written and published more than a quarter of a century ago, when Ginsberg, looking up to Burroughs "as elder and wiser than myself... encouraged him to write more prose." Carl Solomon, who was working for his uncle, A.A. Wyn, at Ace Books, nervously let himself be convinced to publish Burroughs's work—as *Junky*, under the name of "William Lee." The Fifties' paranoia about anything having to do with drugs was so pervasive that Solomon felt called upon to take a few precautions. The text was cut and hedged with the editor's notes disclaiming the author's straight talk about drugs and their effects. As a further safeguard, Burroughs's first novel was printed back-to-back with a potboiler by an ex-narc.

At any rate, the metamorphosis of this book from pulp paperback to distinguished Penguin is an act of cultural justice. As Ginsberg says, "Burroughs has created not only metaphors, but living generations with minds of their own."

—Rick Fields

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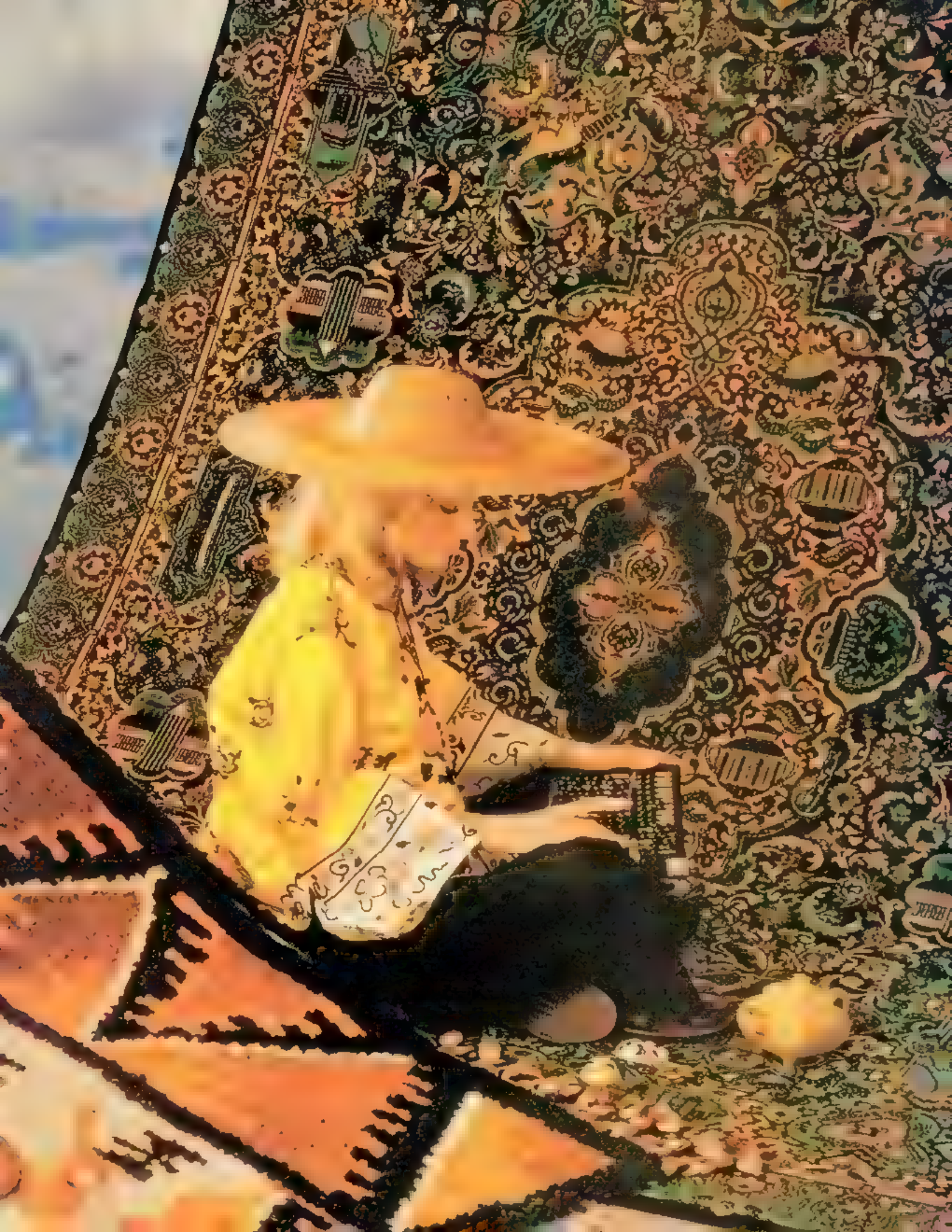
High Style


Rug Addicts

A splash of colors, a flash of patterns, look up and they're gone. What are these *unidentified flying carpets*, anyway? They've been sighted everywhere from Rome to Nome, they're ideal for your home, Hitler chewed his with foam. Scan the skies for the 9' by 12' machine-made Persian rug at eleven o'clock (about \$500 from Common Ground, 50 Greenwich Avenue, New York). At one o'clock, a 6' by 9' Scandinavian wool rya rug available in various sizes, from \$285 to \$485 at Bloomingdale's of New York. The well-dressed rug addict sports an Afghani robe from Knobkerry of New York, down in Greenwich Village, I think. She thinks so too, in her Chinese clothes, masks, abacus and teapot from Chinese Emporium (support Taiwan) of New York. The floor pillows (if you can tell them apart from the models) are by Provence aux Pierre Deux, New York—a timely reminder that a high-quality (you can't afford it) rug is a valuable cushion against inflation, gathering over the years

By [illegible]





A person is sitting on a large, patterned rug. The rug has a complex geometric pattern in shades of orange, yellow, and black. The person is wearing a dark, patterned robe and a belt. They are sitting cross-legged, with their hands resting on their knees. The background is a bright blue sky with some white clouds. The overall scene is a mix of traditional and modern elements.

Rug addicts make deals not war over an antique Turkish wool kilim (I only write this stuff) rug with vegetable dyes, left (\$500 takes it away from Common Ground, 50 Greenwich Avenue, New York). She's about to park a tiger on two 4½' by 6' handwoven naturally-dyed Zapotec Mexican Indian rugs, center and right, about \$140 from the taco and blanket shop behind the gas station. His mother (if he has one) wouldn't recognize him in his Moroccan robe by Knobkerry of New York. Leather trousers by Stitching Horse of New York, boots by H.H. Kauffman and Sons of New York, and belt sash or sash belt (either way you look ridiculous) by Common Ground of New York. She's completely naked underneath her pants and shirt by La Tiende of New York, shoes by Sermonetta of New York, and beads by Common Ground of—you guessed it, lady—New York. Say the magic word, duck comes down, win \$100. They want to know if anybody out there has an Atlantic City whoopie cushion or a driver's-seat pillow with a mint-and-orange embroidery of Bobby Kennedy that you'd like to trade for the genuine lacquered box and tray from Chinese Emporium of New York and the "honestly-officer-it-Isn't-a-hash" pipe by Charm of India of, so help me, New York. Which way is Mecca, Jack? □





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America's hottest vacant lot sport today is "moto-cross"—bicycle racing around seven-foot jumps, hairpin turns and mud-holes. A regular bicycle takes a lot of punishment on that kind of trip, so Yamaha has developed the Moto Bike, featuring oil-dampened shocks in front, heavy duty spring suspension in back, motorcycle handlebars and grips and all the features you'd get on any Yamaha motocrosser. About \$140 from Yamaha and bicycle dealers



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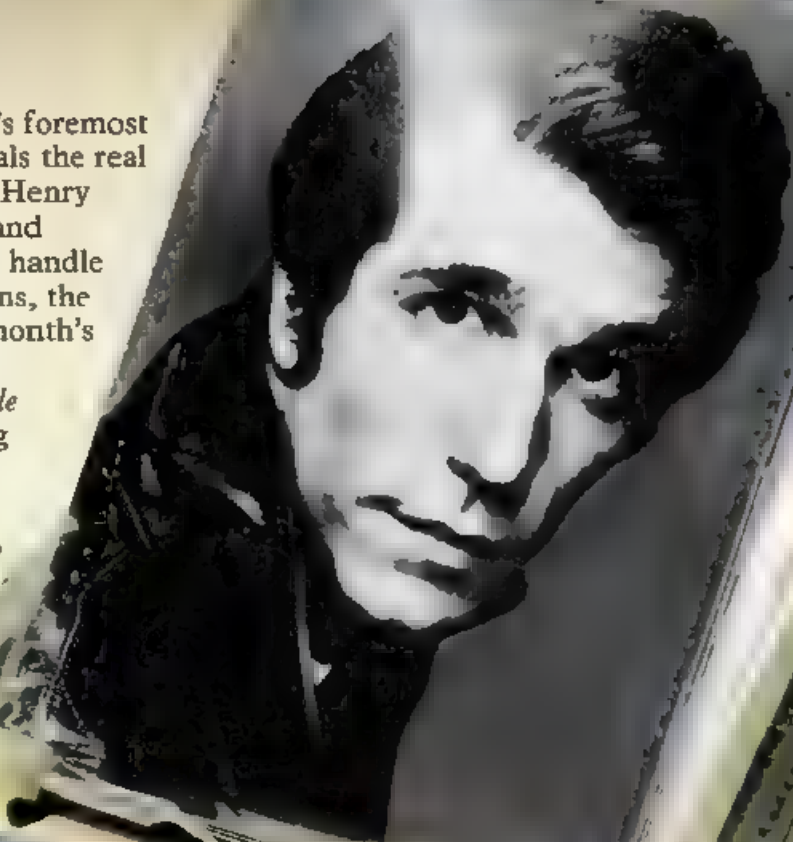


Send \$10 for drawstring pants; \$10 for skirts; \$10 for shirts, \$6 for halter top, \$6 for pocketed shorts or \$12 for belted jacket with oversized stash pockets to The Jamaican Connection, P.O.B. 386 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10003 Add \$1.50 for postage.

"High Style" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the High Style editor

The Fonz goes all the way.

In this month's *Playboy Interview*, television's foremost character child of the Fifties, the Fonz, reveals the real person inside the black leather jacket. Actor Henry Winkler openly discusses what success has, and hasn't, done to him. How does the real Fonz handle life amongst the groupies and overzealous fans, the ever-present offers of sex? Find out in this month's *PLAYBOY*. Also, be among the first to preview the new John Le Carré novel, *The Honourable Schoolboy*, destined to become a blockbusting best seller and motion picture. The World War Two epic *A Bridge Too Far* didn't start out as a disaster film, but for the cast and crew, it became one. You'll learn why in this month's *PLAYBOY Pro-football* fans can't afford to miss Anson Mount's annually quite accurate *Pro Football Preview*. The teams we select for this season's Super Bowl? Pick up the current issue of *PLAYBOY* and see. It's at your newsstand now.





Coke Teaser

Adope research addict with an insatiable thirst for coke history, John Graff first appeared in *High Times* with his amazing account (October 1975) of Vin Mariani, a nineteenth-century, coca-based wine endorsed by everyone from the pope to President McKinley and one of the inspirations of the creators of Coca-Cola. Naturally, Graff eventually turned his attention to "the real thing" in this month's "The Coca-Cola Conspiracy." But then, Graff says he can remember sucking off his first Coke bottle and fingering its sweaty humps and curves long before he discovered its Freudian connection to cocaine.



The Lolita Simplex

As the author of a number of children's books, Bernard Garfinkel is in a good credential situation, informationally, to enumerate many profound reasons why Western civilization is currently obsessed with young females in a meaningful psychosexual situation, in his article "The Lolita Complex." "Another good reason is that they have such terrific bodies," adds Bernie, who is now writing a book about tennis.

Legal Eagle

Paul Hoffman is well qualified to recount "Great Grass Trials." He has covered criminal trials around the country for 20 years and is the author of three books about lawyers—*Lions in the Streets* (Dutton), *Tiger in the Court* and *What the Hell Is Justice?* (both from Playboy Press). Most recently he wrote "How to Make a Fortune After Legalization" (*High Times*, July 1976) and co-authored *To Drop a Dime* (Putnam), the story of the downfall of a New Jersey Mafia "family."

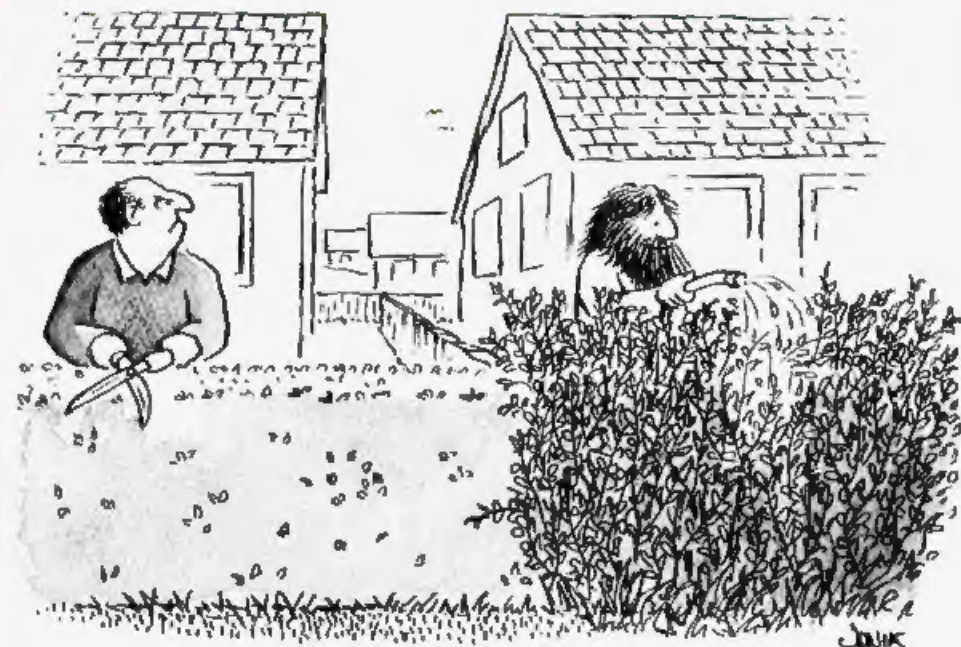


A Class Reunion

The explosive profile of masterspy Lou Conein, "The Ugliest American," marks the first time since college that Bill Choyke and David Kolb have combined their efforts to produce finely tuned prose. In the five years since their days at Ohio University, Choyke has traveled from city hall reporter in an obscure Midwestern town to covering national affairs for a major Texas newspaper. His work has appeared previously in *High Times*, *New Times* and the *Texas Observer*. Kolb, a free-lance writer based in Ohio, is currently working on his third novel. The other two are due to be published sooner or later. ■



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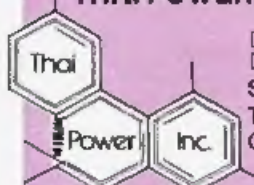
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High Times

AUGUST 1977



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